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REFLEXIONS
UPON THE
Politeneſs of Manners;
WITH
MAXIMS
FOR
Civil Society.

BEING
The SECOND PART of the
Reflexions upon Ridicule.

By the ſame Hand.

The Second Edition.

Of *Politeneſs.*
Modeſt Sentiments.
Diſcretion, &c.
Moderation, &c.
Complaiſance.

Of *Genteel Behaviour.*
Sincerity.
Maxims for Civil Society.

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TO

Sir *Philip Sydenham*,

OF

BRIMPTON

IN THE

County of *Somerset*, Bar.

THIS

TREATISE

Is Humbly DEDICATED.

Advertiſement.

WHEN I publiſh'd my Reflections upon Ridicule, *and the Means to avoid it, ſome Gentlemen, pretending to be good Judges, found fault with the* Imperfection *of the Work: They ſaid I had not executed all that the Title promis'd; that I only had deſcrib'd the common Vices of Men, without ſhewing the method of acquiring the oppoſite Virtues.*

I queſtion whether this Accuſation be well grounded, and their

Criticiſm be reaſonable. I ſhould think a Man had acquired a Vertue, when he avoided all the Imperfection repugnant to it. Is it not to be Polite, Diſcreet, Genteel, Regular, not to be guilty of any of the Faults incurr'd thro' Impoliteneſs, Indiſcretion, Sufficiency and Extravagance?

I muſt add, that moſt of the Maxims I eſtabliſh, in expoſing Vice and Ridicule, declare what is to be done to avoid it, and to obtain the oppoſite Vertue: When, for Example, I cenſure their Impertinence, who give no attention to thoſe that ſpeak to them, is it not teaching them their Duty, to

ſay,

ſay, "*We muſt do thoſe that di-*
"*rect their Diſcourſe to us, the*
"*honour to hear them, and give*
"*them a pertinent Anſwer? That*
"*abundance of People too mani-*
"*feſtly diſcover their diſtraction of*
"*Thought, and the uneaſineſs they*
"*are under: You ſee in their*
"*Looks the impatience they have*
"*to leave you, and how tir'd they*
"*are with your Diſcourſe; in-*
"*ſtead of being attentive to what*
"*you ſay to them, they are only*
"*vigilant to ſpy out an opportu-*
"*nity to deſert you, without giv-*
"*ing you time to finiſh what you*
"*had begun to ſay. So again,*
when I blame their Indiſcretion,

who silence a Man that is speaking, to continue the Discourse, he has begun; and say, "'*Tis an un-*
"*pardonable Incivility to interrupt*
"*the Relator of a Story; that*
"*it is better to suffer him to err in*
"*some circumstance of the History,*
"*than to rectify him, (unless he*
"*ask our Advice) or to signify,*
"*that we knew long before the*
"*News he is going to tell us:*
"*Why should we deny a Man the*
"*Pleasure of believing he inform'd*
"*us of something we were igno-*
"*rant of? I think nothing can be added to this Maxim.*

However

However, to content, if poſſible, the Perſons who have done me the Honour to adviſe me, I have thought fit to write ſomething upon **Politeneſs.** *Which is, as it were, the Second Part, and a natural Conſequence of the Volume upon* **Ridicule.** *Man has ſo many Weakneſſes to be reform'd, and ſo many Vices to be extirpated, to make him perfect, that we can't too often bring him to the Glaſs, to ſhew him his Extravagances. Did we take the ſame Pains to examine our own Faults as thoſe of others, we ſhould at laſt arrive to the juſt knowledge of ourſelves, and ſhould not be ſo*

fooliſhly

fooliſhly vain, as to think our-ſelves moſt accompliſh'd, when perhaps we are moſt ridiculous: Or, if reading a Book of Morals, repreſenting the Vices of Men, we honeſtly apply things to our-ſelves, without ſeeking Reſem-blances to draw the Pictures of this Man, or that Woman; we ſhould find advantage in ſo profi-table a Lecture.

You ſee the End I propos'd in treating upon Ridicule *and* Politeneſs. *Thoſe that will read this Book with a Reſo-lution to do themſelves Juſtice, and ſeriouſly to ſet about the correcting the Vices I condemn, when*

when they diſcover them in my Deſcriptions, will find in it very uſeful Maxims, and learn what is to be done or avoided to ſucceed in the Commerce of the World.

CON-

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RE-

REFLEXIONS

UPON THE

Politeneſs of Manners;

WITH

Maxims for Civil Society.

Of Politeneſs.

TO define *Politeneſs*, we may ſay, it is all moral Vertues in Epitome; 'tis a combination of Diſcretion, Civility, Complaiſance and Circumſpection, to pay every one the Reſpects they have a right to demand of us; and all this muſt be dreſs'd and ſet off with an agreeable and inſinuating Air, diffus'd thro' all our Words and Actions. This Vertue conſiſts not meerly in Surface and Exteriour, but muſt have its Principle in the Soul, as being the Product of an accompliſh'd Mind, centring

on

on itſelf, and Maſter of its Thoughts and Words; that delights to do every Body Juſtice, and to ſacrifice its own Intereſt, rather than wound thoſe of another Man; a Mind ſituated above vulgar Reports; neither Exceptious nor Difficult, nor requiring Explications of a thing ever ſo little ambiguouſly ſpoken: Who ſees not that this demands a ſtrong Fund of Reaſon, and great Commerce with the World, beſides an exact Knowledge of *Decorum*, and of what every one owes to his Reſpective Quality, duly to maintain its Character as becomes him?

It can't be denied, that *Politeneſs* is the moſt charming thing for civil Society; a Vertue that teaches us to bear with the Infirmities of ſome, to endure patiently the Freaks and Extravagances of others; to enter into their Sentiments, in order to ſet them Right, by ſoft and inſinuating ways; and to gain an univerſal good-liking, by a ſincere deſire of pleaſing. Under this view, a Man puts on all Appearances, and tranſforms himſelf into all Shapes, the better to gain his Point: And, tho' a continu'd Complaiſance to Perſons of a certain Character, carries with it a great deal of Uneaſineſs and Conſtraint, yet he conquers his Re-

Reluctance, and will not be biaſs'd from his Road by their diſguſtful Conduct. Be they never ſo fantaſtical, 'tis hard if they are not won by thoſe that cultivate their Humour with ſo much Patience and Aſſiduity.

Politeneſs farther inſtructs us to refuſe the Incenſe that is offer'd us, and to throw it liberally upon others, by an ingenuous acknowledgment of their Excellencies and Accompliſhments. Thus you ſee the reaſon why we taſt ſo exquiſite and delicate a Pleaſure in the Converſation of the *Polite*, who have good Senſe and Reaſon, and Complaiſance and Skill to adapt themſelves to our Tempers and Underſtandings.

'Tis not common to find ſo great a confederacy of Perfections, and therefore 'tis no wonder if the number of the *Polite* be ſo ſmall. Women, who are naturally more good-humour'd, complaiſant and gracious than Men, have alſo more *Politeneſs*; and 'tis chiefly by our commerce with them we learn to be Civil and *Polite*, thro' the Ambition we have to pleaſe them.

Polite Behaviour is what renders Merit amiable and agreeable; and, on the contrary, the want of it deſtroys the Eſteem that is due to the fineſt Qualities. Some

are

are obſerv'd to have a very particular Talent at expoſing others *Ridicule*, and giving new heightnings to their Impertinences; but this Faculty is very oppoſite to *Politeneſs*, which keeps fair with all People, and ever finds Arguments to ſalve their Conduct, or at leaſt to juſtify their Intentions. The *Polite* have alſo a wonderful Addreſs at entring into the Taſt and Genius of People, by taking the height and elevation of their Underſtandings, and adminiſtring Occaſions of diſplaying their Parts, as being leſs addicted to ſhine in Converſation, by drawing it wholly to themſelves, but to let others ſhew themſelves, and have their Share of it.

Many paſs for *Polite*, who have but a ſuperficial tincture of this Vertue, concealing themſelves under the dazling Plumage of a borrow'd Exteriour; but no ſooner you converſe with them, than you eaſily perceive the Hypocriſy of this counterfeit *Politeneſs*. As long as you applaud them, make all conceſſions they deſire, and give them no kind of diſturbance, they are good-natur'd, obliging, and complaiſant ſorts of People; and you would take them for Patterns of good Breeding; but the leaſt Diſguſt you give them, or a Reverence perhaps forgotten,

gotten, unhinges the Machine, throws off the Mask, and ſhews them in their Original. You ſee them exclaim, and toſs, and ſtorm, and throw out an hundred Impertinences, forgetting the Part they acted, and the Vizard they had put on; which whimſical unevenneſs of Temper makes them conſider'd with Contempt. When you accoſt *Frontin*, he feigns the Well-natur'd and Agreeable: He offers you, with an air of Zeal, unrequeſted Services; he tires you with his Careſſes and Embraces; but the leaſt Word drop'd againſt his Opinions, or his Intereſts, fires him like Gunpowder, and you come off well, if you eſcape only with ill Names and Abuſes. There's no great ſtreſs therefore to be laid upon this ſuperficial *Politeneſs*, which conſiſts meerly in certain concerted and affected ways; it ought to be well rooted in the Heart, and founded upon real Sentiments. Moſt Men content themſelves with ſaving Appearances; their current Coin is good Looks, the inflexion of the Voice, a Geſture and a Smile: Such as penetrate no farther, are dazl'd with this Gilding; but all this wears off in a long-ſpun Converſation; and Occaſions, Contradictions, Intereſt, diſcover the falſe Metal of this counterfeit *Politeneſs*.

The *Politeneſs* I ſpeak of, conſiſts not in Grimaces, but is a Quality of the Soul, and ſerves to regulate her Motions. We ſometimes obſerve the baſeſt People to have the beſt Appearances imaginable; others have good Meanings under an ill-compos'd Outſide, and a careleſs and forbidding Demeanour.

Men ſometimes fondly flatter themſelves, that they are wonderfully *Polite*, becauſe they live with People that cultivate and reſpect them; that have an implicit complaiſance for them, and dare not diſoblige or contradict them in any thing. The way to know themſelves, would be to fall ſometimes into the Hands of the Shatterbrain'd, the Clowns and the ill-bred; and be oblig'd to comport with their Caprices and ill Humour. That's the Touchſtone of *Politeneſs*. If we have a ſufficient Fund of Complaiſance to bear with their Frolicks and Magottry, without venting any ſymptoms of Impatience or Animoſity; if we uſe them gently in their Paſſions, and anſwer not their Extravagances in the ſame tone, we may from hence conclude that our *Politeneſs* is not hypocritical.

There's a vaſt difference betwixt true *Politeneſs*, and thoſe little mimicking Affectations

tions the finical Ladies put on to give themſelves an air of Diſtinction. Their ſtudied Grimaces and affected Miens, with the pretended Delicacy they aſſume, tickle rational People with Laughter. *Lucette* thinks to ſet up for Coineſs, by anſwering in a ſilly and negligent Tone, to all the Queſtions that are ask'd of her: her continual Affectations make the whole Syſtem of her *Politeneſs*: She cries out upon the leaſt Accident that happens to her, as if ſhe were ruin'd, or her Life was in danger. She fancies a Cold as contagious as the Small-Pox; and you give her a ſenſible Mortification, if you cough in her Preſence.

Is it not to be thought more *Polite* and Well-bred, that the Women are grown ſo tractable and condeſcending of late? Do they fear they ſhould be leſs amiable, if they had a greater Doſe of Pride? I aſſure them it is not by theſe affected Flatteries, that they'll fix the Inconſtancy of Men. They ſhould ſtudy to merit their Eſteem, which is attainable only by Reſerve: This careſſing Way, which opens their Arms to embrace every Body; this exceſſive Solicitude to be admired, and have the Crowd at their Feet, is an obſtacle to their being reſpected by Men as they deſerve.

Politeneſs demands an exquiſite knowledge of its Duties, and a punctual Fidelity to diſcharge them. A Man muſt conſtrain himſelf and bridle his Temper, becauſe he'll find himſelf continually engag'd with Perſons of moſt difficult Converſe: He muſt have great Conſideration for their Weakneſſes, and pretend to ſubmit to their Opinions. Be they never ſo fantaſtical, they have one ſide that is practicable, whereby you may take them and conduct them to the Point you deſire; at leaſt you'll have no ſubject of Reproach againſt you if you can't over-rule the obſtinacy of their Natures.

Don't think you are entitl'd to the Character of *Politeneſs*, by rendring every one their due, unleſs you do it in a free and eaſy manner, and without a certain Conſtraint, which has always an ill Grace. This Freedom is infinitely becoming, and gives a Luſtre to the moſt trifling things; whereas the Stifneſs and Conſtraint of thoſe Perſons that are all of a piece, has conſtantly an ill Effect, and blaſts part of their Merit.

People naturally Sweet-temper'd and *Polite*, have no more to do but to give the Reins to their Inclination: But *Politeneſs* is not always

always born with them ; being a thing that requires Practice, Experience, Application and Study. The Reflexions we make upon the Impertinences of others, help us to correct our own ; and are of mighty uſe to ſteer our Conduct on nice Occaſions, wherein we might eaſily forget ourſelves, but for this aſſiſtance. 'Tis the moſt agreeable Gate to make an happy Entrance into the World ; 'tis that which gives the firſt Flower of Reputation, which ſcatters a fragrant Odour upon all the Parts of Life.

The great Secret conſiſts in making ourſelves reliſh'd by thoſe People we converſe with : It requires Judgment to conjecture their preſent Diſpoſition, and to enter into their Character. But 'tis utterly impoſſible, with all the delicacy of Wit and flexibility of Temper, to ſuit one's ſelf to all the Humours of ſome People. However, we ought not to enſlave ourſelves to their Caprices, nor renounce common Senſe by ſtriking in with their particular Taſt when it is deprav'd.

Perſons of too rigid and unpardoning Tempers, commonly treſpaſs upon the Laws of *Politeneſs* ; others affecting an exceſſive Complaiſance, and who are ever of the

opinion of thoſe they talk with, grow nauſeous and inſipid. Complaiſance is infinitely taking in Converſation, but it ought to be well manag'd. A genteel Liberty, that has nothing too haughty or too biting, awakens the Converſe, and gives it a ſort of delightful Poinancy.

A Man is not ſecure of pleaſing with a great Wit, excellent Talents, and majeſtick Carriage; but there's no withſtanding the Charms of true *Politeneſs.* The *Polite* make themſelves univerſally courted by their Complaiſance. They know when 'tis proper to yield, and how to wind and inſinuate themſelves into thoſe they converſe with; and to excuſe the Bluntneſs and Extravagances that eſcape them. As Men naturally affect Pre-eminence, they are inſenſibly won by the *Polite*, who ſubmit to that aſpiring Temper. This is an Habit moſt difficult to attain; and when once a Man has fix'd upon this condeſcending Courſe, he muſt be ſure to lay in a great Stock of Docility, becauſe he will every where find a ſort of fantaſtick and crabbed People, who will put his Patience to the niceſt Teſts.

There are certain Circumſtances wherein *Politeneſs* makes it requiſite to underſtand Raillery; as a good means to avoid Differences,

rences, and preſerve a Man's Repoſe: On the contrary, 'tis a falſe Delicacy to be diſturb'd on occaſions that are beneath our Notice. When the Raillery is innocent, and turns upon indifferent Subjects, it muſt be brutiſh to take fire, and to complain of it. If it be too cutting, 'tis enough to ſignifie that we feel it. If the Drolling Perſon after this purſues his Jeſt, it manifeſts he is a Wretch that is defective in Brain and Breeding. I have ſeen *Clarinda* put herſelf in a Paſſion, becauſe ſhe was told ſhe made an aukward Curtſey, and enter'd a Room with an ill Grace. Thoſe that rallied her upon that Score, did it without the leaſt deſign of affronting her; and inſtead of making a quarrel of it, as ſhe did, ſhe ought to have thank'd 'em for the Advice they gave her.

'Tis certain we have too commonly juſt Occaſions to complain of Peoples ill Demeanour; but if we rigorouſly aſſert this Right, we muſt take leave of the commerce of the World. The better way is, artfully to diſſemble ſome Incivilities have been offer'd us, or a ſuppos'd Neglect we have receiv'd. 'Tis a ſufficient Recompence that the Fault lies at the Offender's door, and that the World does us Juſtice. If you demand a rigorous Satisfaction, or take it

out in Reproaches and Abuſes, beſides loſing the Eſteem would be paid you, and which *Polite* People rarely fail of beſtowing, you will deprive yourſelf of another much ſweeter Satisfaction, which is felt when a Man deals genteelly with another, in return for his diſobliging Carriage.

The punctilious Delicacy of ſome People, that are diſturb'd at every thing, proceeds from a ridiculous Pride, that ſwells their Hearts: Be you ever ſo aſſiduous in your Reſpects to them, they think you have never done enough. Nay, tho' you go beyond the bounds that Decorum and Civility preſcribe, they are not yet content. The ſhorteſt Method with Perſons of this Character, is to break off all Correſpondence with them; for if you uſe Complaiſance to them, they'll treat you as a Slave, and make no acknowledgment of all the Services you have done them.

The little Differences that now and then happen, occaſion great Breaches upon *Politeneſs*, thro' the ill Diſcourſe and imprudent Proceedings we fall into. If a Quarrel happen to ariſe, the only way is to ſuppreſs it the ſame Day; for the longer we defer it, the more rancorous our Spleen grows, and the leſs capable we are of recovery.

Is

Is it not better, think you, ſometimes to yield, than always obſtinately to conteſt a thing? Moſt of the Matters diſputed on, are not worth the while, and we do but expoſe our ill Humour on the moſt frivolous Occaſions. If exceptious and quarrelſom People were but ſenſible how troubleſom and intolerable they are, they would perhaps apply themſelves to the correcting a Vice which is every bodies Torment. It can't be call'd Living, to ſpend our Lives with People that are continually Snarling, without knowing for what Reaſon.

Tell me, what occaſion can you have purpoſely to diſoblige People? Is it ſo delightful a thing to vex and affront them for a Jeſt? This Liberty you take, privileges them to treat you after the ſame matter, and anſwer you in the ſame ſtrain. Thus Converſation grows commonly diſagreeable, by the ſmart Repartees are made to provoking Expreſſions.

'Tis farther treſpaſſing upon *Politeneſs*, to be continually ſpeaking ill of every body, and running down all Perſons of Merit. There are People whoſe Heads are of ſo ſcurvy a Turn, (whether they do it out of Ill-nature, or judge of others by themſelves I won't determine) as to give the worſt

worſt Conſtruction to the moſt innocent and regular Actions; rendring them ſuſpected by the Poiſon they mix with them, and criminal by their addition of falſe Circumſtances. This commonly proceeds from a ſecret Paſſion of miſchieving thoſe they don't love; and the ſame Principle puts them upon Inquiry into every thing that may give them Trouble. One would think *Aminta* had an inſpir'd knowledge of all the moſt particular and ſecret Tranſactions of a Family: When Facts are wanting, ſhe invents *extempore* Stories, and has the art of embelliſhing them with ſuch Circumſtances, as deceive the moſt Judicious, and perſuade the moſt Incredulous. Her Diary is full of nothing but ſcandalous Adventures; for ſhe never ſpeaks well of any body herſelf, nor ſuffers it to be done by others: To ſtop their Mouths, ſhe has always a Satyr ready at hand, which ſhe vents with a malicious and envenom'd Pleaſure. Is not this a pretty Character?

'Tis a Rule, never to diſoblige any body; but when we have unfortunately given Offence, we ought to make all the neceſſary advances we can to oblige the Perſon to forget it: This is one of thoſe things the World is moſt defective in. Whether it be Modeſty,

deſty, or Pride, or Shame to confeſs we are in the Wrong; or a reſolution not to move a ſtep towards pacifying People; every one ſtands upon his Punctilio's and reſolves rather to break off all Commerce, or loſe a Friend with whom he has always had a fair underſtanding, than honeſtly to own his Fault, and repent of his ill Treatment. Is it ſo painful a thing, or would a Man think himſelf diſhonour'd, to ſpeak a civil Word, or make the firſt Bow?

What I am moſt at a loſs to comprehend, is Mens harſh and diſobliging way of living with one another. They have a kind of wildneſs that renders 'em untractable; one knows not how to accoſt them, or on what ſide to lay hold of them being perfect Porcupines in every Part. How many compaſſes muſt we fetch? how many Soothings muſt we uſe, to treat with them on the leaſt Affair? Is it not a very exquiſite Pleaſure, to be able to oblige People, and to be uſeful to them in ſomewhat? Is it poſſible Men ſhould renounce all Sentiments of Humanity?

'Tis a wretched Character, that of ſome People, who explore, with a malicious Curioſity, whatever others do, to cenſure it. Nothing can eſcape the Vivacity of their jealous Eyes, nor the Rancour of their envenom'd

venom'd Tongues: Theſe Creatures are the Bane and Terror of Mankind, and of Civil Society.

There's nothing more diametrically oppoſite to *Politeneſs*, than Slander: If the Women, that are moſt addicted to this Vice, were capable of reflecting how burdenſom they render themſelves by it to reaſonable People, they would not be ſo forward to act ſo ſcandalous a Part. The baſeneſs of their Flatterers animates them in it, but worthy Perſons deſpiſe them not the leſs for the Suffrages of Fools. That which gives me an high Idea of *Aricia's* Merit, is, that ſhe can't bear to have any one Slander'd in her preſence: She has a thouſand Artifices to drop the Diſcourſe, when it turns upon Obloquy, or elſe to divert it. If the Scandal-mongers are Perſons of a Rank above her, ſhe lets it appear by her diſſatisfy'd Countenance, and her Silence, that the Subject is ungrateful; and ſhe never wants Reaſons to juſtify thoſe that are accus'd.

Perſons elevated by their Rank and Dignities, aſſume great Liberties with reſpect to their Inferiours; nevertheleſs they ought always to be upon their guard, that they don't mortify any one whatever with too ſmart Ralleries. Their Quality is no diſ-

penſation

penſation from *Politeneſs*. The Contempt they expreſs for others, makes laſting impreſſions on their Souls; A Sally of Paſſion, or an Extravagance, is forgiven; but Rallery in cool Blood, which is a ſign of diſeſteem, is never pardon'd.

The firſt Thought that preſents it ſelf, when we meet People whom we think we have reaſon to complain of; who have done us ill Offices; or talk'd of us diſreſpectfully; is to tax them openly with their ill Demeanour, and that in ſevere and opprobious Terms; whereby we fall into the ſame Fault we condemn in them. If it be proper to let them know they have injur'd us, it ought to be done in a gentle and inſinuating manner, without Noiſe, or Bitterneſs, or Rage, or the leaſt deviation from the rules of *Politeneſs*. A Man that can prevail with himſelf in this, and has ſufficient command of his Reſentments to moderate them in ſo nice a conjuncture, has greater ſtrength of Mind than the generality of People have, who moſt commonly fall violently upon the Occaſions of Diſcontent they think are given them.

Thoſe that break off a long-continu'd Friendſhip, fall fouleſt upon one another; as if the Conteſt was who would ſpeak moſt Ill to juſtifie his Conduct, and be acquitted

acquitted by the Publick. Experience ſufficiently proves, that the moſt violent Hatred flames out betwixt Perſons that were the greateſt Friends, when once they come to change their Minds. The Motives of their Love now join with thoſe of their Hatred to invigorate the Paſſion.

'Tis want of *Politeneſs* to divulge Secrets, upon a Rupture, which were committed to you during the courſe of an eſtabliſh'd Friendſhip. This Indiſcretion is often the occaſion of great Quarrels, and a provocation to unlucky Reproaches. They that are thus betray'd, have juſt reaſon to complain of thoſe that play them theſe ill turns; and have moreover a fair pretence for deſpiſing them; for this is a Weakneſs that is only pardonable in Women, who have not always a retentive Faculty. A Secret intruſted to them, is an heavy Burden which they can't long bear before they eaſe themſelves of it. Tell not *Ardeliſa*, when you intruſt her with any Affair, that you engage her to Secrecy; that one Circumſtance makes it impoſſible for her to keep it: The Impatience ſhe will be in to leave you, proceeds only from an itch to divulge what you have confided to her, which ſhe relates, from beginning to end, to the next Perſon ſhe meets: This ſomewhat reſem-

reſembles thoſe that have Fire dropt on their Hands, which they will make the utmoſt haſte to ſhake off.

One of the moſt tireſom things in Converſation, and which is leaſt avoided, are Repetitions; for we have no reliſh of what we have heard before: But 'tis much worſe, when People relate with an Emphaſis, and give out for Novelties what our Ears are tir'd with. Methinks it ſhould be eaſie to obſerve, from the manner of the reception, that the Narrative is diſagreeable: But the Pleaſure People take in talking and being the Chair-men in Converſation, prevents their perceiving the *Tædium* they give their Hearers.

Diſcourſe relating to the Court, to great Men, and Perſons diſtinguiſh'd by their Employs, or Births, is not ſo apt to tire; for as Men are naturally curious, things ſublime and extraordinary give a whet to their Curioſity; whereas thoſe that are trivial, ſeem inſipid and unworthy their application: They therefore that are fond of talking, and deſire to be heard with pleaſure, ought to ſeek Subjects proper to regale the Curioſity of others, and always keep them in expectation. *Alizon* did not the other day obſerve this rule in all its Circumſtances,

cumſtances, when ſhe viſited her good Friend *Ariana*, who had then with her three Dukes, and five or ſix Women of the firſt Quality. *Alizon*, who is the Wife of a Magiſtrate, was no ſooner ſeated in her Elbow-Chair, but ſhe wholly monopoliz'd the Converſation, which ſhe turn'd into a ſort of Dialogue between herſelf and a Daughter ſhe had brought along with her. This fine Diſcourſe was ſpent in Queſtions and Anſwers, wherein the reſt of the Company had no ſhare; but for a recompence, they learnt how many Children ſhe had, that her eldeſt Son was at School, and was the Captain of his Claſs; and that her Husband had ſix Dozen of lac'd Shirts. Was ever ſuch Impertinence as this? The poor *Ariana* ſweat at every Pore for the Folly of her Friend, who at the ſame time was not ſenſible that every Body laught at her. She did all ſhe could to break off the Converſation, but the other would not be induc'd to interrupt the thread of ſo fine a Hiſtory.

The deſire People have to ſpeak to ſhew their Parts, makes their want of Judgment obſerv'd, by the impertinent Diſcourſes they hold before Perſons of Senſe and Taſt. AMan conceited of hisMerit,and who thinks himſelf Handſom and finely Shap'd, talks

of

of nothing but his kind Miſtreſſes, which he does with that aſſurance, as if the Company believ'd or were intereſted in what he delivers. A Man of the Sword, gives Particulars of all the Opportunities he has had to ſignalize his Courage; and tells the Names of all the Enemies he has beaten: Others inform you of the great Treats they have made or given, and ſeldom fail of making a Panegyrick on their Cook; nay exactly enumerate all the Bottles of Champain they drank. Diſcourſes of this Nature, are ſtrangely nauſeous to thoſe who have no Curioſity to be acquainted with ſuch Trifles.

The moſt exquiſite and poinant Pleaſure that can be taſted by refin'd Perſons, is that of Converſation; but then they ſhould be very circumſpect in the Choice of thoſe they converſe with. Great Companies are fatiguing, where we can only talk of general things, which are nevertheleſs moſt commonly tireſom, and Intereſt no Body in them: And yet moſt are taken with the Crowd; a certain ſign of their ill Taſt; or elſe diſtruſt themſelves, and think they are not able to bear up in a ſingle match. They ſhould likewiſe be on their guard againſt a falſe Delicacy, which meets with no Body to its

liking; they ought not to flatter themſelves that they ſhall find People univerſally Pleaſing; 'tis enough for Converſation that they have ſome Agreements.

In a numerous Company, the Converſation can only proceed upon indefinite Subjects; News, current Reports, and ſuch-like Trifles, neither meriting to be ſpoke nor heard. No wonder then that Men of Senſe and Taſt don't find their account in it, and depart unſatisfied. However, they ought not to ſhew their Squeamiſhneſs, nor let their Diſcontent appear; that Delicacy would be affrontive to the Company, as ſignifying their contempt of it, and good opinion of themſelves.

A Man that ſets up for a *polite* Speaker, unleſs he takes great care, grows impertinent and tireſom, by his overmuch caution in the choice of Words; whilſt every Body ſuffers by the conſtraint he puts upon himſelf. The generality of things that make up Converſation, ought to be ſimply expreſs'd, and without many Words; a Man ought not to torture himſelf to give a clinch of Wit, much leſs fondly hug himſelf when he has ſaid any thing fine and delicate, that excites the Applauſes of the Company.

If

If the Talk in Converſation ſeems trifling and childiſh, take no notice of it; neither caſt a pitying look on the Authors of ſuch Impertinences. How would you have Women entertain themſelves, if you deny them a little tittle tattle? But be their Diſcourſes never ſo trifling, condeſcend to anſwer them, without fear of demeaning yourſelf, or debaſing that profound Erudition you think you are Maſter of. *Ariſto* is one of the Company, yet none of the Converſation; he gives no attention to what is ſaid; if he opens his Lips, 'tis only to criticiſe on a Word inadvertently dropt, or that does not pleaſe him. He talks ſometimes of things ſo ſublime and out of the way, that no Body can underſtand him. This pompous emblazoning of Science, with deſign to dazle, makes him but conſider'd as a troubleſom Pedant. Men are made for Society, therefore the principal of all the Sciences, is that which teaches how to live. What is ſhocking and offenſive in the Learned, is, that they are not always the genteeleſt People in the World; and are generally deficient in *Politeneſs* and Complaiſance: They think they are oblig'd, by dint of Argument, to maintain all the Propoſitions they ad-

vance, and to bring every Body over to their Opinion.

One of the moſt common Faults in Converſation, is, that no Body will yield to another's Opinion, but reckon it a point of Honour to defend their own, even in Trifles, with a Stifneſs amounting to Obſtinacy. Now tell me what you are like to gain by it, when this chimerical Point, which is the Object of your Diſpute, ſhall be granted you? They leave you exaſperated, and are themſelves enrag'd againſt you; whereas a little Complaiſance might have won you every Bodies Affection and Eſteem.

Inſult not, nor deſpiſe a worthy Man tho' he be fallen into Diſgrace, and ill-handled by Fortune; neither applaud a Fool, tho' he be never ſo Rich and Opulent; nor whatever Aſſiſtances you might expect from his Intereſt and Poſt. This is a Leſſon of great Importance, but ill practiſed. Behold *Agathon*; ſee with what Haughtineſs and Contempt he treats *Arſennus*, the moſt worthy Man in *England*, the *Politeſt*, wittieſt and moſt agreeable Company: But he is not Rich, and is moreover out of Place. Yet obſerve what Complaiſance, what Reſpect and Submiſſion the ſame *Agathon* pays to *Beteſi*, who is nevertheleſs a Coxcomb, whoſe Father and Grand-

Grandfather were not known, and who is the firſt Man of his Family: But he is Rich and in Authority; he diſpoſes of Employs and Poſts by Sea and Land, which are the Fountains of Wealth and Plenty. Baſe mercenary Souls! There's your Idol, make your court to him; ſtoop to the moſt ſhameful and ſervile Compliances, to inſinuate into his Favour: What matters it if you vilify and degrade yourſelves to Beaſts and Slaves, provided it be in the way to Riches?

'Tis not from a Spirit of *Politeneſs* that ſome People are ſo courtly and obliging, but rather from a mercenary Temper; and were not Men dull of apprehenſion, they might eaſily perceive their Deſigns, and would make no reckoning of that profuſion of hyperbolical Praiſes. Miſtruſt a Man that flatters you: Either he has already deceiv'd you, or deſigns to do it: Swallow not the Incenſe he offers you; 'tis only a Snare to entrap you, which vain People run headlong into.

'Tis the unhappineſs of thoſe that are born to a moderate Fortune, to be expos'd to the Contempt and Inſults of the Great, and Men that have got Eſtates; and this becauſe they often abuſe the Authority and

Power that Riches gave them. *Polite* Perſons expreſs no Contempt for thoſe beneath them, but on the contrary, ſooth them with civil and careſſing Language. This obliging Procedure attracts the Eſteem, and wins the Hearts of all the World. That which gains *Alidor* ſo general an Eſteem, is his not appearing Haughty on account of his Quality, great Birth, Bravery, or perſonal Merits. He never brow-beats thoſe that have any thing to controvert with him; and is of eaſie acceſs and addreſs to all Perſons of whatever Characters. He ſends them ſtill away charm'd with his Civilities, and obliging Offers, and thro' ſuch *Politeneſs* wins the Hearts of all.

That which moſt diſtinguiſhes the *Polite* from other Men, is, that even and eaſie Conduct they obſerve in all the different Conjunctures they meet, whatever ſort of People they have to deal with. They are not eaſily diſturb'd at thoſe occaſions of Diſturbance which are continually thrown in their way. They make as if they did not ſee and hear all that is ſaid and done. They know how to yield ſeaſonably to divert the Storm; and allow ſomething to the Extravagances and Caprices of thoſe they have to do with: Whereas an impolite Man,

Man, little practiſed in the World, is always complaining of the ill Proceedings of other People. He brutiſhly throws them in their Teeth, without any regard to *Decorum*; he torments himſelf about Trifles, and heightens the leaſt Peccadillo's and Occaſions for Spleen, into unpardonable Crimes: In ſhort, he diſturbs his own Repoſe and that of other Men.

The neceſſity of a Man's Affairs, or of his Profeſſion or Employment, often obliges him to do an hundred things that diſpleaſe People: But he muſt endeavour to ſoften their Reſentments with fair Words. If unlucky Conjunctures engage you whether you will or not, to make ſuch Steps as others have no reaſon to be content with, your *Politeneſs* muſt help to juſtifie the ſincerity of your Intentions, by giving them to underſtand, it is neither out of a frolick nor ill-humour; nor thro' a deſire to diſoblige them by a premediated deſign, that you take this Method.

'Tis a Miſery in Life, to be acquainted and converſe with rough-hewn and untractable People, who have ever ſome occaſion or other for quarrelling with you upon the leaſt Trifles. If they are Perſons whom you reſpect and ought to keep fair with, you muſt obſerve

Meaſures, and uſe Artifices to break off ſo troubleſom a Correſpondence, but this without wounding the rules of *Politeneſs*, or giving manifeſt occaſions for Complaint. You muſt ſee them as ſeldom as poſſible; you muſt dexterouſly avoid them, without letting them perceive you ſhun them: At other times, you may excuſe yourſelf upon preſſing Buſineſs, that can't be deferr'd to another opportunity. By this means you'll diſuſe them from ſeeing you, and by degrees be deliver'd from their importunate Viſits.

There's no hopes of finding, in the Commerce of this World, only perfect and accompliſh'd People. Every one has his Infirmities; and we muſt excuſe or diſſemble Faults, when they are not attended with unhappy Conſequences. Allow others the ſame Indulgence you yourſelf would expect from them. 'Tis unpardonable ill Breeding to exaggerate a Fault, and give Confuſion to the Perſon guilty of it. Is he not ſufficiently puniſh'd by the Shame and Indignation which reſults from his Folly?

When you are oblig'd to keep Company with People deſtitute of *Politeneſs* and Complaiſance, who affect to inſult and contradict

tradict you at every turn, you can't help feeling the emotions of Indignation and Diſdain, and your Blood riſes at the very ſight of them. Perſuade yourſelf, that theſe Vices, if you are guilty of them, have the ſame effect upon others; and that they'll no more pardon them in you, than you pardon 'em in them.

'Tis defect of *Politeneſs*, to let Women perceive the Indifference or Contempt you have for them: By this you give them to underſtand, they are neither Handſom nor Amiable, and ſo rob them of thoſe ſoft Ideas that ſo agreeably flatter their ſelf-love. Why ſhould you tell *Beliſa*, to her Face, that ſhe is of the wrong ſide of Forty? She every where proclaims ſhe is but Four and twenty; the White and Red which ſhe diſpoſes with art and niceneſs, new-vaump the decays of her Face, and ſerve her inſtead of real Charms. She comforts herſelf whilſt ſhe beholds, in her Glaſs, the vivacity of her Complexion, which ſhe nevertheleſs conſtantly buys of the honeſt Millener.

'Tis no true *Politeneſs* that of certain People, who promiſe their Intereſt and good Offices to all Comers: They depend upon their Words, but the occaſion manifeſts the vanity of their Promiſes. People

are

are not to be amuſed with fruitleſs Careſſes, when the poſture of their Affairs demands eſſential Services. They would be much more oblig'd to you if you told them plainly, you were incapable of doing for them what they deſire of you, for then they would take other Meaſures.

Men love not to do one another Juſtice: Being unaffected with the good Qualities of their Rivals, they are only attentive to find out their Infirmities: They ſtill contemplate them on their worſt ſides, and refuſe them their Eſteem for the leaſt Imperfection they can diſcover in them, tho' otherwiſe they have very eſtimable Talents.

Some People ſet up for *Politeneſs*, by careſſing equally all Mankind, and paying Civilities to the firſt Comer, tho' they hardly know his Name. They make offers of Service with the ſame warmth, to a Coxcomb as to a Man of Honour; but there they ſtop, and make no farther advances either for one or the other. What do they mean by theſe proſtituted Compliments and Careſſes?

Whatever advances you make for Perſons of a certain Character, they ſtill find one Reaſon or other to blame and cenſure you. In vain you ſtudy to pleaſe them; you

you will never ſmooth their rugged Foreheads: When you have exceeded all they could reaſonably expect from your Complaiſance, they are ſtill unſatisfied: Nay, what is yet more odd and whimſical, they are ſo rude as to complain of your Indifference, and the little Zeal you expreſs to do them Service; whereas if you required from them the leaſt part of what you have done on their behalfs, they would think you unſufferable.

In communicating Secrets, we ſhould not bring under that name Trifles, conſider'd as Myſteries. 'Tis derogatory to good Senſe to over-rate ſuch Affairs as deſerve not ſo much as a bare attention; but 'tis importuning our Friends to give them *Nothings* under the Seal of Secrecy, which are not worth the hearing.

'Tis eaſier to find Men of Parts and Learning, than ſuch as are *Polite* and Agreeable. The Reaſon is, Science is contracted in the College by dint of Reading and Study, to which nothing is wanting but Eyes and Ears, and a moderate Genius; but *Politeneſs* is not to be obtain'd but by the Commerce of *polite* People: Nor is that ſufficient without Judgment and Reflexion. How many are there that ſpend all

all their Lives at Court and among Great-men, and yet remain rough and unpoliſh'd? Country People, with all their pains, can never get rid of a certain Earthineſs and native Ruſt that's moſt oppoſite to *Politeneſs*. They may pleaſe at firſt by their Agreements; but if the Acquaintance laſts, we fail not to diſcover in their Manners and Behaviour, ſomething infinitely diſguſtful to nice Perſons, who have the leaſt notion of true *Politeneſs*.

What would be hardly thought credible, is, that the Travels our Country-Gentlemen make abroad, render them but more Fooliſh and Impertinent; and that the approaching the Air of the *French* Court, does but give a new varniſh to their *Ridicule*. They think it a great addition to their Merit to have ſeen the *Tuilleries*, *Luxemburg-Houſe*, and the *Brazen-Horſes*; and look down with Contempt on thoſe who have been in no other Country but their own. They fatigue all Companies with everlaſting Accounts of what they have obſerv'd in *France*, or read in the Collection of the *Curioſities of* Paris. 'Tis not ſufficient to viſit this City, to view its Bridges, and the *Hotel des Invalides*; it is only the Converſation with the genteel Part of its Inhabitants, that can file

file off their ruſtical Adhæſions. The ſight of the Streets and Houſes, and the Diſcourſe of the People where you lodge, contribute little towards *Politeneſs*: And what is ſtill worſe, you ſee Country-Sparks, when they come to Town, unleſs they have a good deal of Senſe, aſſume a falſe and aſcititious Air, which ſpoils all that is good in them, by traveſting their Temper.

If we ſaw none but Perſons of Merit that we reſpected, we ſhould inſenſibly receive a tincture of *Politeneſs* which would greatly contribute towards the formation and regulation of our Manners. Our Complaiſance for Men of this Character, and a deſire of pleaſing them, infuſes certain Charms and Graces, which we ſhould ſlight in a Commerce with People we have no Conſideration for, nor care to cultivate. There's leſs Pains in ſubmitting to the Sentiments of thoſe we reſpect, and 'tis this Complaiſance that carries us to a great degree of *Politeneſs*.

The *Polite* have an Art to diſſemble any thing that's harſhly or offenſively ſpoke to them, to avoid a Quarrel; whereas he that's all of a piece, takes Fire, and calls for *Eclairciſſements* upon the leaſt Trifles. Such ſort of People are Enemies to their own and others Quiet.

They

They are much to be pitied who are born with ill Qualities. There are People naturally clowniſh, impolite, diſobliging, brutal, diſreſpectful to every Body, and purpoſely affrontive in Diſcourſe. Men of this Make and Complexion have a long work to arrive at *Politeneſs*; and will never attain to it, unleſs they condeſcend to ſome prudent and underſtanding Friend, who may take their cure upon him; or unleſs they have a long Commerce with *polite* Perſons, whom they ſhall endeavour to pleaſe and imitate.

I can hardly gueſs the Reaſon, why Perſons of the greateſt Knowledge are commonly the leaſt *Polite*. We obſerve in their Ways and Manners, ſomething that's wild and ruſtick; and they have neither Inſinuation, nor Agreeableneſs, nor Complaiſance. In the mean time, Science ought to contribute towards ſoftning and poliſhing their Minds; whereas Experience unluckily teaches, that it has a quit contrary effect on the Learned by Profeſſion. Whether they diſdain to be Sociable with the reſt of Mankind, and to make uſe of their Underſtanding in common Converſation; or elſe that they neglect to be tied to thoſe little Particulars requir'd by the Offices of civil Life; or that they are really ignorant of them, they have a ſtifneſs

neſs and harſhneſs in their Behaviour, which makes them formidable to the *Polite*.

Politeneſs is not learnt like Muſick, or any other Science; 'tis acquir'd by the Converſe of well-bred Men. Perſons born and educated at Court have ſomething about them that's eaſie, natural and *polite*, which is not to be acquir'd by Art, whatever pains is taken for it. 'Tis true indeed Nature contributes much towards it, and that many are indebted to their happy Tempers for that Fund of *Politeneſs* which renders them ſo amiable.

It requires a great Talent, and a ſingular Merit, together with a large ſtock of *Politeneſs*, to be able to maintain a long Commerce with the ſame Perſons, and to continue ſtill agreeable. There are Moments wherein we relax, and are not in an humour to conſtrain ourſelves, to conceal our Faults and Imperfections. This view wounds the Eyes of thoſe we converſe with, and undeceives them. Theſe new Diſcoveries deſtroy the reſpect they had for our Merit; Indifference ſucceeds their Zeal for us; and this is properly what is the ruin of Friendſhips, which can't ſurvive the deſtruction of a reciprocal Eſteem.

Such

Such as are Rich, or have made their Fortunes, naturally deſpiſe thoſe that continue Indigent, in ſpight of all the fine Qualities they may be Maſters of: The Talents of the Mind are but little valu'd by the generality of People, when a Man has no other Merit to recommend him. In my Opinion, the Rich ſhould expreſs ſome mark of Eſteem to thoſe that are not ſo; as a means to lenify in ſome ſort their Diſcontent, and comfort them at a little Charge. 'Tis Misfortune enough to be in Want; ought you to redouble their Uneaſineſs, and inſult them for their ill Circumſtances?

Could we believe it, unleſs we ſaw it with our Eyes, that in an Age ſo *Polite*, witty, and refin'd as ours, young People ſhould grow ſo unaccountably wild and brutal, as to hold the ſame Diſcourſe with Women reſpectable for their Birth and Character, as with vulgar Girls? And what is wonderful, the niceſt Ladies ſtart not at it, provided it be wrapt in ambiguous Terms. *Politeneſs* teaches us to treat People ſutably to their Condition, and to have Deference and Reſpect for thoſe that merit them. Young *Cleon* the other Day made a Viſit to *Celanire*; he found five or ſix Women of the firſt Quality in her Company. He was half

half-drunk, and had juſt bolted from a Tavern, where he had made a notable Treat. Was this a plight fit for him to ſhew himſelf in to Women of high Birth? He entertain'd them with his Intrigues and Miſtreſſes: he ſhew'd them Love-Letters with which his Pockets were full; he made horrible Satyrs on all the Sex, and their ill Conduct, without reſerve, or diſtinction, or any reſpect to the Ladies he ſpoke to. After all this impertinent Stuff, he departed well ſatisfied with himſelf, ſinging aloud upon the Stair-Caſe, abſolutely unconcern'd at all the Extravagances he had been venting. What Idea can we have of a Man of Quality's juſt entring upon the World, that ſets out at this rate?

Young People ſeldom ſute themſelves to the Converſation of the Old, who are naturally Moroſe and Imperious. Tho' they have liv'd long they have not learnt the art of living; being deſirous to ſubject every Body's Conduct to their Caprices, and odd Humours. Were they more converſable and *Polite*, their Society might be a good School for the Young, who might reap the profit of their long Experience. Old Age has of itſelf too many Faults and Diſagreements, without the Addition of *Cha-*

grin and ill Humour. I would feign have Perſons of an advanc'd Age reſemble *Cleobulus*. Old Age in him is neither moroſe, diſtaſtful, nor magiſterial. Without condeſcending to a juvenile Character, he accommodates his Behaviour to all ſorts of Tempers: If he does not give himſelf to Diverſions; if he preſerves the Decorum and Seriouſneſs which his Age inſpires, at leaſt, he is no troubleſome Cenſurer, nor finds Fault with others Pleaſures. The Employs he has had in the Court and Army, the Sciences he has ſtudiouſly cultivated, furniſh him with a thouſand curious things which render his Converſation as pleaſant as inſtructive. People always depart ſatisfied from his Company, charm'd with his *Politeneſs*, and inſtructed in an hundred Facts he was Witneſs of, which he communicates without Pride or Intreaty, to all that are deſirous to hear him and willing to profit by his Information.

The Reaſon why young People ſhun the Company of the old as much as poſſible, is, that they can't endure the conſtraint they find in their Society. The Chagrin of old Age, diffuſes it ſelf thro' the Perſons of old Men, and gives a diſlike to every thing they ſay or do. Being incapacitated for Pleaſure,

Pleaſure, they would, as it were, make themſelves amends, by cenſuring in others what they themſelves did when young. This miſ-tim'd Reprehenſion has but little effect on Youth, which ſticks rather to the Examples they have given, than to the fine Maxims they now dictate. *Acaſto* pronounces the handſomeſt Lectures imaginable to his Son upon the Miſchiefs of Gallantry: He tells him, with an angry Look, that 'tis the wreck of a Man's Fortune; and that he who is eagerly engag'd in Love, can never think ſeriouſly on any thing elſe. Perhaps *Acaſto*'s Maxims might have made ſome impreſſion on the Mind of his Son, if the ill Examples he gave with them did not baffle their effect; or if he had more ſoftned and inſinuated his Inſtructions.

The antique Gentlemen are more formal, ſtarched and ceremonious than the modern, who can't conform to theſe ſtudied Rules and Grimaces. True *Politeneſs* does not conſiſt herein; the Mode at preſent demands a little more Liberty; but ſuch as obſerves Meaſure and *Decorum*. Without this *Salvo*, the Liberty degenerates into a Licence no ways ſutable to *Polite* Perſons, and even unpardonable in Pages. But the Medium betwixt the exceſs of Conſtraint

and Liberty, is hard to be found, and requires attention to what is capable of diſguſting or pleaſing Men of Judgment. Whoever has hit upon this Temper, is in the ready Road that leads to *Politeneſs*.

Is it to paſs for *Polite*, that a certain ſort of Men, make a Trade of ſaying luſcious and pretty things, to all the Women they meet? The Fair and the Brown have the ſame Treatment; neither Quality nor Merit makes any Diſtinction in their Compliments, which they repeat, like Parrots, to all alike; as if they had learn'd a Part by Heart, and were playing it on the Stage. Women of Taſt and Senſe, have no reliſh for theſe Impertinences, which make their Stomachs riſe; but there are Fools every where to be found, that imbibe the Poiſon as if it were Nectar, and are raviſh'd with being incens'd thus like Idols. You are of a Profeſſion *Belani*, that excuſes you from acting the gallant part. Your Band and Gown impoſe on you certain Rules, which you can't in Decency diſpenſe with. Yet 'tis you alone, that in all Places where you come, are ſo vigilant to pay little Aſſiduities to Women: Leave that officious Part to Sparks and Beaus, and put yourſelf upon Employments more conſiſtent with

with your Character. You'll meet with never the more Eſteem for being ſo genteel, ſo aſſiduous and ſo complaiſant.

The *Politeneſs* that becomes an Officer of the Army, is of a different kind from that which ſutes with a Dean of a Church, whoſe Character is more ſerious, and requires more Caution and Reſerve. A Magiſtrate is oblig'd to be Grave, Modeſt, and Circumſpect, but ſhould not, however, ſuffer his Gravity to degenerate into Auſterity, ſo as to forbid acceſs to him. The boldeſt Solicitors tremble when they are to accoſt *Varius*. His Forehead ſtands always bent with Wrincles. He is harſh and inacceſſible on every ſide; he affects the *Laconick Pithineſs* of an Oracle; his Mouth opens and ſhuts with Pullies, and he turns his Eyes like a Pagod. This Affectation throws him out of his Temper, and expoſes him to Laughter inſtead of procuring him Reſpect.

The *Politeneſs* of Women conſiſts not in thoſe ſtarch'd and affected Airs they put on, to ſeem more Preciſe. Of whatever Character they are, they ſhould not appear ſo wild and ſcar'd when certain People pay their Civilities, and ſay obliging things to them. 'Tis an antiquated piece of Policy, to counterfeit the Severe, and

aſſume a ſcrupulous Coyneſs on the leaſt Service that is offer'd them : 'Tis ten to one but thoſe that take pet at this rate, and grow more wild and untractable, the more you try to ſooth and tame them with Careſſes and Complaiſance, are not ſo modeſt as they affect to be thought. But this Management of theirs is inſignificant enough to them.

The *Politeſt* Women, who have Merit, and think themſelves Handſom, have a hard task to keep in their Indignation when others are prais'd in their Company who have more Reputation of Beauty. They examine, with a malicious Curioſity, every Feature in their Adverſaries Faces, that they may find ſome Irregularity and Defect in them, which gives them new Courage and Conſolation. This Diſcovery is a kind of Triumph, and they can't prevent ſome ſigns of their ill-natur'd Joy, upon the flattering hopes of eclipſing their Rivals. But all the diſobliging things they can ſay, inſtead of raiſing their own Merit, does but make them deſpis'd ; they think they are applauded, when they are laugh'd at to their Faces.

Women have been a long time lectur'd on the ſubject of Slander, but without ſucceſs.

ceſs. The moſt moving Arguments do but ſerve to afford them a larger Field. They have taken their Ply, and it is grown an eſtabliſh'd Cuſtom with them, to tear Peoples Reputations, to cenſure their moſt innocent Actions, and to expoſe them in ſuch Lights and Colours as may make them monſtrous. In the mean time this Practice denotes a great want of *Politeneſs*, and as great a fund of ill-nature.

Handſom Women reſt ſatisfy'd with being ſo, and eaſily flatter themſelves, that ſuch as have only a great deal of Wit, without external Charms, can't ſtand before them. They are ſo intoxicated with the Fumes of Incenſe offer'd by their officious Admirers, that they inſenſibly contract Airs of Pride and Haughtineſs, very oppoſite to *Politeneſs* and Civility, that would become them, and give a new Luſtre to their Beauty. Theſe Altitudes make the reſt of the Sex Deſperate, who engage in offenſive and defenſive Confederacies to humble and deſtroy them. They narrowly watch their Conduct, and give no Quarter, upon the firſt falſe Steps they make. 'Tis a nice and hazardous Affair, to offer to uſurp the Empire of Beauty: The Ladies that think themſelves intereſted, grow dangerous Rivals,

and play all ſorts of Engines to maintain themſelves in their Privileges, and ſhake off an Uſurpation ſo hateful and oppoſite to their Glory.

Of modeſt Sentiments.

'TIS impoſſible to arrive at Politeneſs without *modeſt Sentiments*, becauſe Pride and a haughty Demeanour, are the moſt natural Sources of Impoliteneſs. *Modeſty* diſſipates that Charm and Miſt, which Pride inſpires into the Mind of Man, and which hides him from himſelf. This Deception magnifies the Idea of his own Merit, and leſſens that which he ought to have of his perſonal Failings. *Modeſty* is a kind of Varniſh, which ſets off our natural Talents, and gives them a Luſtre; and 'tis certain, a great Merit is more penetrating, when attended with *modeſt* Notions. On the contrary, whatever Merit a Man may have, he ſets the World againſt him, when he preſumes too much upon it. Why are we mov'd with Indignation againſt thoſe who have admirable Talents, but that they are

are too conceited of them, and appear too well ſatisfied with themſelves? A pretty Woman, who is not oſtentatious of her Deſert, is much more amiable than a haughty Beauty, who preſumes that all the World ought to pay Homage to her Charms: And as our Excellencies are not to be boaſted, ſo neither ſhould we counterfeit a Contempt of them: This is nothing but a refinement of Pride, and a by-way of beſpeaking Commendation.

A *modeſt* Perſon acts evenly, and without formality; he ſeeks not to recommend himſelf, nor courts elemoſinary Applauſes. When they are given him for things that don't deſerve them, he is but ſlightly touch'd with them; nor do his Spirits boil when they are unjuſtly refus'd him. He has no high Idea of his perſonal Merit, and 'tis a Pleaſure to him to do Juſtice to that of others. He praiſes them without reluctance when they have done any thing praiſe-worthy; and never invidiouſly hears the Elogies that are given them, which are things not incident to Souls but of a noble Make. He never complains of the want of Deference and Reſpect due to him, nor cavils with People if they forget to perform ſome little Formalities, or are too ſtiff in

their

their Bows. He refuſes to take Place of his Equals, and complains not of the Preference is given ſometimes, to his Prejudice. If he has any good Qualities, he knows withal they are ballanc'd with Imperfections, which he caſts not out of ſight. This view renders him more eaſy, when on ſome occaſions he is denied the Praiſes he deſerves: If this Injuſtice give him ſome Mortification, he is ſo Wiſe as to ſtifle his Diſcontent, and not to fatigue the World with eternal Complaints of the Injuries have been done him.

Fine Talents and eminent Qualities are not ſufficient of themſelves, to purchaſe the Eſteem and affection of Men: 'Tis moreover requiſite not to applaud ourſelves for them, nor make a pompous ſhow of them. If you diſcover, in a contemptuous Look, your ſmall Eſteem of others, and your high Opinion of yourſelf; or if you aſſume too great an Aſcendant over them, you'll bring all the World upon your Back: Your Merit will become a Rock of Offence, and be more to your Prejudice than Advantage; becauſe we feel a ſecret Indignation againſt thoſe that eclipſe us, and ſpare nothing to excuſe ourſelves from ſo ungrateful a Superiority.

Whatever

Whatever Parts, Underſtanding, or Merit you fancy you have, if you would be acceptable to rational People, be ſure you pretend to nothing, nor make a vain ſhew of your Knowledge; that ſerves only to dazle Fools, whoſe Approbation muſt be very indifferent to Men of real Merit, who can be only affected with the eſteem of Intelligent People. This Maxim is very little practis'd, for the way now a-days is, when a Man has any Abilities, to put himſelf forward at any rate; and he takes a ſecret Pleaſure in expoſing his Wares, no matter whether to the Judicious, or to Coxcombs of neither Skill nor Ingenuity. *Damon* can't be denied to have Wit and fine Qualities; but the Fault is, he knows it too well. He is full of it on all Occaſions; and is his own Panegyriſt, where others will not be at the Pains to praiſe him: He has a wonderful faculty for Poetry; but he ſtuns all that come near him with the recital of his Verſes: He ſhews how he reliſhes them himſelf when he reads them, and every Word puts him into an Extaſy; but the Pleaſure he takes hinders that of others, and the Applauſes he beſtows on himſelf, excuſes them from the Trouble of applauding him. That which would make him courted, if he made

made a good Uſe of it, is the Cauſe of his being ſhun'd as an impertinent Scribler.

There's ſo great a Correſpondence betwixt thoſe Springs that move the Heart, and thoſe that move the Countenance, that we may judge by this outward Dial-plate how the Clock-work goes in the Soul. A Woman of too ſtately a Gate, too haughty and preſumptuous a Look, and a Forehead that never bluſhes, has no great fund of *Modeſty*, generally ſpeaking. Whereas a ſoft and *modeſt* Air, that has nothing wild or over-free in it, is an almoſt certain ſign, that all is regular within. Thoſe that are deliberating about the choice of a Wife, may with the greateſt eaſe diſcover their Tempers, provided they apply themſelves to the examining certain Motions that eſcape them unawares.

Thoſe that deſign to dazle Mankind, make a glaring ſhew at firſt of all their Merchandize; which Method is mightily miſtaking their own Intereſts. To keep People long in ſuſpence and admiration, 'tis ſometimes convenient to ſhew but a Sample of the Piece, and lay it open by degrees. 'Tis Art and good Management ſometimes to diſguiſe our good Qualities; and greater

Wit

Wit than is imagin'd to conceal our Wit; being a ſure Means never to be the Property of others. Artifice grows uſeleſs when it becomes ſuſpected, becauſe it puts People upon their guard, who avoid a Man of Stratagem, as a Spy. The continual Politicks our Neighbour *Datys* employs in every thing, make him miſcarry in all the Affairs he undertakes. He uſes the ſame Subterfuges, Inſinuation and Cunning, in Trifles, as if the Matter were of the greateſt Conſequence; and as every Body is perſuaded he has ſtill ſome little Trick in his Head, ſo he is always miſtruſted, and no Body cares to treat with him for fear of being deceiv'd.

Modeſty is the moſt convenient Veil to skreen from the cleareſt-ſighted People, ſuch things as we mean to keep ſecret from them. *Modeſt* Perſons bear ſome reſemblance with thoſe Rivers that flow under-ground; they lie hid to the Eyes of the World, having the ſame Addreſs to conceal their good Qualities, as vain People have to expoſe them.

Men have for ſome time neglected to do ſufficient Juſtice to Women upon the ſcore of *Modeſty*; for 'tis certain there are abundance that are diſcreet and regular; and the

the number of thoſe that forget themſelves is not ſo great as is imagin'd. For Twenty that diſparage themſelves by their ill Conduct, we might find a Thouſand that are to be eſteem'd for their Vertues. The Deception conſiſts in this, that *Coquettry* makes a noiſe, whilſt no Body is at the Pains to bring the vertuous Woman upon the Stage, who is content to diſcharge her Duty, without publiſhing it to the World. 'Tis a farther piece of Injuſtice, to accuſe thoſe of being Formaliſts, who have a biaſs towards Severity; and to call their Vertue nothing but Grimace.

That which hinders us from *modeſt* Notions, is our unacquaintance with ourſelves. A Woman but moderately Handſom, fancies wondrous Conqueſts, and vainly perſuades herſelf all that ſee her are captivated by her Charms. A Man who has the leaſt Pretenſions to Wit, preſumes he is one of the moſt ſublime and the firſt-rate Wits. He that harangues in Publick, thinks he ſpeaks wonderfully well, and is amaz'd to find the Applauſes refus'd him, which he fancies are due to him. Obſerve now your Folly *Dorilas*; your Pleas are fill'd with trivial things, and yet you ſpeak in the tone of an Oracle: You imagine you eclipſe

eclipſe the Glory of all the ancient and modern Orators, and are ſurpriz'd you are not humm'd at the end of every Period: You ſometimes complain of the Injuſtice of your Age; and appeal from it to Poſterity to judge of your Deſert: This Illuſion however is a good amuſement to your Vanity.

'Tis a rare thing to find a Man poſſeſs'd with a juſt Notion of his own and others Abilities and Deſerts. Whatever little Merit he has, he thinks himſelf qualified for great Employs; and if they fall not to his ſhare, he complains that he has not Juſtice done him. This Preſumption is a certain ſign of an indifferent Merit. *Dartimon* is not content with being a Colonel, but would be a Major General; he is always complaining of his Fortune, and prefering himſelf to the firſt Officers in the Army. What Method of Cure is there for Men of *Dartimon*'s Character? They court nothing but their Prejudice, and think themſelves injur'd when you have done for them even what was beyond your Duty.

Is it want of Eyes, or Brains, or Reflexion, that makes Men ſo opiniated with their own Merit? Or rather, Is it not want of *Modeſty*, that throws off their view from their

their perſonal Faults, for fear the Proſpect ſhould offend them? Thoſe very Men that are ſo quick-ſighted as to the minuteſt and moſt imperceptible Faults of their Neighbours, and purſue them with bitter Rallery and Satyr, are blind to the groſſeſt Vices in themſelves, which render them deſpicable, and are obvious to all the World. The Counteſs of *Sarlac* is horridly ſhap'd, and halts downright; and yet ſhe does not perceive it, but rallies on all Occaſions the Counteſs of *Syret*, her Friend, who has one Shoulder a little out of Place. This is the Frame and Make of the whole Sex, ſtill full of themſelves, and the Power of their Charms. They cenſure all others, but who are not behind-hand with them in their Satyr.

'Tis to be finical rather than difficult, to be always finding Fault, and ſo prone to Cenſure as People commonly are. True Delicacy is always on the ſide of good Senſe, and approves whatever is good wherever it finds it: Thoſe unjuſt Diſguſts you manifeſt for what is Excellent, betray the folly of your Caprice, and depretiate you with juſt Reaſoners.

We ought to do Juſtice to all Men, and to be glad when others have Merit and are praiſed for it; it being a malignant Baſeneſs

Baſeneſs to attempt to lower thoſe Sails the Publick has hoiſed, and refuſe to throw in our Suffrage with all the World. Do you think your Merit will be the greater, when by Obloquy you have deſtroy'd that of your envied Competitor? The good eſteem a Man has of himſelf, makes him impatient of Rivals; the Competition of the ſame Abilities raiſes our Spleen and Indignation againſt the Poſſeſſors, who diſpute us this kind of Superiority, ſo extreamly grateful to ſelf-love.

It does not become any Body magiſterially to determine upon Matters that are the ſubject of Converſation. The Learned are conſider'd as Impertinents and Pedants, when they pretend to tutor others, and uſurp a ſoveraignty of Senſe. A prudent Man, that ſpeaks only to the purpoſe, makes no oſtentation of his Knowledge, nor is ambitious to be admir'd for it, by this reſerve attracts the Eſteem and Affection of all the Company.

'Tis very rare for thoſe that doat on their own Merit, to ſee any in others, or to do them Juſtice. They think their imaginary Worth ſets them above all Rules, and diſpenſes with all *Decorum*; as if every thing was their due, and they ow'd nothing to

any Body elſe. This Preſumption is a kind of Drunkenneſs that deſtroys Self-conſciouſneſs, and makes them blind and inſenſible to themſelves. Like intoxicated People, that ſee every thing double, Men infatuated with their Merit, magnify and multiply their good Qualities. When any Woman's Beauty is commended before *Belina*, ſhe ſubſtitutes herſelf in the Place of the Perſon praiſed. If *Amarante* be celebrated for the largeneſs and ſprightlineſs of her Eyes, ſhe acknowledges it, but adds, ſhe ſhould be ſorry if her own were not finer. When *Argelia*'s fine Shape and Agreements are mention'd, ſhe diſcovers the Fault of her, and ſets herſelf up for a Pattern of what the other wants.

Men of the greateſt Wit and moſt extenſive Views, are often guilty of notorious Errors; but their regret to be miſtaken, makes them obſtinately defend their Extravagances, and vilify thoſe that let them ſee their Follies. The ridiculous Pride they are poſſeſs'd with, taints and depretiates all their Talents. A few Grains more of *Modeſty* would not a little ſet them off.

'Tis a common Infirmity with thoſe that think themſelves deſerving, to envy ſuch as ſet out with a growing Reputation; and they

they ſeldom pardon a Man his fine Qualities, that procure a general Eſteem. Profeſs'd Wits can't bear to ſee a young Man diſtinguiſh himſelf, and begin to attract the approbation of worthy Perſons. What an heart-breaking is it to a Woman, who is reckon'd Handſom, to have a young Beauty come in play, and out-ſhine all that come near her? But I can't conceive why *Clarinda*, who is neither Young nor Handſom, is ſo mortify'd with the Applauſes given to *Julia*'s blooming Face, or why *Bardus*, who has neither Wit, nor any Intention of publiſhing any thing, ſhould rage, like Wild-fire, againſt all that *Dorimon* Prints, and the World reads with ſo much Pleaſure.

I think a Man very unhappy, who has not ſufficient Judgment to know the Price of things, and diſtinguiſh what's excellent from what is bad or indifferent: But 'tis grand Impertinence obſtinately to defend one's Opinion, and to reject all the Arguments that are offer'd to ſhew the caprice of an irregular Taſt. Here you ſee the Reaſon why we often hearken to ſuch ridiculous Diſputes in Converſation, and bear the Dotage of People for their own Opinions, be they never ſo extravagant. A Man of juſt Senſe and Penetration, knows, at firſt

ſight, what's good and ought to pleaſe, and ſticks to that, without ſuffering himſelf to be miſled by falſe Appearances, which only dazle Fools: But ſmall is the Number of theſe nice Judges, which is the Reaſon ſo many bad things meet with approbation, and have a Vogue in the World. People eminent for their Quality and Poſts, rule the Suffrages of thoſe beneath them, commanding deference of Judgment, as well as outward Reſpect and Complaiſance. Dependants dare not to be of a contrary Opinion; mean time 'tis a ſervile Submiſſion, and only purchaſes Contempt, ſeemingly to approve what we inwardly condemn.

The moſt Judicious are ſometimes at a loſs how to manage themſelves in nice Affairs, and make no ſcruple to confeſs it: Wits of a lower ſize are not ſo timorous in giving their Opinions. Conſult *Celidon* upon a knotty Argument, that demands deep Reflexions, and he'll give you his Reſolution, without heſitating, and with a wonderful Aſſurance. If *Celidon* had more Senſe, he would be leſs venturous in his Deciſions: His Preſumption is no ambiguous ſign of the ſhort-ſightedneſs of his Underſtanding.

'Tis

'Tis a great ſource of Impertinence to have too fond an Opinion of our ſelves and our own performances. We ought not to be the firſt to admire any of our own Exploits, but are to leave that part to others. What ſignifies a vain Complaiſance for our own Works, if others are not affected with them, nor perceive the Beauties which ſo charmingly ſtrike us? Let us not ſuffer our Eyes to be puft up with the Fumes of Incenſe that is given us purely out of Complaiſance; and let us be ever upon our guard againſt thoſe ill-natur'd *Ironies*, imploy'd by ſuch as know our blind Side, and how to ſport with our Credulity.

There's no Body without ſome particular Vanity; but that which is the leaſt pardonable, is the ridiculous Pride of certain People, who think they have ſublime Merit, and will allow no Body elſe a ſhare with them. All that behold *Cleonice* without an envious Eye, honeſtly confeſs, there's hardly a more accompliſh'd Woman to be found: They obſerve ſecret Graces, and certain delicate Agreements in her Perſon, which there's no withſtanding. She has a certain graceful and airy Character which inſpirits every thing ſhe ſays, and what would have no effect in another's Mouth.

They admire the delicacy of her Wit, and the flexibility of her inſinuating Temper, which gives her what Form ſhe pleaſes, according to the diverſity of Occaſions. Now ask *Barſina* what ſhe thinks of *Cleonice*, and ſhe'll tell you, *The Woman's well enough.*

Fine Women can hardly withſtand that Complacency and Self-ſatisfaction which their Beauty inſpires, and no Body goes about to prohibit them ſo tender a Pleaſure. But that which we would beg of them, is to taſt this Satisfaction in ſecret, and not let their Sentiments appear; that they would take care of a certain finical and affected Deportment, which has always I know not what *Ridicule* in it. Beauty has but half its effect, when 'tis not ſupported with the Charms of Wit. We ſometimes wonder handſom Women make ſo few Conqueſts; but the Reaſon is, the Magottry of their Carriage, which diſpels the Charms of their Beauty, and creates diſtaſt in the very Garden of Delight. *Celiana*'s Flatterers tell her, ſhe is the handſomeſt Woman in *England*; and yet Perſons of good taſt have long ceas'd to admire her, becauſe ſhe is too ſtupid to ſupport a Converſation long. The Eyes are tir'd with gazing on fine Colours; and

and Pleaſures which the Mind can't partake of, grow languid and inſipid. *Celiana* not only wants Wit, but is ſo exceeding ridiculous, as to think ſhe abounds with it. She admires the Fooleries that eſcape her at every turn, and thinks ſhe ſpeaks pretty things, when even ſhe ſays little or nothing to the purpoſe.

The Reaſon of Men's having ſuch advantageous Notions on their own behalf, is the want of attention to underſtand themſelves. Every one has his particular Infirmities and Follies; but the wonder is, we ſhould upbraid others with Faults which we ourſelves are more groſly guilty of. We take it very ill if they don't correct them, becauſe we ſuffer by them; but they on their part make no leſs Complaints. *Datiny* taxes *Celanor* with his Spirit of Contradiction, which makes him always take the oppoſite ſide to whatever is advanc'd, without any regard to the Rank and Dignity of the Speaker: Mean time there's not a more uncomplaiſant and exceptious Man than *Datiny*, who is a Stranger to himſelf, and yet thinks he is Sociable and Good-natur'd.

If we did but reflect, it would be eaſy to obſerve, that the too great deſire of outſhining and dazling others, renders Conver-

ſation diſagreeable. We are willing, at any rate, to give a great Idea of our Merit. This deſire puts us upon a flow of Talk, without giving others the leiſure or opportunity to exert their ſmall Talents; and ſo they depart ſour'd and provok'd againſt thoſe that have thus kept them in amuſement. The Day that *Celantine* has been at a Play, or other Diverſion, wo be to ſuch as ſhall fall into her Company, for they muſt not hope to ſpeak a Word, ſhe being a Torrent that will carry all before her. She criticiſes on every Verſe, and gives the Deſcription both of all the Actors and all the Auditors: Here is a ſpacious Field for her to walk in; and when the Matter is exhauſted, ſhe introduces *Epiſodes*, which ſtill keep her in play, and furniſh her wherewithal to teaze the Company to death.

Whence come thoſe ſcandalous Diſorders we ſee in Marriages, but from the bad Education young Women have receiv'd? Never were known ſo many Divorces, nor ſo many Law ſuits about them. All young Women are eagerly ſolicitous to be married, and all married Women as deſirous to be Widows. Scarce have they patience to wait till a natural Death delivers them from their Husbands, whom they look upon as Tyrants,

rants, or rather as their greateſt Enemies. 'Twould not be credible, unleſs we ſaw it with our Eyes, to what Remedies they have recourſe, and into what a Gulph of Miſeries they plung themſelves, to be freed from ſo tyrannical a Yoke.

We ſee Men put on all ſorts of Forms to make themſelves eſteem'd; but commonly they miſtake their aim, and do juſt the contrary to what they pretend. The firſt time we ſee a Man, we make the utmoſt effort to prejudice him in favour of our Merit: We diſcourſe to him of our Birth, our Fortune, our Employs, and the admirable Qualities we fancy our ſelves endu'd with. We exhauſt this Topick, and inſinuate we have Wit, but *modeſtly*, and with ſome remains of ſhame-fac'dneſs. As for our other Talents, we amplify them without ceremony, and leave nothing unſaid. This is miſtaking our Intereſts; the great Art conſiſts in not ſuffering ourſelves to be fathom'd at firſt ſight, and giving time to others to obſerve the good Qualities we are Maſters of.

Men that are prepoſſeſs'd with their own Merit, always contemplate themſelves on the beſt ſide, and never admit any humbling and mortifying *Reflexions*. In the mean time

time be aſſured, that whatever Accompliſhments you fancy you have, they are mingled with a thouſand Imperfections, which make a conſiderable Counterpoiſe.

I would fain know why we ſhould be diſturb'd and overgrown with Spleen becauſe we are denied the Praiſes that are heap'd on leſs deſerving Perſons. Our Reputation depends not on the fantaſtick Humours of Men, and the vain Praiſes they beſtow on us. What ſignifies it, that *Argeſilus*, who is but a Coxcomb, publiſhes every where that you want Senſe? Will the impertinent Stuff he vents to your diſadvantage, rob you of your Excellencies or hinder Men of worth from doing you Juſtice?

'Tis not always the good Fortune of a great Merit to carry the Suffrage of the Publick. How many are eſteem'd, becauſe they are not ſufficiently known? And becauſe they put on ſo artful a Diſguiſe, as makes it impoſſible to penetrate the receſſes of their Souls? The Vulgar are eaſily dazled with the glimpſes of a fictitious Vertue; but Men of good Judgment and *Reflexion* are not to be over-reach'd. They ſee clearly, but take no notice, reſerving their Diſcoveries to themſelves, and ſuffering

ing a Fool to enjoy his pretended Reputation. 'Tis much when People of this Chacter, have ſufficient *Modeſty* not to flatter themſelves with the Notions of a mighty Merit.

There are a thouſand Complainants of the World's Injuſtice, as what heightens their Imperfections, and ſinks the Price of their good Qualities. This is often owing to themſelves, in not taking all the precautions to conceal their Faults, or making a right uſe of the motives to Eſteem. I know this depends upon good Fortune and a propitious Planet; but I alſo know, that we often ruin it, by a ſort of Supinity that expoſes our weak ſides. 'Tis common for one Affair well manag'd, to create us a great Reputation, and as frequent for one falſe Step to deſtroy it beyond recovery. For when once our Fame has but a Wing clipt, 'tis impoſſible for it to ſoar again; and all the pains we take to that purpoſe make us but flutter in the Dirt.

'Tis no ſure and infallible way to gain the Eſteem of Men, to convince them of our Qualifications; on the contrary, this exaſperates them againſt us, as being mad to think we deſign to outſhine them. The beſt way is to allow them to have Wit, and let

let them ſee that we are perſuaded of it. This Complaiſance is more engaging than all our other Pretenſions, and they will be willing to grant us their Eſteem, when they believe they merit ours.

They that ſet up for extraordinary Learning, are very untractable on that ſcore; they believe all Merit confin'd to their own Perſons, and ſo have but little Conſideration for that of others: They would be much more worthy, if they had a leſs ſhare of Erudition. The Fault lies not in the Learning, which is moſt proper to form and faſhion the Mind, but in the Learn'd who make not a good uſe of it. This confus'd Knowledge gives them a whimſical Demeanour, and a haughty and ſupercilious Carriage; inſomuch that they look down with Compaſſion on thoſe that underſtand leſs *Greek* and *Latin* than themſelves. But in requital, they are treated as Pedants, diſmiſs'd to their Colleges, and ſhun'd as Creatures of a moſt inſipid Converſation.

Nor is the other Extream to be leſs avoided; for there are People to be met with, that make their Ignorance meritorious, and think that application to any ſerious Study will diſgrace them. Our Age is tolerably retriev'd from this Illuſion; ſince the greateſt

Princes

Princes apply ſo much to Learning, that there are no Arts or Sciences unknown to them: And they even excel in many kinds of Knowledge. 'Tis certain too, that our Court abounds with Men of a learned Rank, who can ſignalize themſelves in the fine Arts, like *Cæſar*, who was able to diſpute the Empire of Eloquence with *Cicero*: But he preferr'd the Glory of Arms, and the Maſtery of the World, before ſhining at the Bar.

No Body pretends to lay an *Embargo* on Womens Wit, or to prohibit their diſplay of it, when they have it; all that we would adviſe them to, is a little eaſineſs and condeſcention; that they would vouchſafe to ſpeak naturally, and not uſe ſo many Contorſions and Grimaces, when they have a mind to acquaint the World that they have Wit. Theſe Affectations diſparage them more than they imagine, and give an air of *Ridicule* to the beſt things they ſay.

How uncommon a thing it is, not to envy Men their extraordinary Accompliſhments! And what a Soul muſt a Man have to overrule ſo natural an Infirmity! She muſt be more than Woman, that envies not the Merit of another's Beauty, and can patiently bear the Encomiums that are given her.

Women

Women can't ſuffer Rivals in this particular, no more than Men can bear Competition in point of Wit. We have often recourſe to very ſordid Arts to deſtroy that importunate Merit, which the Publick owns to be extraordinary. There are no Moments of Life, wherein a Man ſhould have a greater guard on himſelf, then when Perſons are praiſed before him for thoſe very Qualities he pretends to excel in : Were not this *Doraſto*'s Weakneſs, he would be an accompliſh'd Perſon. His fine Wit is anſwerable to his graceful Mien ; and there is neither Art nor Science but he is acquainted with it. He is of a Rank that gives him an extraordinary Aſcendant, and he might well wave the Deſert that accrues from the *Belles Lettres*. Notwithſtanding this, you put him upon the Rack, and he can't keep in his Indignation, when you commend any one before him, for any Accompliſhment whatſoever. One would think 'twere robbing him of ſomething, to do Juſtice to another's Merit. He departs penſive and diſquieted from all Companies where an honourable mention has been made of ſome extraordinary Man. He wears a Sword, and has no thoughts of aſpiring to the Glory of a fine Preacher ; yet it's Death to him

him to hear *Lucas*'s grand Faculty extoll'd, who has ſo long charm'd the Court and City: And he ſometimes bluntly takes to task ſuch as undeſignedly commend him, who being unacquainted with *Doraſto*'s Weakneſs, are aſtoniſh'd at his Rudeneſs.

Modeſty prevents our falling into a common Fault with Men of Merit, which is valuing only what's our own. This Prejudice is commonly a mighty Source of Impertinences: They let you ſee by their Eyes, Words and Actions, how much they are charm'd with their preſum'd Deſerts, and how deſpicably they look on thoſe of other Men. This Contempt is extreamly torturing, and puts the undervalu'd Perſons on all the Methods of Rallery and Satyr, to leſſen theſe Gentlemens fond Opinion of themſelves. Self-love is a kind of blindfold, which *Modeſty* removes, and clears our Eye-ſight from; for the *Modeſt* love not to have their Imperfections complimented, nor can bear being loaded with extravagant Elogies for Trifles.

Hardly any Body admires common Vertues, tho' never ſo admirable; but Men love to be ſtruck with ſomething dazling and extraordinary, tho' the Commerce of Life

Life does not always adminiſter Occaſions for the Practice of theſe extraordinary Vertues, eſpecially to thoſe that maintain an even Courſe, and are not in great Poſts, which demand as great Qualifications.

Some People deviate from their Character out of a ſecret Pride, and ſpoil themſelves by a deſire of pleaſing. If ſuch as affect theſe Airs of Singularity could perceive how offenſive and diſguſtful all Affectation is to judicious Perſons, they would be careful to avoid it. The rule to pleaſe, is to conform to the Ways and Manners of others, and not to court Admiration by things out of the way, which are always diſagreeable when they are borrow'd and affected. If *Celimene* could be contented with the Charms that Nature has given her, ſhe would be the prettieſt Woman in *England:* But ſhe contradicts the Maxim, that *Art embelliſhes Nature*; ſhe is myſterious all over, and does nothing in a natural way. You would think ſhe danc'd when ſhe ſhould go, or that ſhe mov'd by Springs and Clock-work. Others ſpeak, and act, and cough, and ſpit in a natural way; but ſhe, for her part, has particular Ceremonies for all theſe, and it makes me ready to burſt to obſerve her conceited Poſtures.

Now

Now what can People mean to thwart the common ways by theſe ſingular Affectations? Why ſo unwilling to talk, or walk, or dreſs like other People? Why that affected gawdineſs of Cloaths, ſtill ſtraining to out-vie the Extravagance of the Faſhion? They never conſult what is fit or decent, but what ſtrikes the Eye, and commands Spectators; what novelty of Garb and Accoutrements *elevates and ſurprizes*, in Mr. *Bay*'s Phraſe.

If People knew themſelves better, they would ſtick to Nature and their genuine Talents: But a Man diſdaining what he knows, muſt needs talk of what he knows not, and make a Parade of a ridiculous Ignorance. Obſerve the juſt Puniſhment of Pride: The very means we employ to purchaſe Applauſes only bring us into Contempt, and occaſion us the reputation of Fools. *Damys*, with a great ſtock of *Politeneſs*, and knowledge of the World, knows a thouſand pleaſant and curious Things, which he ſets off in a very charming Dreſs; but the Fault is, he will be talking, right or wrong, of the ſublimeſt Points of Divinity, whilſt he knows not the very Principles of Religion. When he has charm'd the Company with agreeable Sto-

ries, related with a great Vivacity and Humour, provided he goes out of his own Sphere, he falls into ſuch Impertinencies as move Compaſſion.

A *modeſt* Man ſets not up for Shining in Converſation, by ſurprizing Narratives: He relates what he knows with a natural Simplicity, and courts not vain Applauſes in his Hearers Eyes. A Braggadocio, bloated with his own Merit, has more bluſtering Ways, and courts Applauſe from the Trifles he vents with ſuch an air of ſufficiency, as ſhews how poſſeſs'd he is, that what he ſays is wonderful: But, to his Misfortune, the Company is of another Opinion.

'Tis no ſign of *Modeſty* to be complaining at every turn, that we are Miſerable; on the contrary, theſe Complainers are full of the Notions of their own Merit, as what expoſes them to Envy. They ſeek the ſolace of their Misfortunes in their Vanity; whereas if they retir'd into themſelves, and were impartial, they would find the Foundation of their Diſgraces in their own ill Conduct. *Doriſa* repeats, in all Companies, that ſhe is the moſt unfortunate Woman in *England*; that ſhe is envied, and torn, and croſs'd by all the World; that the

the Women cannot bear her, but handle her unmercifully. By this, *Doriſa*, you would inſinuate, that you have a ſuperior Merit, which provokes their Envy, to make ſuch havock of your Reputation. Know yourſelf better, Madam. That ridiculous Pride, thoſe Elevations you give yourſelf, your conceit of an high Birth, and the contempt you expreſs for all your inſulted Sex, as having Weakneſſes not incident to your Ladyſhip, as you ſay; theſe are the Sources of the Perſecution you complain of.

'Tis hard to determine what Notions People have of Gallantry in this Age. Do they conſider it as a Crime and Infamy? Heretofore the Women us'd all Precautions to conceal their Commerce from Publick Notice: At preſent they make no Myſtery of it. *Sylverina*, inſtead of bluſhing at the Devotions the Men pay to her, talks of them with an aſtoniſhing Freedom, without minding the Talk of the World, or having any regard for her Husband. She is hourly ſurrounded with a greater crowd of Lovers than *Penelope* was; and all the Reaſon ſhe alledges for it, is, that ſhe is tir'd with the Womens Company. A very pretty Apology!

There's no hope of curing People of that inveterate Habit they have contracted, of talking always of Themſelves, their Adventures, and Riches. And yet theſe Accounts are ſo ungrateful to diſintereſted Perſons, that we ought to impoſe on our ſelves a Law, never to ſpeak of ourſelves either good or bad. To praiſe ourſelves is ridiculous Folly and Vanity; and the ſame thing would it be to talk to our own diſparagement. *Dorina* often ſays ſhe's not handſom, and that ſhe is abſolutely diſfigur'd with the *Small-Pox:* Mean time ſhe's fully ſatisfied of the power of her Charms; and 'tis to make them more taken notice of that ſhe pretends to be not content. She was once well enough caught by *Dennis*, a Man of no Ceremony, who innocently confeſs'd, he thought her grown very ugly. The Bluſh he brought into her Face betray'd her, and manifeſted her Indignation; and the ſmart Repartee ſhe fir'd upon the poor Poet, was a certain conviction to the Company, that ſhe meant to be flatter'd upon her Beauty.

What's the Reaſon People of but indifferent Merit are commonly the moſt tenacious of their Praiſes? Is it that they don't know what deſerves Commendation, or muſt we charge it to the account of their perverſe Natures,

Natures, who can't find in their Hearts to do Juſtice to an extraordinary Man who diſtinguiſhes himſelf from the Crowd. *Colinet* writes bad Verſes: The Comedies he publiſhes, won't bear acting above two or three Nights; and yet if you'll believe him, the Fault ſwarms in *Barcino*'s Plays, which are Maſter-pieces. He finds ſome Objections againſt the juſtneſs of the Characters, and others againſt the Contrivance and the Plot: He ſays the Paſſions are not nicely touch'd, that the Characters are tortur'd, and he would ſooner part with his Teeth, than grant that theſe Comedies are good. *Colinet*'s Intellect is too weak to perceive the Beauties of an excellent Piece. He wants Taſt and Judgment; and out of an ill-natur'd Jealouſy refuſes publickly, to the Maſters eminent in the ſame Art, thoſe Praiſes he is forc'd to give them in private with himſelf.

'Tis from the ſame Principle a Man loves to praiſe himſelf, and is averſe to anothers Commendation. Tell me, *Sylveſter*, why won't you approve in *Cleanthes* what deſerves your approbation? Every Body extols, to the Skies, the noble Action he lately perform'd; you only are diſturb'd and allarm'd, and not Maſter of your Indigna-

tion and Animoſity. Does your Reputation ſuffer by the great Fame he has obtain'd? Do you think any Prejudice is done you by giving him the Praiſes he has ſo well deſerv'd?

Men have been for a long time told they ought not to commend or talk of themſelves; which Point, if they could once gain, they would be more to be commended. But in vain you attempt to convince them, that this one *Foible* is ſufficient to leſſen our Idea of their Merit, and has a quite contrary effect to their deſign of procuring Eſteem. The Habit is grown inveterate, and too obſtinate to be rectified. An Author will talk eternally of his Works, and without ſcruple, Sacrifice to himſelf. A Man of the Sword will be vaunting his Exploits; and a Woman muſt have a great Fund of Diſcretion, not to celebrate her own ſuppos'd Accompliſhments. The Reaſon why the World abounds with ſuch as talk of themſelves, and always determine in favour of their own Merit, is, that they are convinc'd of it, and would have others ſo too: But 'tis a wretched Miſtake to ſet up for one's own Panegyriſt.

Talk not of your Self, your Birth, Eſtate or Parts. If you have any extraordinary Qua-

Qualities, leave it to others to diſcover and commend them: All the good or ill you can ſay of yourſelf, will not remove Peoples Prejudices concerning you; but will rather effectually convince them you are fond of Praiſe.

If Men could get rid of their Paſſion to be prais'd for all they do, they would be leſs expos'd to the Deception and Ralleries of thoſe everlaſting Encomiaſts, who ſpy out their blind Sides, and treat them as their Cullies. 'Tis not for want of being often caution'd, that theſe concerted Praiſes are pure *Irony*, and a by-kind of Satyr on their Faults, that they don't perceive, or in the leaſt ſuſpect it: But as they are the firſt to blind themſelves, 'tis no hard task for others to miſlead them by theſe illegitimate ſtupifying Praiſes, which they think they but too much deſerve.

Be ever upon your guard againſt the Applauſes given you to your Face, for Men have generally ſome Deſign or ſecret Intereſt in ſuch Praiſes; either they mean to laugh at you, and divert themſelves at your Expence, or elſe to engage you in their Intereſts, and anticipate your Recompence with this previous Incenſe.

We are not ſillily to give credit to thoſe that flatter us, nor yet rudely to reject the Compliments they make, when we think we deſerve them. This falſe *Modeſty* is little leſs diſguſtful than a fooliſh Vanity. It requires great Art and Delicacy to ſeaſon Praiſes well; but there's alſo a way of receiving them, when they are juſt, that does not offend *Modeſty*. Praiſe is a ſort of Tribute paid to real Worth: and 'tis neither affectedly to be rejected, nor too eagerly courted, if we would not be the Property of thoſe that give it; who prepare their way by this Allurement to obtain whatever they deſire, when once you are intoxicated with their Incenſe.

If we don't flatter ourſelves, the Praiſes given us will neither inſpire Pride nor Preſumption: We ſhould not ſuffer ourſelves to be enchanted by the Voice of theſe bewitching *Sirens*, that ſo agreeably decoy us. Theſe Praiſes, ſo artfully manag'd, are a kind of Coin, the Cunning uſe to compaſs all their Intentions.

Unleſs a Man be ſtupid, or over-run with a ridiculous Vanity, he can't avoid perceiving another's Intentions, who flatters him groſly and openly: But there's need of great attention to ward off the Blows of a politick Inſinu-

Inſinuation, and more cleanly Flattery. How many Women, who thought themſelves very ſtately, and paramount to the common Infirmities, have been ſeduc'd by theſe counterfeit Praiſes, and paid great Favours for a few obliging Words?

Methinks Praiſes are not of ſo uncommon or valuable a kind, as to be ſought after with ſo much Paſſion; ſince we find them proſtituted without either Choice or Diſtinction, They that are ſo fond of them ſhould therefore ſtudy to do Actions meriting ſubſtantial Praiſe. But I caution them farther, to cure themſelves, if poſſible, of that itch, of quoting their own Names at every turn. They have ſtill a wonderful Faculty at reducing the Diſcourſe to their own Perſons and Actions, be it never ſo remote, which is a ridiculous Weakneſs they are not themſelves aware of. They think by praiſing themſelves to procure the World's Eſteem, while they do but make themſelves Deſpicable and Impertinent. We feel a double Pain, in hearing People talk to their own Advantage; in that the Praiſe they give themſelves ſeems to Humble thoſe that hear it; and again, that they endure the conſtraint of not daring, in Decency, to contradict them. To what Perſecutions

do

do they expoſe themſelves, who pretend to Complaiſance? What Torture 'tis to hear *Favorinus* impudently boaſt his Deſcent from a Family diſtinguiſh'd by the Sword, and cite the Names of his Anceſtors, ſignaliz'd in the firſt Employs of the Kingdom, whereas his Extraction was extreamly mean, and all his Forefathers, in a Succeſſion, have meaſured Cloth and Ribbon. We can't deny but *Fauſtina* has Merit, yet ſhe ſpoils it by her greedineſs of Praiſe. She very affectedly asks you, what you think of her Shape and Wit? Whereupon ſhe enters on a diſagreeable *detail*, and tells you, without more ado, ſhe has a Taſt and Delicacy, Eyes large and killing, a Shape fine and eaſy; if ſhe has any Faults which ſhe is oblig'd to own, ſhe leſſens them, and makes them up by ſome fine Part or other. How are we to anſwer People of this Character? We laugh at them in our ſleeves; we make as if we applauded them; reſerving to ourſelves the Privilege of expoſing them aloud in private. The Vanity they diſcover who praiſe themſelves without Shame or Reſerve, diſguſts all Mankind. Glory's a Portion every one lays claim to: We have all naturally an Ambition that can't ſuffer any thing above us, whereas we have as naturally

turally an Indulgence for all that truckle and ſtoop to us.

The Task is difficult to retain *modeſt Sentiments* in an exalted Station. Great Poſts, the luſtre of Riches and Favour; things of this ſort naturally inſpire Pride and Preſumption, and make People believe they are not oblig'd to abundance of little Reſpects, and ſo they eaſily diſpenſe with them. Thoſe that ſolicit them, and have occaſion for their Credit, paſs by theſe Incongruities without complaining: The Cuſtom they contract, of treating every Body without Reſpect, and living in Independance, by degrees effaces all the *Sentiments of Modeſty* they poſſeſs'd in a leſs proſperous Fortune. Unleſs we be very watchful over our ſelves, proportionably as we increaſe in Wealth and Favour, or arrive at great Preferments, we dwindle in Eſteem, thro' the haughty Demeanour we aſſume, and the notions of Pride thoſe Poſts poſſeſs us with. That which gives me ſo much admiration for *Livia* is, that her great Exaltation has not chang'd her Sentiments: Being ſtill Miſtreſs of her Self, and of her Thoughts and Paſſion, ſhe continues much above her Fortune. We find not in her Looks that unwelcom Pride, which in others daunts the approaches of their

their Votaries. Her eaſy and encouraging Acceſs emboldens the moſt Timorous with a degree of Aſſurance. She is the freeſt Woman of her Intereſt, which ſhe never employs but to oblige ſuch as make their application to her, or are in a helpleſs Condition.

It ought to be proclaim'd, in Houſes and Publick-places, in Cities and Countries, in Churches and on the Houſe-tops, to inculcate into Youth, *That the loſs of Reputation and Innocence is of the nature of thoſe things that can never be retriev'd.* Let them be circumſpect to avoid the Snares are laid for their Vertue; and the Flatteries that are only to betray them. The Precipices that are dug under their Feet, are cover'd with Roſes, but their Fall is accompanied with diſgrace and deſpair.

Modeſty becomes all ſorts of Characters; but 'tis ſo eſſential to ſome Profeſſions, that 'tis degrading one's ſelf, and abſolutely ſhrinking from one's Dignity, to relax in this particular. What Contempt have we not for a certain ſort of Men, upon hearing them diſcourſe of their Love-Intrigues, and giving the Hiſtory of their Adventures, with an Air of Aſſurance incident only to Sots, who obſerve no *Decorum*, and diſgrace them-

themſelves with Diſcourſe ſo inconſiſtent with their Conditions.

A Man of Honour ſhould never give himſelf the Liberty of too free Diſcourſe, ſavouring of Lewdneſs or Libertiniſm, nor utter ambiguous Words, offenſive to good Breeding, tho' the looſneſs of the Age has but too much encourag'd that practice. 'Tis failing in the Reſpects we owe to Women, to uſe ſuch Talk before them; but it would become the Ladies themſelves, to be more reſerv'd upon this Subject, and not ſuffer any thing too free or inconſiderate to eſcape them, from whence we might draw ill Conſequences as to their Conduct. I ſuppoſe *Enone* does not underſtand Delicacy, and 'tis rather the Fault of her ill Breeding, than a ſign of Lewdneſs in her that ſhe indulges too groſs Diſcourſe of a double meaning. She talks too freely before every Body of certain particulars relating only to her Self and her Husband, which there's no occaſion the Publick ſhould be inform'd of. She was once ſufficiently mortified with an Anſwer *Evander* gave her. She deſir'd him to conduct her to the *Italian* Comedy: He mildly told her, that Comedy was too looſe for Men, and that at preſent none but Ladies durſt ſhew their Faces there, and laugh heartily

heartily at the Obſcenities that appear'd there without the covering of clean Linnen. *Enone* was in no expectation of ſuch an Anſwer; and tho' ſhe be not naturally Shame-fac'd, ſhe was totally Diſconcerted, and all the Company ſtood amaz'd at her Confuſion.

That which ſhould be chiefly recommended to a young Lady, juſt entring upon the World, is, the Choice of the Company ſhe ought to keep. A Maid that has ſpent all her Youth in Retirement, as in a Nunnery, is all at once expos'd to the wide World, as to a Sea full of Shelves and Rocks: She has neither Practice nor Experience, and the firſt Impreſſions that are given her, determine her either to Good or Evil. If ſhe falls into ill Hands, the Examples of Vice before her Eyes, ſcandalous Diſcourſes, libertine Companies, all theſe inſenſibly ruin her Vertue, and by degrees embolden her in Vice.

Let a Woman be never ſo Handſom, if ſhe be not *Modeſt*, her Beauty will have little effect. *Modeſty* ſets off Merit with a new Luſtre, and 'tis probably the defect of this Vertue, that of late, has brought Women into ſome diſcredit, and degraded them from that Authority, which a little Reſerve might

might have continu'd over the Minds of Men. They ſtill, out of Decency, preſerve ſome Meaſures till they are provided for: But it ſeems Marriage diſpels the Reliques of Shame.

A young Maid, weary of domeſtick Diſcipline, ſeeks to ſhake off the uneaſy Yoke, and perſuades herſelf that Matrimony is a commodious Tranſition to a more libertine Life. She only waits for this opportunity to declare herſelf, thinking then to be emancipated from the Servitude of a Maiden Character; and upon this Bottom, ſhe no longer is at the Pains to conſtrain herſelf, with Demureneſs and Punctilio's. 'Tis certain, Women after Marriage, are as much oblig'd to *Modeſty* as before; and yet upon the change of their Condition, they take great Liberties. What Diſorders has Matrimony introduc'd into *Felicia*'s Conduct? We find an univerſal revolution in her Temper; ſhe ſcarce durſt lift up her Eyes, whilſt under her Mothers Wing, and all her Anſwers to what was ſaid to her, were in Monoſyllables.

Her *modeſt* Air, accompanied with a genteel Reſerve, procur'd her Reſpect even as young as ſhe was: All of a ſudden ſhe's grown Bold and Inſolent, and carries the humour

humour even to Impudence. Her Diſcourſes and Songs at Table, cauſe the leaſt ſcrupulous Men to bluſh. She takes a greater quantity of Snuſh, and drinks more Wine than the ſtancheſt Dragoon, regardleſs of her Rank and Birth, which ſhe leſſens by the Liberty ſhe takes. She ſtoops to Converſations unbecoming her, and is no ways concern'd that the whole Town is acquainted with the Hiſtory of her Gallantries.

'Tis inconceivable that Women can reſolve to proſtitute their Reputations as they do, by their ſcandalous Conduct. What Tranquillity attends the Life of a good Woman? What Luſtre and Eminence does Vertue give her? But then it is not enough that this Vertue is meerly ſuperficial; it muſt be well principled and rooted in the Soul. A Woman not well reſolved of her ownSentiments, makes no long reſiſtance againſt the applications of a Man who knows the ſituation of her Heart. Some motives of Fame and Pride, ſupport a little a Woman's Weakneſs, who wavers about the reſolution ſhe ſhould take, like an undermin'd Iron betwixt the Loadſtones of Vertue and Inclination. We live not in an Age wherein Women ſuſpected of Debaucheries, were condemn'd to walk upon red-hot Coals; thoſe

thoſe that eſcap'd the Teſt uninjur'd by the Fire, were juſtified, but thoſe that the Fire had no reſpect for, were look'd on as guilty. 'Tis a great Happineſs for many in our Days, that this *Ordeal* trial is entirely laid aſide.

That great affectation of Vertue a certain ſort of Women make a ſhow of, to dazle the World and conceal their Motions, inſtead of gaining them Eſteem, renders them but more ſuſpected; and we deſpiſe them yet the more when we come to unravel the ſecret Myſtery of their pretended *Modeſty*. If *Floricia* had taken care to burn her little Cabinet before ſhe died, ſhe had preſerv'd her Reputation, and ever been remembred as a *modeſt* and regular Woman. She had manag'd her little Correſpondences with that ſecrecy the Publick ſhould not in the leaſt have ſuſpected them; nor durſt have imagin'd the leaſt Weakneſs in her, in ſo great an eſteem was ſhe for a vertuous Reputation. What Surpriſe was occaſion'd by the opening this fatal Box, which produc'd convincing evidence of her Intrigues and Inclinations!

'Tis no Ingredient of *Modeſty*, to ſcratch the Faces of People that tell you ſoft things, that proſtrate themſelves before you, or let you ſee their Paſſions. The *Modeſty* I con-

tend for, has nothing wild and extravagant in it. Old-faſhion'd Gentlewomen, pretending to good Morals, think they can't be untractable enough; that a Woman, to be ſtately, muſt be ſmart and ſevere on ſuch as take any freedom in her Preſence.

Modeſty is of mighty uſe to ſecure all the other Vertues; when once we leap the Bounds of that, we fall into Inſolence, and often abandon ourſelves to great Diſorders, becauſe we have loſt the Bridle that reſtrain'd us. The caſe is much like that of a Town beſieg'd; the Outworks are firſt to be taken before we can aſſault the Fortreſs. Thus a Woman, when attack'd, if ſhe has vertuous inclinations, will make a long defence: She does not ſurrender upon the firſt approach. But if ſhe grows tame and tractable, and quits the Counterſcarp of a becoming Pride, ſhe'll quickly find herſelf ſtraitn'd in her Poſt, and reduc'd to farther Inconveniences than ſhe at firſt imagin'd.

If we can't entirely get rid of our Paſſions, we ought, at leaſt, to be very careful to conceal them. The Eyes of the World are inquiſitive and intent upon us, and when once it can diſcover a weak Part to break in upon us, it gives no quarter.

We

We muſt not wait for the dregs of Age to be vertuous, if we expect the acknowledgments of the Publick. Your Wantons grow vertuous when they can't be otherwiſe: Too ſpeedy old Age brings Wrincles and Remorſes all at once: Paint, inſtead of making them more beautiful, renders them but the loathſomer: Their Cullies are undeceived and no longer caught by their borrow'd Charms.

A Woman that has been Handſom, and whoſe Beauty begins to tarniſh and decay thro' Age, flatters herſelf ſhe is ſtill paſſable: Tho' her too faithful Glaſſes repreſent the Ridges and Furrows in her Cheeks, ſhe ſatisfies herſelf with her fair Complexion, which ſhe ſtudiouſly cultivates with all the Art ſhe can; but all her Precautions will be of little uſe to her.

I cant comprehend the Politicks of ſome Women, who finding themſelves deſtitute of Charms, think to make up in Ornament what Nature has denied in Beauty. An ugly Woman in fine Trappings and Accoutrements, is doubly ſo. When the Deformity is by itſelf, it is leſs obſerv'd; but being ſet off with gaudy Drapery and gold Garniture, it receives an additional diſagreement

from the Luſtre of this Equipage. The Fire and the *brillant* of a Diamond makes the black hue of the Complexion more conſpicuous, which was as it were hid and benighted in its own darkneſs.

We don't pretend abſolutely to condemn in Women the care of their Adjuſtments: 'Tis what is pardonable, provided it be moderate; as being a kind of Amuſement comporting with their Character, and giving them ſome Motion in that great Inactivity of their Lives: But the Expences they are at for it, ought to bear proportion with their Quality and Fortune. 'Tis ridiculous for Tradeſmens Wives to be trick'd up like Dutcheſſes. In well-regulated Governments every one is known by his Habit; no Body dares wear a certain Colour, nor exceed the Price allotted to his Condition. The Licence of Cloaths in *England* is prodigious. Every Body follows his own Caprice and governs himſelf only by his Ability. Some even go beyond the Limits of their Power, and injure their Fortunes by their immoderate Pomp. Women of a mean Degree ought to be employ'd in other Thoughts, who are nevertheleſs more ſollicitous about their Dreſs, than the niceſt Players; and aſſume

aſſume a Deportment that wounds the Rules of *Modeſty* and *Decorum*.

I think that Solicitude of ſome People, to appear younger than they are, is very ridiculous: 'Tis a childiſh Vanity to diſguiſe our Age: 'Tis more eaſily pardonable in Women than in Men: Their Youth makes a part of their Merit; but do a few Years, more or leſs, deſtroy the Merit of a Man of Worth? *Felina*, who is forty Years old at leaſt, repeats it fifty times a Day, that ſhe is but eight and twenty: We ſneer at her for her Pains, ſince the Wrincles of her Forehead are unexceptionable Teſtimonies to the contrary. Princeſſes in this are more unfortunate than other Women: They can't conceal their Age, becauſe their Birth-Days are ſpecified in all the *Almanacks*.

The Glory of a Woman conſiſts not in the Noiſe her Beauty makes, but rather in the Regularity of her Conduct; for what contempt have we for certain Ladies who are full of Charms? Yet whoſe licentious Carriage depretiates the Merit of their Beauty, and who, in ſpight of it, are conſider'd but as ſo many Cracks; whereas a little *Modeſty* would make them reverenc'd and eſteem'd.

Thoſe Women that appear ſo ſtarch'd and prim, are always ſuſpected by me: The truly Vertuous underſtand not ſo much Nicety. They talk and act ſincerely, with a becoming freedom; while the others have more Myſtery and Deſign. 'Tis moſt certain, that *modeſt* ways embelliſh all things; and we can't withſtand the loving and eſteeming *modeſt* People. This Sentiment has ſomething of ſelf-love compriz'd in it, for as thoſe that would riſe above us and their own Condition, provoke our Animoſity and Indignation; ſo thoſe whoſe *Modeſty* retains them in due Bounds, and gives us the Precedence, eaſily poſſeſs our Inclinations and Eſteem. We muſt not abuſe and cruſh thoſe Perſons who thus ſtoop to us out of pure Civility; it being but Juſtice to return Complaiſance for Complaiſance.

Of Diſcretion and Reſerve.

'TIS impoſſible to be *Polite* unleſs you are *Diſcreet*. *Diſcretion* puts a Man in poſſeſſion of himſelf, and makes him maſter of his Words and Actions, the caſts of his Eyes and motions of his Face; ſo that nothing eſcapes him repugnant to *Decorum* or offenſive to the Company he keeps. The *Diſcreet* Man perfectly diſtinguiſhes the Rank, Character and Genius of People; the Situation of their Souls, their Intereſts; what is proper to impart to them, or conceal from them, without giving them pretenſions of Complaint: Eſpecially he avoids prying into their Secrets, or medling with their Affairs, any farther than they are pleas'd with him. This precaution is of mighty advantage to the preſerving his own Quiet, and avoiding the Reproaches the Indiſcreet commonly incur by being overbuſy in Matters where they are not deſir'd. Without *Diſcretion*, Civil Society is nothing but fatigue and hurly-burly; for we ought ever to keep a guard over ourſelves, that

nothing drop before indifferent People which they may make an ill uſe of; either by revealing a matter of Truſt, or circumſtantiating it by our invention, with particulars never thought of. We may reckon it a diſcover'd Treaſure in Life, to find a *diſcreet* Man, to whom we may ſafely open our Souls in things of greateſt Secrecy and Importance. Happy we pronounce him who has found this *Phœnix!* He ought to be thankful to Heaven for ſuch a diſpenſation of its Bounty, yet which ſo ſeldom happens.

The way to live happily with all ſorts of People, is to be attentive to whatever we ſay or do; to carry ourſelves eaſily betwixt contrary Intereſts, without engaging in their Diſputes any farther than Decency requires. We are carefully to prevent any Words eſcaping that may be ill interpreted by a ſort of People uſed to empoiſon every thing they hear: Much leſs are we to take the liberty of talking of the falſe Steps and ill Managements of others, or of ſatyrizing their Impertinences. It often happens that a Jeſt makes a Man your irreconcilable Enemy, who might otherwiſe have done you eſſential Services, had you but known how to cultivate his Friendſhip.

When

When People fail to pay us thoſe Reſpects and Civilities we have a right to, we ought not bluntly to tax them with ſuch an unſeemly Demeanour; for theſe Omiſſions proceeding not from Malice, or a premeditated Deſign, ſhould be excus'd on conſideration of their good Intentions. The noiſe and bluſtring we make under theſe Circumſtances brings the Fault to our own Door, and Apologizes for thoſe we had reaſon to complain of.

The deſire of miſchieving People we hate, makes us ſtudious to diſcover whatever may give them trouble: But 'tis much worſe when we peremptorily upbraid them to their Faces with mortifying Reflexions. Such kind of Indiſcretions have commonly unlucky Reſults; they provoke fierce replies, which cut us to the quick. The Perſon affronted hearkens only to his Reſentment, and breaks thro' all Meaſures to his Revenge.

Diſcretion, which keeps us upon our guard and good-behaviour, contributes towards forming our Minds; it retains us under a certain diffidence of our ſelves, which makes us vigilant, and cautious to do nothing obnoxious to juſt Cenſure: Whereas thoſe Blnnderbuſſes who are extreamly

treamly confident of themſelves, live without Precaution, as not the leaſt ſuſpecting they have any handle for Reproach. They conſider themſelves as accompliſh'd Creatures; and think 'tis pity but the Publick ſaw them with the ſame Eyes.

The generality of Men live not by Reaſon, but by Prejudices and the movements of their Paſſions, which is the cauſe they are ſuch Delinquents againſt Equity and Juſtice. Every thing appearing thro' a Paſſion, ſeems lawful, or of little conſequence: And this is the ſource of thoſe Reproaches and Quarrels that ariſe ſo often in the Commerce of the World, and baniſh all Satisfaction out of it. This makes Reconciliations ſo difficult; becauſe every one fancies he has right to quarrel, and throws all the blame upon his Neighbour.

The *Diſcretion* I ſpeak of aſſiſts us to no Juſtice both to ourſelves and others. We expect Submiſſion and Complaiſance, whilſt we treat People with Pride, Severity and Rudeneſs: We have a violent fondneſs for ourſelves, and require Deference from all the World. Should we not therefore reſpect others, and treat them as we would be treated ourſelves. This is the fundamental Law of Commerce, the breach whereof occaſions

ſo

ſo many Injuries we ſee in the World, and ſo many Complaints. We daily hear of the ill-dealings of ſome People, who ſeem born only for themſelves, and reckon all the reſt of Mankind as Cyphers.

When People, from a friendly Acquaintance come to a Rupture, 'tis the Cuſtom to fall tooth and nail upon one another. Each attempts to juſtify his Proceedings and ſilly Pretences, and expoſe the other to all the blame; and to ſucceed the better in this deſign, ſtrives to lay what load of *Odium* he can upon his new-made Enemy: Nay, what is yet more criminal, he abuſes the Confidence repoſed in him in the days of Amity, and reveals the Secrets which ought to be buried in eternal ſilence, in conſideration of former Friendſhip. Here you ought not ſo much to regard this Perſon's preſent Diſpoſition towards you, as the reciprocal endearments of Eſteem and Friendſhip which cemented your Acquaintance. 'Tis a kind of Treachery to take advantage of a Secret, when you ceaſe to be the Author's Friend.

If you have not Genius and Smartneſs enough to Repartee, upon the ſpot, to an artful and keen Rallery that runs upon indifferent Subjects, have at leaſt the *Diſcre-*

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tion to keep in your Reſentment. Seem to be diverted, and to laugh at it one of the firſt: Thoſe that are diſturb'd with innocent Wit, paſs for odd-humour'd and ill-natur'd People. Commonly ingenious Rallery makes deeper Impreſſion, and goes farther to the cure of an Infirmity, than ſerious and argumentative Diſcourſe. *Emilia* has been ſo often laugh'd at for her Conceitedneſs, that ſhe is at laſt recover'd from it. She no longer quotes, on all occaſions, the Dutcheſſes and Marchioneſſes her Couſins. She has been given to underſtand, that that fooliſh Vanity rendred her deſpicable. She is now one of the firſt to ridicule herſelf, well-ſatisfied that this itch of talking of her noble Birth was ridiculous, and infinitely ungrateful to thoſe that were oblig'd to endure ſuch kind of Diſcourſe.

There are no circumſtances of Life wherein we have greater need of *Diſcretion*, and ought to be more on our guard, to ſay or do nothing againſt *Politeneſs*, than when we are unjuſtly reproach'd, and impertinently cenſur'd. 'Tis hard to govern ourſelves in ſo delicate a Conjuncture. Our Blood riſes at the folly or ill nature of thoſe that deny Juſtice to our Merit and Vertue; and a Man muſt have a great command of himſelf, not

to

to ſay ſomething harſh, to let them ſee we are affronted: But 'tis a kind of Triumph to bridle our Paſſion, and ſpare People that are diſreſpectful and undeſerving. What Moderation was obſerv'd in *Flavia* whilſt the Counteſs of *Maigret* laſh'd her Conduct with ſuch unſufferable Reproaches? The Company was very numerous, and that one circumſtance would naturally have increas'd her Spleen: For all that, ſtill Miſtreſs of her Paſſion, ſhe let not one angry Word eſcape her, tho' the other talk'd moſt bitter and vexatious things: Contenting herſelf with a modeſt Juſtification, to clear off ſuch unjuſt Suſpicions, ſhe thank'd her Ladyſhip for her Pains. This Conduct nettled her more ſenſibly, than if ſhe had replied to her in her own ſtrain. All the Company was convinc'd of *Flavia*'s Innocence, and offended at the Inſolence and Indiſcretion of the Counteſs.

Women can't be over-ſolicitous to prevent Scandal. 'Tis no very good ſign to ſet up for Bravery in this particular, and to deſpiſe vulgar Report. Muſt the Caprice of the World (ſay they ſometimes) be our Rule to live by? What occaſion for all this Noiſe, ſince there's nothing in our Commerce that can wound the tendereſt Eye?

They

They imagine, perhaps, that ſuch like Sentences are a full Juſtification : But the World is not tractable and credulous enough to take up with theſe falſe Reaſonings.

He that could teach himſelf ſo much *Reſerve*, as not to meddle in others Affairs, nor talk of their Faults, would ſave himſelf a great many Mortifications and unhappy Troubles. Don't curiouſly examine what your Neighbours do. Don't be witty upon them for their falſe Steps ; nor ſo much as ſeem to perceive them, ſince you are not accountable to the Publick for what they do. Why muſt you take upon you the Charge of reforming the City.

The firſt Thought that occurs upon ſight of a deſerving Book, is to find fault with it, and ſeek Arguments to leſſen its Reputation. This firſt Motion is not always free, but eſcapes us whether we will or not, becauſe ſelf-love makes us ſpightfully behold whatever gives others a pre-eminence and ſets them above us: But at leaſt we ſhould have the *Diſcretion* to conceal our Sentiments, and not be too ſevere on a Piece that preſents us with great Beauties. 'Tis a common Infirmity with moſt People to determine upon every thing, in order to convince

convince the World of their Wit and Judgment. But the raſhneſs of their Deciſions has a quite contrary effect to what they deſign. They would not be thought ignorant of any thing, and yet diſcover groſs Ignorance upon the Subject in debate. Beſides, Inclination or Intereſt throws them upon a wrong Biaſs in their Determinations: They judge of an Affair according as they are well or ill inclin'd to the intereſted Perſon: Mean time it ſhould be every Body's Endeavour to do all People Juſtice.

'Tis impoſſible to have *Diſcretion* while we are influenc'd by any powerful Paſſion; and yet that's the time we have moſt occaſion for it. How many Follies is a Huſband put upon, by an indiſcreet Jealouſy? How many falſe Steps, that ſerve only to exaſperate his Mind, and augment his Misfortune? A Man of this Complexion, is equally afraid of his Friends and Enemies, his Relations and Servants, becoming ſuſpicious of every thing that comes near his Wife. What Torture does he give himſelf to diſcover a Secret he dreads the knowing of, and which gives him indurable Wounds, when he has throughly explor'd a Myſtery he ought not to have dived into, for the ſake of his own Quiet?

We

We ought not to inquire into others Secrets, farther than they are willing we ſhould, nor take it ill if they refuſe to open their Hearts to us. 'Tis much worſe when we uſe Cunning and Artifice to ſteal thoſe Secrets our Friends are not willing to part with. This indiſcreet Curioſity ſets them often againſt us, and makes them look upon us as unſociable Creatures.

'Tis flattering and deceiving ourſelves to caſt the ill ſucceſs of an Affair upon our Stars, or ill Fortune, when Indiſcretion is at the bottom of it; and we are only to blame our irregular Conduct, Imprudence, or miſtaken Statelineſs. We have fail'd in our Complaiſance to thoſe whom the Buſineſs depended on, and have not cultivated them at the time we had moſt need of their Aſſiſtance. *Carlos* is ever complaining, that the World is unkind to him, and that as ſoon as he undertakes any Affairs, he finds a Legion of ill-deſigning People in the way to croſs it. 'Tis his own fault; he purpoſely makes Enemies, who take vengeance of his cutting Scorn and bitter Taunts which he ſcatters in all Companies. Neither Men nor Women, the Court nor City, the Sword nor Gown, are ſpar'd by him. 'Tis a miſerable Talent,

Talent, to ruin one's Fortune for the ſake of pleaſing the Company by a Jeſt.

You are ſurpriz'd at the ill ſucceſs of an Affair in which you giddily embark'd: Who do you blame for it? If you had taken your Meaſures better, you could not have fail'd in your Expectations. When a Man has done all that Reaſon, Prudence, and the beſt Intelligence could ſuggeſt, he ought to comfort himſelf when the Succeſs proves amiſs, but when the Buſineſs receives an unlucky Turn thro' our own Imprudence, we have no Body to blame but ourſelves, and the Misfortune is not to be imputed to the Malice of our Neighbours, who commonly have no hand in the Matter.

'Tis to little purpoſe to make great Apologies after the miſcarriage of an Enterprize. Ill Succeſſes can only be accounted for to a few intelligent and equitable People; the Herd judges meerly by appearances, and the ſame Actions are generally blam'd, becauſe they were unfortunate, which would have been cried up, if the event had anſwer'd the Meaſures that were taken. *Fauſtus* has loſt his Reputation in an Affair that ought to have been attended with Glory: He did all that a prudent and brave Man was oblig'd to, either in reſpect to himſelf or

the Publick. Jealous and ill-meaning People being intruſted with the execution of the Project, have play'd Counter-Engines to break his Meaſures, but he being the only Perſon that had undertaken the Buſineſs and warranted the Event, he alone ſuſtains all the Envy and Shame that are the uſual reſults of a great Enterprize when unſucceſsful.

The beſt things, when they are unduly manag'd, are offenſive and diſlik'd. Don't be over-prodigal of your fine Accompliſhments, if you would have them always acceptable. Great Treats too often repeated, fatigue and blunt the Appetite; and ſo your chiefeſt Excellencies grow inſipid if you conſtantly produce them. Whereas if you frugally manage your Talents, they'll always have the recommendation of Novelty, which infinitely ſets off the leaſt of things. No Body can deny *Lyſimon* to be a Man of Merit, but it makes the leſs Impreſſion, becauſe at the firſt viſit he expoſes all he knows, and wearies the Company with his unreaſonable eagerneſs to ſhew his Parts. He falls into irkſom Repetitions, which are equally nauſeous with the ſame Diſhes ſerv'd up at different Meals, by the help of ſome diſguiſe. This is an important

tant Leſſon for thoſe that ſeek to ſhine in Converſation, who nevertheleſs fatigue delicate Perſons with a *Tautology* of Stories in all the Houſes they come into.

That violent itch of ſome People to be talking at all, and upon all Subjects, is an infallible ſign how ſufficient they think themſelves; but it is commonly as certain conviction to others of their Poverty of Wit, by Reaſon of the Impertinences that imperceptibly eſcape them, yet give them not the leaſt diſturbance. Silence is the ſafer option for ſuch as mean to preſerve the Eſteem and Reputation they have acquir'd. We are often oblig'd to People for ſaying not a Word; that *Reſerve* is at leaſt a foundation of a doubt whether they have Senſe or not; but we are paſt doubting when we have heard their Impertinences. Know your ſelf better, *Celimon*; you love to talk of what you don't underſtand, for fear of ſeeming ignorant of any thing; but you utter impertinences, that move compaſſion in Men of Senſe. Had you not open'd your Mouth, they would ſtill have doubted of your Ignorance; but you muſt needs convince the World of it, and you have done it effectually. A Man ſhould even have the *Diſcretion* to ſpeak little of

things he underſtands beſt. Thoſe that are ignorant of them, feel a ſecret Indignation to ſee themſelves eclips'd, and uneaſily bear that kind of Superiority, which ſhews them their own *Foible*. If you deſire to be lov'd and courted, conceal thoſe ungrateful Accompliſhments that make you conſider'd as a troubleſom Pedagogue. I can't ſufficiently admire the Counteſs of *Savary's Reſerve*: She knows all that's knowable by Woman: Nothing eſcapes her, even to Hiſtory, Philoſophy, Mathematicks: But theſe are Parts of Knowledge ſhe reſerves to herſelf, without importuning the Publick. Scarce will her Indifference permit her to put in a Word when in Company with Perſons who love to talk of more ſerious things than Gowns and Petticoats.

The greateſt Talkers are not always beſt eſteem'd. That wondrous Babble only dazles Fools, that admire theſe everlaſting Tongues; but rational People are not to be ſtun'd with Noiſe. They expect you ſhould utter reaſonable things, and talk ſenſibly, and to the purpoſe, which is a harder Task than is imagin'd. Some People diſcover more Wit by their Silence, than others do by their long Harangues; giving ſuch an attention, as lets us ſee they nicely take

take whatever is ſaid to them. Be ſure not to imitate the Lady *Maillet*, who makes an horrible noiſe before ſhe has well entred the Room and ſet down. Without regard to the Perſon that's ſpeaking, ſhe interrupts his Diſcourſe, to ſputter out her frivolous News, which none of the Company cares to hear. She conteſts every thing that others advance, and alledges a hundred Reaſons to prove they underſtand not what they ſay. They are perfectly aſtoniſh'd to ſee with what warmth ſhe contends for the moſt trivial and indifferent Matters.

We know not what Name to give the Indiſcretion of thoſe who delight to diſparage themſelves, and ſtupidly publiſh things that taint their Reputation. How many Women do we ſee as fooliſh as ſhe that ſaid, *How delicious a thing is it to triumph over the Vigilance of a jealous Husband! What Rage would the knowledge of our Happineſs give him? Methinks there's ſomething wanting, whilſt we excuſe him the Pain of knowing how he is impos'd on. Let us tell it to be reveng'd of him.* 'Twas indeed a moſt curious Hiſtory for her Husband to be inform'd of all the Particulars of the Aſſignations ſhe had made her Gallants!

'Tis a ſign of great Vanity, rather than good Senſe, to be fond of talking much. The more Ingenious hear and give Fools leave to prattle: People of little Brains have naturally a great deal of Tongue, and they think to make up that deficiency, by perſuading others they have Senſe; but they deceive none but their Fellow-fools, and 'tis miſtaking their Intereſts to publiſh themſelves in this manner. *Diſcretion* is an admirable Veil to hide manifeſt Imperfections; and a politick Silence skreens thoſe unperceiv'd Weakneſſes, which are betray'd by the ſilly Diſcourſes that eſcape us. We ought to be very cautious of talking before judicious People, leaſt we tread awry. A grave and myſterious Mien may, at leaſt, make it probable that we are skill'd in the Buſineſs treated on, and give us an appearance of Ability.

By ſpeaking little we may gain ſome eſteem with an indifferent Merit. It was the Saying of a wiſe Man, *That we ſhould ſpeak, if we would be known:* But it is eaſy to diſgrace our ſelves by ſpeaking. A Word inconſiderately blurted out, ruins the great Idea we had of a Man, who affected a reſerv'd way, and ſpoke in the ſtrain of an Oracle. *Alcidon* was always thought to have

have had an extenſive knowledge in all kinds of Learning, whilſt he vented only Monoſyllables, but ſince he has ſet up for a Critick, and will determine like a Doctor, upon all ſorts of Books, he has diſcover'd the weakneſs of his Judgment. He approves the worſt Parts in a Piece, and damns all that's good in it; and ſo has undeceiv'd the Publick, which before thought him a firſt-rate Genius. 'Tis not always the beſt way to ſuffer ourſelves to be ſeen thro', and diſcover'd to be what we really are.

Your Blockheads ſpeak commonly more freely and eaſily, and with a more ſatisfied Air, than Men of Senſe. The former have a ſecret aſſurance that what they ſay is admirable, and well receiv'd, and that their Diſcourſe charms thoſe that hear them; and ſo it does Fools. The others, who talk with more *reſerve*, *diſcretion* and *reflexion*, are leſs venturous; and as they are ſeldom ſatisfied with what lies uppermoſt, they give the others leave to beat the Buſh, and throw out all their Follies. A Man that has no regard to Time, Place, or Perſons, boldly interrupts the Diſcourſe another has begun, pretends to Dictate, and maims every thing he meddles with, talking in a loud and poſitive ſtrain which eve-

ry Body is amaz'd at, he alone making more Noiſe than a dozen Women that ſquabble and diſpute at once. He is not ſenſible however how contemptible his want of *Diſcretion* makes him, as having but an ordinary ſtock of common Senſe, and applauding himſelf for wretched things utter'd with a great deal of aſſurance.

The Reaſon why we ſee ſo many ſelf-conceited Coxcombs in the World, who fancy they merit Compliments and Applauſe, whilſt they are the object of Rallery, is, that they don't perceive what Character they are made to act: They are a People that live without Reflexion, or reflect only to magnify the Idea of their pretended Merit: If they have, by chance, any good Qualities intermix'd with infinite Faults, they ſerve only to render them more ridiculous and deſpicable, by the fooliſh confidence they poſſeſs them with. Here you ſee the Reaſon why ſo many Wretches ſprung up from the Dregs of the *Populace*, but who by their Induſtry, and commonly baſe Arts, have gotten Eſtates, think that the Luſtre of Wealth effaces all Stains and Imperfections, and hides the ſordidneſs of their Origin from the eyes of the World.

It's

It's a very odd thing that Men who are ſo ſqueamiſh about their Reputation, and take ſo much Pains to ſet off their good Qualities, ſhould take ſo little care to diſguiſe their Faults. They are very vigilant at making the beſt of all their Advantages; which attention deprives them of another they ought to have, of keeping their Imperfections out of ſight, which render them Ridiculous, and corrupt all their Merit: And what is ſtill more incomprehenſible is, that theſe Imperfections are commonly ſuch as are leaſt ſutable to them, and moſt remote from their Profeſſion and Character. *Balzamon*, an Eccleſiaſtick, ſets up for *Beauetry* and Foppery: He talks of nothing but his kind Miſtreſſes, holds long Diſcourſes with Women of Deſert, about Matters of Beaſtlineſs and Lewdneſs, but who are amaz'd at his Indiſcretion and want of Breeding. *George* is only a Merchant's Son: His Father left the Shop ſome few Years ago to be a Courtier, to file off a little the Ruſt of his Extraction; and yet *George* boaſts of his Anceſtors to Sparks that borrow his Money, and have the Complaiſance to hearken to him; nay he is inexhauſtible upon the Topick of his Genealogy. He leads you from *Geoffry* to King *Arthur*, with all the Hiſtory of their Exploits,

ploits, which makes every Body yawn but thoſe that borrow his Pence.

Lively People ſhould ever beware of a Fault they naturally fall into. They would always ſparkle in Converſation, and ſcarce allow others time to ſpeak a Word. Thoſe that have not this bright Talent, impatiently bear their Vivacity, which keeps them under conſtraint, and ſtops their Mouth.

I know not whether of the two Faults is moſt blameable in a young Man, a ſilly Timorouſneſs, attended with a ſheepiſh and awkward Look, which keeps him from opening his Mouth; or an impudent Preſumption that Defines with a bold Air, Cenſures right or wrong, Attacks the Conduct of all the World, vents a thouſand Fooleries, and then careſſes himſelf for them: Both are equally Fooliſh; but 'tis eaſier to endure the Silence of the one, than the Frothineſs and Vanity of the other.

Have the *Diſcretion* in your Viſits to time them well, that you may not be unwelcom to the viſited Perſon. You ſtart from home, which you are tir'd of, to viſit People that have important Buſineſs or domeſtick Troubles, which require no Witneſſes: They have no leiſure to attend to inſignificant Tattle, which you nevertheleſs vent with an uncon-

cernedneſs that diſtracts them. Can't you read in their Faces how burdenſom you are to them? If you do, why ſhould you, by the unſeaſonable length of your Compliments, make them think you an Impertinent? But Men are too vain and full of their own Merits to do themſelves Juſtice in this Particular.

Don't ſhew your Face in Places where you are not welcom, nor appear at certain Hours when your Company is unſeaſonable: 'Tis a lamentable Character, that of an Impertinent. Stay at home, and trouble not People with your Viſits that don't care for them. Is any one ſo dull of Apprehenſion, as not to perceive the Diſpoſitions of thoſe Perſons towards him where he goes? If we perceive our Company to be diſreliſh'd, we muſt be loſt to all the Sentiments of Honour, if we ſpare them not the Uneaſineſs our importunate Preſence gives them. Keep at home *Argeliſa*, and bear the *Tædium* of your Solitude. Why will you trouble *Lucinda* any more? She has twenty times ſhut the Door againſt you: She dreads you and your fatiguing Viſits: Your Face gives her the Head-Ach and the Vapours.

Diſcretion is never more requir'd than in the choice of Perſons to converſe with, the moſt part of Converſations being ungrateful, becauſe they are ill ſorted and contriv'd. Don't un-boſome yourſelf the firſt Viſit you make, nor confide your Secrets to People that hardly know you: But if you have a *diſcreet* Friend, of an experienc'd Probity make no Myſtery of them to him, give yourſelf up wholly to his Sincerity, and expreſs an unreſerv'd Confidence in him, if you would preſerve his Friendſhip.

If People were Wiſe, they would make their choice betimes, and leave the World before the World leaves them. The young are amaz'd to ſee ſuch as have grown grey, and ſpent all their Days in Pleaſure, ſtill affect to act the agreeable Part, and make a Figure amongſt Youth, with their batter'd and furrow'd Faces. 'Tis a ſorlorn Part they act. But thoſe that ridicule it when they are young, act the ſame over in their turn, unable to reſolve to follow the Advice they have given, and take the reſolution of a Retreat, tho' they have no other Option left. *Ariſtonne*, at Seventy ſix Years of Age, can't live a quarter of an Hour without a Crowd about her. Is it not time to quit the Stage, and entertain more

more ſerious Thoughts, when People have only a few Days to live? The entrance on a retir'd Life is irkſom, after a long courſe of Years ſpent in the *grand Monde*; but 'tis a ſort of *Decorum* the Publick obliges us to, which reſents old Age's living after the mode of Youth.

'Tis want of *Diſcretion*, and miſtaking a Man's true Intereſt, to think of Pleaſing, when the ſeaſon of Agreeableneſs is over. A Man or Woman, whom Age has diſfigur'd, make themſelves ridiculous, by affecting to be conſider'd for their Qualifications, and mimicking the Airs of young People. Theſe Affectations expoſe them to the Ralleries of the Youthful, who have always the Laughers on their ſide. The Old may preſerve a fund of Reſpect, by the Supplies of their Aſſiſtance, their Counſel, or their Credit; and this they ought to ſtick to: But they ſhould leave to Youth the merit of Pleaſing, as being a Prerogative that can't be ſafely diſputed them, nor without bringing troubleſom Opponents on their Backs.

You miſtake in your reckoning, if you think to find only choice and agreeable People in the World; for I muſt tell you, you will oftner meet with Fools and Impertinents of all ſorts and ſizes, with whom you muſt

muſt Familiarize, or baniſh yourſelf Converſation. 'Tis a pleaſant Conſideration enough, that we ſhould have Indulgence for thoſe that tire us: We excuſe their Ruſticity, their Bluntneſſes, and want of Complaiſance: But we pardon not thoſe that gape in our Company, becauſe our Vanity ſuffers by it: The reſtleſneſs we give them, is a ſign of their Contempt for our Perſons or Diſcourſe.

There are a ſort of troubleſom, unconverſable People, who are always upon their guard, and believe every one has a deſign upon them. Their Servants and Friends, their Wives and Children are ſuſpected. They tell you, 'tis *Diſcretion* to obſerve this Method; and that theſe Precautions are neceſſary, unleſs you would be every Body's Property; but with their pardon, I think 'tis rather an Extravagance, and a ſign of ill Breeding: When we have juſt Occaſions for miſtruſting People, we ſhould effectually let them know our Diffidence, that they may not preſume to deceive us, nor make choice of us for Bubbles. But I would adviſe you to manifeſt no Suſpicion of thoſe that mean no harm, becauſe your bad eſteem of them, may probably provoke them to play you ſome ſlippery Trick, which they

they otherwiſe never deſign'd. How many Husbands have, as it were, compell'd their Wives to be unfaithful to them? How many Maſters ſhewn their Servants the way to Falſhood, by unjuſt Miſtruſts and ill-grounded Jealouſies?

Either we ought not to truſt our Secrets with our Friends, or elſe truſt them without reſerve: If you confide in them, why do you uſe Subterfuges and Diſſimulation? If you don't, why do you reveal your Secrets, and diſcover an Openneſs of Heart, which you may afterwards repent of? 'Tis fatiguing and uneaſy to keep Company with ſuch as you are oblig'd to diſguiſe yourſelf from, leaſt they ſhould penetrate into you; but 'tis vaſt Indiſcretion and Extravagance to communicate Matters of Importance to them, when you are not ſecure of their Honeſty or Retention.

'Tis one of the moſt common Weakneſſes in Men, to make offers of Service to all People alike, tho' their Inſignificancy and Inability are well known: Their meaning is to make a Figure for ſomething or other, and to allure the Crowd with vain Expectances: But the Cullies are undeceiv'd, and find when the Occaſion ſerves how their Credulity has been abus'd.

Thoſe

Thoſe you have made a Promiſe to, have a juſt title to the Performance of it: And indeed a Man ſhould promiſe nothing beyond his Power, or unleſs he be very confident he can make it good: But intereſted Perſons don't uſe to be ſo exact: To engage others to do them good Offices, they promiſe mutual returns, the hope of Retribution being a mighty ſpur to quicken them: But having obtain'd their Deſires, the Engagements they made are forgotten, and 'tis much if they even remember thoſe that ſerv'd them. There is a time, when People more readily promiſe, without thinking of keeping their Words; which is, when the importunate Solicitor wearies them with his Aſſiduities. To get rid of this Conſtraint, they promiſe what they have no deſign to perform. He that has any *Diſcretion* will retire when he finds himſelf ſo often diſappointed.

'Tis not always with an intention to benefit by your Inſtructions, that your Opinion is ſo earneſtly demanded. 'Tis Commendation and Applauſe you are courted for; and 'tis eaſy enough to penetrate thro' ſuch a Diſguiſe, and into the Sentiments of him that ſpeaks to you. You have ſeverely criticis'd *Clarion*'s Piece that he has read to you; but

but you clearly miſtook his Sentiments; he is perſuaded his Verſes are ſo excellent, that neither *Boileau* nor *Dryden* could make better. He ſeeks to content his Vanity, by reading his Poetry to his ſilly Admirers, who applaud him, and intoxicate him with their Incenſe. To deal with ſuch ſorts of People, we have need of *Diſcretion* and Sincerity: We ought not to tell them bluntly to their Faces, that their Verſes are good for nothing; nor ſhould we be ſo cowardly as to excuſe their Extravagances.

What pretence have you to ſet up for a Cenſurer of Mankind? Give others leave to live after their own way, and keep your *Reflexions* to yourſelf. Don't go about to oppoſe yourſelf to the Torrent; they have always liv'd in the ſame faſhion, and you can't put them out of their road. Why ſhould you be concern'd at all the Impertinences they utter, and Fooleries they do, if you are not to anſwer for them? Be ſatisfied with not being guilty of the like, and leave the World to itſelf. Herein *Clorine*'s *Diſcretion* is not to be ſufficiently admir'd. She has a tranſcendant Wit, and makes ſo good uſe of it, as to find her Account with all ſorts of People: She riſes or falls in proportion to the Capacity of thoſe

ſhe converſes with. Men of great Wit pleaſe her with their charming Converſation, and Fools divert her by the Fooleries that eſcape them; ſo that ſhe ſtill finds an expedient to be delighted with all Companies, of whatever Characters they conſiſt. Thus all People ſhould behave themſelves, to like and approve one another, which would remove thoſe frequent complaints of the Uneaſineſs we find in converſing with the World.

I am at a loſs to know why we feel a ſecret reluctance when others give us their Advice, and a kind of averſion to them for it. 'Tis a ſign of great Merit, *modeſtly* to bear Remonſtrances, on what ſide ſoever they come; but ſome are ſo proud and tender, that the leaſt thing wounds them; they would be approv'd for every thing they do, tho' we have juſt reaſon to reprehend them. Mean time they ſhould be thankful to People that would prevent their running into Miſtakes, and are ſo friendly as to open their Eyes in reſpect to the irregularity of their Conduct.

'Tis Cowardice to deſert our Friends, when they are abus'd in their abſence; we ought to omit nothing for their Vindication, and endeavour to ſtop the mouth of unjuſt

unjuſt Reproach: But we ſhould not paſſionately take their parts in frivolous things, that neither intereſt their Reputation nor their Fortune; according to the whimſical methods of ſome People, who wantonly occaſion themſelves perſonal Quarrels.

Diſcretion ſhould qualify the Reprimands a Father gives his Children if he would have them prevail. Is a Maſter the better ſerv'd for his Paſſion to his Servants when they commit a Fault? If to retrieve your Friend from his erroneous Conduct, you expoſtulate angrily with him, your Remonſtrances provoke inſtead of correcting him. Thus a Husband might eaſily prevent a young Wife, unpractis'd in the World, from taking bad Meaſures, and engaging in a Commerce deſtructive to domeſtick Peace, if he had the *Diſcretion* to diſſemble his Reſentment, and to reduce her to her Duty by ways of gentleneſs and good-nature: But his ſevere Treatment, and unſeaſonable Noiſe and Clamour, determine and compel her to reſolutions ſhe would never have taken, if he had had more regard for her. Of what uſe was all that uproar *Felibien* made upon his Spouſe's Conduct? If ſhe ſtray'd a little from the exactneſs of her Duty, 'twas rather out of Levity, than de-

termin'd Malice. Some diſcreet Remonſtrances, ſeaſon'd with Tenderneſs and Confidence, would have won his young Bride's Heart, by conſulting her Reputation, which he has abſolutely loſt by the Noiſe he has made, and his over-violent Proceedings? 'Tis the Husband's Duty to admoniſh his Wife, if ſhe be guilty of Faults, or too careleſs of her Conduct; but more effectually to reduce her to her Duty, his Reprimands ſhould not be over-ſharpned with Reproach, which have always a bad effect: Much leſs ſhould he have recourſe to practical Remonſtrances, as is the method of ſome Husbands, who are not always Maſters of their Paſſion, in ſuch nice conjunctures as require the greateſt preſence of Mind.

What, can we think, is in the Heads of ſome Women, who take no care to conceal their Intrigues, and who have ſo deprav'd a Taſt, as to pride themſelves in things that abſolutely diſgrace them? Do they mean by this to gain the Mens Affections? 'Twould be a ſtrange fetch of Politicks, to diſgrace themſelves on purpoſe to get Lovers. Love that is not founded on Eſteem, is neither ſolid nor laſting; but 'tis delicious with them to make themſelves contemptible and ridiculous; and there's no remedy but to give

give them over to their Paſſion. *Lerina* ſeems to have forgotten, that ſhe's of one of the beſt Families in *England*; that ſhe's young and handſom, and would be ador'd if ſhe had the art to make uſe of all her Advantages. Her giddy and libertine Conduct corrupts her Merit: Were ſhe more ſtately and reſerv'd, ſhe would fire with other Notions thoſe that now conſider her only as a *Jilt*.

The *Reſerve* of a Woman of Merit is a ſort of Bridle to contain Men in their Duty: The boldeſt dare not take their ſwing before a Woman that maintains her Character, but are diſconcerted and intimidated by her modeſt Pride. If the Ladies were careful to preſerve this Behaviour ſo well becoming them, they would not only be full as aimable, but rather more reſpected by the Men, who then durſt not forget themſelves before them as they are accuſtom'd to do.

They ruin all their Intereſt by that Liberty they have, for ſome time, aſſum'd of too *debonnaire* a Carriage; and loſe the Empire they have naturally over Men. This giddy Behaviour is only ſutable to thoſe wretched Creatures that give us horror, and poſſeſs us with loathing and contempt. Have Women of this Character reaſon to

complain of the Mens ill Carriage to them? That they are grown uncivil and brutal, without reſpect, ſubmiſſion or complaiſance for them? if they obſerv'd in their Conduct a *Reſerve* and ſcrupulous Severity that cenſur'd the leaſt Liberties, the Men would keep within the Bounds of Reſpect that's due to them. Too great an eaſineſs renders them familiar and hardy.

'Tis a difficult province for a Woman, who is deſirous to Pleaſe, and yet willing to ſave Appearances, to preſerve that juſt *Medium*, that is the perfection of her Character. Too much Severity diſcourages, and an over-ſtrain'd Complaiſance grows inſipid. Theſe too Vertues ſhould be ſo combin'd, that Complaiſance may be an *Alcali* for the ſowerneſs of Severity, and Severity give poinancy to Complaiſance. This *Æquilibrium* is hard to be kept: The ballance enclines to the exceſs of one or other of theſe Vertues, which is the reaſon that thoſe who are never ſo fond of pleaſing, hit not upon the knack of it.

Reſerve ſhould have nothing in it either wild, termagant or diſguſtful: 'Tis a very different thing from the Affectation of the Mimicks and Apes of Modeſty, who treat all alike with a ſtudied Severity to make People believe

believe they have no Favourite. They pretend to be allarm'd in publick at too free a Word; but in private deſcend to moſt ſhameful Liberties. 'Tis the way of Hypocrites to cenſure the lighteſt things in others, whilſt their Conſcience upbraids them with certain matters very repugnant to their Appearances and Grimaces.

Moſt Women, that embark in diſhonourable Confederacies, ſo flatter themſelves with the ſecrecy of their little Intrigues, and their nice Politicks to diſguiſe their Conduct, that the Publick muſt be a ſtranger to them. They would not run the riſque they do, if they foreſaw the fatal Conſequences of their Gallantries and Engagements: But they are abus'd by their very *Confidents*; and are ever forwardeſt to betray thoſe whoſe *Diſcretion* they leaſt ſuſpected.

The more Merit a Woman has, the more cautious ſhe ſhould be to do nothing derogatory to her Character. Women of Beauty are continually beleaguer'd with Ambuſcades. There are ſome nice Conjunctures wherein the moſt reſolv'd Vertue can't ſtand its ground. 'Tis the part of Prudence to foreſee theſe dangerous occaſions, and avoid them at any rate, when a Woman's

reſolv'd to ſtick to her Duty; tho' this may ſeem a very ſevere and difficult Task. They that have paſs'd the Fire of their Youth, or make a profeſſion of an auſtere Vertue, are not ſo expos'd to the importunity of Lovers; which is an excellent Remedy to ſave the Vertue of a Woman.

A Woman attack'd, if Severity be not her Armour, is half vanquiſh'd, and lets you ſee ſhe thinks of Capitulating. 'Tis eaſy to deſcry in her Eyes, her Face, and by the ſound of her Voice, the effect that bold Diſcourſe has upon her. If ſhe anſwers with reſolution or contempt, be a Man never ſo reſolute and enterprizing, he changes his Language; but if her Anſwers be equivocal or affected; or if ſhe gives but weak Teſtimonies of her Diſpleaſure, he'll not fail to draw Conſequences very injurious to her Glory. The *Reſerve* of a Woman that reſolves to be regular, retains People in Reſpect, without the aſſiſtance of many Words, or a volley of Paſſion.

Is it the Women's fault their Husbands don't love them, or is it the fault of both? That which is very unaccountable, is, that our love for a Maid when courted, is ſo ſoon extinguiſh'd when a Wife, tho' ſhe be actually very aimable, and loſe no degree of her

her Merit. 'Tis true, there are ſtrange Whimſies in the Heart of Man. The deſire he has to poſſeſs a thing, gives it an additional Worth, which ſinks as ſoon as the deſire is over: Beſides, the ardency wherewith he ſought it, makes it appear more valuable; ſo that when this Zeal begins to cool, the thing is not found ſo aimable as before. We may add, that what is poſſeſs'd, is leſs reliſh'd than what is deſir'd, becauſe we are always in queſt of new Objects to amuſe us, whereas cuſtom leaves in us a certain diſguſt and *languor*, that renders the things taſtleſs which we can diſpoſe of. But the moſt natural reaſon why Husbands and Wives have ſo little love for each other, is becauſe they know one another too well. They have not the *Diſcretion*, or will not be at the Pains to conceal their Weakneſſes and Imperfections, becauſe 'tis a tedious Conſtraint; and they chooſe rather to appear in their proper Colours, than put on any Diſguiſe.

Young People, who want Experience, and commonly Underſtanding to ſee clearly their own Intereſts, reaſon very differently from their Parents, who have more Experience and more *Diſcretion*. A young Maid, whoſe Heart is already prepoſſeſs'd, hears with

with Pain the Remonſtrances of a prudent and underſtanding Mother, who would provide her Daughter a more ſuitable Match, tho' not ſo much to her Inclination. The Daughter conſiders nothing but the Perſon; the Mother, who has other views, and reaſons in cool Blood, regards only the Eſtate: And this is one of the Sources of the Miſeries of Marriage. 'Tis engag'd in againſt Inclination; the Troubles that infallibly attend it, make the loſs of that Match regretted, that was before ſo agreeable. A Woman perſuades herſelf ſhe ſhould have been more happy by following her own Biaſs. The Heart that is livelily touch'd, turns naturally to the aimable Object, as the Magnetick Needle does to the *Pole*. The diſguſt or averſion for a Husband, taken only upon Family-Conſiderations, redoubles ſtill the Vexation. Is there need of any thing more to perſuade her ſhe is moſt Miſerable? And would it be amiſs to have a little more regard for the Perſon than the Eſtate?

A Woman of the World is not oblig'd to renounce all ſorts of Attire and Ornaments; but may make uſe of ſuch as are ſuitable to her Condition, Age and Character: But when ſhe has gone ſo far as to turn *Devotee*, to lengthen her Sleeves, and take a religious

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and regular Habit, the reſt of her Conduct ſhould conform to her reform'd out-ſide; for if ſhe will ſtill be a Woman of Pleaſure, if ſhe'll play the ſame Game, have the ſame care of her Beauty, the ſame delicacy for all her Charms, the World will ſet but little by her Devotion, which is meerly Superficial, and conſiſts in ſtudied Affectation and Grimace.

The Ladies of this Age don't much approve of that *Aphoriſm* of the ancient *Sage*, who ſaid, *Women were made only for reſt and retirement: That all their Vertue conſiſted in being unknown, without incurring Blame or deſerving Commendation: That ſhe was the moſt vertuous, that was leaſt ſpoken of:* And therefore he abſolutely forbid them the Common-wealth, and confin'd them to the obſcurity of their Families, aſſigning them only one Employment, which was the Education of their Children, to make them uſeful Subjects to the State. Lo! here's a ſuperannuated piece of Morality! The Ladies have found the art of ſhaking off theſe uneaſy Fetters; they love Noiſe and Buſtle; the greateſt Intrigues are manag'd by their Miniſtry; they will have a hand in every thing, and think themſelves capable of reforming both Church and State. They don't

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as yet deſire the heading of Armies; but bating this, they would willingly ſubmit their Shoulders to all the Burdens of the Republick. Moſt of them are more enterprizing than Men; more Reſolute, more fertile in Expedients, and more dextrous at the happy management of an Intrigue.

Of Moderation and Diſintereſtedneſs.

'TIS not to be hop'd that the generality of Men will quit their ruling Principle of Caprice, to be govern'd by Reaſon. They float along the Torrent of a whirling and impetuous Humour, which obſerves neither Laws nor Meaſures: Their Paſſions drag them along, and Intereſt wraps all their Notions. Their perpetual Outrages render them indocible, and incapacitate them to command themſelves. Here you ſee the Source of the irreparable Faults they commit, and of the irregularity of their Conduct.

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If we well conſider, we ſhall eaſily obſerve, that moſt of the Diſcontents, Diſputes, and great Commotions that infeſt the Lives of Men, proceed from the want of skill to moderate themſelves, and maſter their Paſſions. 'Tis certain Moderation is a Vertue of very extenſive uſe; and we have frequent need of it in all the different Situations we are plac'd in. 'Tis continually neceſſary to bear the Misfortunes that befal us, without daſtardy and complaints; to adapt ourſelves to the Magottry and Capriciouſneſs of thoſe very troubleſome People we are oblig'd to live with; politickly to diſſemble the diſingenuous Treatment of ill-deſigning Men. 'Tis commonly more prudent not to ſeem to ſee all, than make our Diſcoveries inſtrumental to thoſe violent Claſhes, that have always vexatious Conſequences. Few People are ſufficient Maſters of their Reſentments, or their Spleen, to moderate themſelves when they ſee they are deſpis'd, or hear any Diſcourſe prejudicial to their Glory.

He that could prevail ſo far over himſelf as to be undiſturb'd at affrontive Language, would find an excellent Preſervative for his own Repoſe. This is a thing of very difficult practice, but which, nevertheleſs, produces

produces a good effect. If what we are upbraided with be true, 'tis fitter for us to correct ourſelves, than for others to forbear us; if the matter be falſe, we ſhall give it the credentials of truth, by the anguiſh we expreſs: The ſafeſt Method is to ſet ourſelves above theſe ſort of Reports: The ſlighting of ſuch Diſcourſe diſcredits it, and robs the Author of the malicious pleaſure he takes in Scandal.

'Tis impoſſible to ſecure ourſelves from accidental Diſappointments and Diſgraces; but the Man of Moderation, eſtabliſhes a kind of Happineſs on the worſt Events. Ill Succeſſes, which confound and throw impatient People off the Hinges, ſerve only to brighten the Vertue and Courage of moderate Men. It requires great ſtrength of Mind to ſuſtain ſome Shocks, that exhauſt all our Recruits, and ſeem remedileſs; and at this juncture a Man finds his Moderation a Refuge againſt the Malignancy of Fortune.

Men of Honour and Honeſty ſometimes forget themſelves in Misfortunes, and the Diſorder of their Affairs; the Neceſſities they are under provoke them to Actions of regret, and which they bluſh the firſt for: A Man ſometimes finds himſelf in ſuch uneaſy

eaſy Circumſtances, that he is oblig'd to force his Temper, and buckle to the weight of his oppreſſive Fortune. Ingenious Diſpoſitions ſuffer infinitely in theſe conjunctures, ſeeing themſelves, in ſpight of their Courage, forc'd to comply with overpowering Neceſſity. In theſe ſeaſons of Adverſity, they muſt have recourſe to their Moderation for Expedients to ſoften and abate the Miſeries that can't abſolutely be avoided.

If People would or could moderate themſelves, they might eaſily be happy in every State; but they often form imaginary cauſes of Diſcontent, when they have no real ones. There is ſuch a Magazine of Whims in the Heart of Man, that he turns Tyrant to himſelf, when no body elſe diſturbs him. *Fronto* wants nothing in Nature to be happy, but the power to enjoy his Fortune. There's no body in greater favour with his Queen, which is an infallible ſign of his Merit. He poſſeſſes a Poſt that makes him the envy of all the World. His Eſtate is anſwerable to his Birth and Employments; and yet he is melancholy and diſſatisfied in the midſt of all his Proſperity. Without conſidering what he has, he carries his Ambition to what he has not; and wears out his

his Life in *Chagrin*, Reſtleſsneſs and Diſcontent, which poiſon all the Sweets and Comfort of his Fortune.

It would be advantageous to ſome People not to have ſo great Fortunes. We find in them innumerable good Qualities, and eſteem, love and careſs them when in a lower State; but we at the ſame time ſee their Merits ſink in proportion to their Elevation. The change of Fortune for the better, changes the Manners for the worſe. The Vices that had been palliated out of neceſſity, then ſhew themſelves with greater licence. *Lenix* was complaiſant, moderate, humble and aimable before he became Rich; but ſince his Father came into the Treaſury, and he reckons his Eſtate by Thouſands, he is grown haughty, proud, contemptuous, fooliſh, and what not. He has loſt by his Riches all the Eſteem he had before purchas'd by his Vertue.

What wonder 'tis that People meanly Born, and of a bad Education, ſhould, when rais'd to Eſtates, forget themſelves, and grow ſelf-ſufficient and preſuming? Their Origin is not remember'd, and the Wealth they ſwim in makes their Favour courted by great Men. Theſe mean Condeſcenſions in them, and the Occaſions the World has for

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their Aſſiſtance, turn their Heads, and make them commonly ſo fooliſh and inſolent, as to prefer themſelves to thoſe that borrow their Money, or ſell them their Lands and *Chateaux*.

I queſtion whether Women, who are too fond of Finery, will underſtand their Intereſts: Inſtead of heightning their native Beauty, they obſcure it, and hinder its whole effect. An ugly Woman ſhould beware of drawing Peoples Eyes upon her by her Attire. When the uglineſs is alone, 'tis not ſo much minded; it remains, as I ſaid, hid in its own obſcurity. Old *Clorinda*, with her Roſe-colour'd Sute, and all the reſt of her Accoutrements, attracts the Ralleries of all that view her. It provokes one's Indignation to ſee her Skeleton adorn'd with Diamonds Bracelets and Lockets; and when ſhe asks whether the colour of her Ribbons be not fine, one can't forbear laughing in her Face.

There's no Body without their Infirmities: The great Art conſiſts in concealing them ſo nicely, that the World may not find them out. Thoſe that ſhew themſelves too much, and have not ſufficient Command and Self-Government on certain Occaſions, are conſtantly expos'd to the Slights

and Ralleries of ſuch as know them, and who think themſelves not oblig'd to ſpare them.

'Tis not the Seaſon to talk much, when a Man's agitated with violent Paſſion, and not ſufficiently Maſter of himſelf. Vexation commonly makes us vent ſuch Fooleries in haſt, as we repent of at leiſure: We ſhould therefore never be more watchful of ourſelves, than when we are Splenetick or Enrag'd. This Paſſion diſorders us, be we never ſo temperate, if we give way to its tumultuous and extravagant Motions. I was ſenſibly touch'd the other Day, with a fine Inſtance of Moderation in *Dorantes*. He found himſelf abus'd by a Perſon of much inferior Quality; he had a Cane in his Hand, and at his firſt Commotion was tempted to ſtrike the Man who had thus fail'd in Reſpect: He entred his Chamber to let his Paſſion cool before he would finiſh the Affair that occaſion'd his Diſorder. A Perſon of leſs Temper would have reek'd his Spleen, by caning the ſenſeleſs Coxcomb; but I am perſuaded a Man of Honour is much aſham'd of himſelf when he conſiders in cool Blood, what Violences his Anger has led him to.

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They that ſeek their Repoſe and Satiſfaction in the World, are always reſtleſs, becauſe they cant't find what they ſo earneſtly purſue. They muſt not even reckon much on their Foreſight, which is often baffled and ſurpriz'd by Treachery, againſt which Prudence, Strength and Courage have no Preſervative. When, with all the Care and Pains we are capable of, things ſucceed ill, we muſt do as we do at play, which depends on the Freaks of Fortune, endeavour to remedy by Patience what we loſe by Chance.

Reſt ſatisfied with your good Intentions, if you would preſerve your Quiet, and be contented with the ſecret Pleaſure that reſults from a conſciouſneſs of good Actions; for 'tis in vain to flatter ourſelves with the hopes of every Body's Approbation. Tho' equitable People praiſe you, and do you Juſtice; you'll find a greater number to diſapprove your Conduct. The generality of Men make no *Reflexion* even on Actions deſerving immortal Praiſe, their Supineneſs not permitting them to trouble their Heads about what has no relation to them. Others, more malicious and phantaſtical, will cenſure the nobleſt and moſt heroick Exploits, that dazle their jealous Eyes. Acquieſce in the

Teſtimony of your Conſcience, and proceed in your own way. You ſee how the Opinions of the World are divided about *Favorina.* Sound Judges of things agree no Body can have greater Vertue, finer Wit, a more real Merit, or modeſter Sentiments, in ſo high a Fortune; whereas others of ſmall Inſight and Penetration, or of a capricious Judgment, ſays ſhe is a Hypocrite that plays a Part, and conceals, under an humble Exterior and pretended Modeſty, an immeaſurable fund of Pride. To leſſen the Merit of the great things ſhe does, and which are too manifeſt to be denied, they give her ſiniſter Intentions, which ſhe never had: They endeavour to inſinuate, that ſhe aims at nothing but her own Dignity and Fortune, even when ſhe acts from the moſt ſublime and exalted Motives; ſuch is the Malice and Extravagance of the Heart of Man.

A Man ſhould be very ſecure of his Point that takes the liberty to reproach People. 'Tis hard for a Perſon that is unjuſtly accus'd, to contain himſelf: His Blood riſes at the Extravagance or Malice of thoſe that deny Juſtice to his Vertue: But when the Reproaches are well grounded, the Man has

has nothing to ſay, becauſe his own Conſcience ſtill urges him more ſeverely.

Perſons of Quality need not be apprehenſive of being too courteous and familiar; their Rank and Dignity ſufficiently maintain their Reſpect; and the Ambition of pleaſing them, makes us eaſily ſubmit to their Deſires. They ſhould therefore, by a popular and eaſy Behaviour, endeavour to ſoften the Yoke of this Dependance. Hereby they would gain the confidence and friendſhip of thoſe that have to do with them; whereas too great State, and a haughty and impertinent Carriage, diſcourages and rebuffs them. There is a ſort of Correſpondence betwixt the Subject and his Prince. The Subject is oblig'd to Obedience and Submiſſion; the Prince to Care, Protection, Bounty, and eaſineſs of Acceſs, When things are in this poſition, every Body is content. The Inferiour Perſon finds a Pleaſure in obeying, and is not ſenſible of the clog of his Dependance.

In your converſe with haughty People, put on ſo much Moderation and Reſerve, as never to let them ſee you have an eminent Merit, out-ſhining theirs. If Perſons much above you, ask your Advice, don't give it like a Pedagogue, or pretend to tu-

tour them. Modeſtly lend them your Inſtructions, as if you only mingled Counſels with them. Theſe Inſinuations will make you more agreeable than all you can ſay or do in their behalf.

Such as love diſputing in Converſation, and always uſe the Negative to what others advance, frequently make a perſonal Quarrel of a frivolous matter that's conteſted. Oppoſition heats them, and makes them obſtinate in defending their Opinions. If they want good Arguments to ſupport them, the ordinary recourſe is to Invectives and Reproaches, which are commonly ſmartly return'd by the offended Perſon. This Reply paſſes for the Rancour of an inſulting Enemy; and thus a Trifle grows into a ſerious Buſineſs, and Arbitrators are call'd in to determine the magotty Diſpute.

'Tis almoſt impoſſible to carry on a long Acquaintance, with the generality of Men, without occaſion of Complaint. But the Fault is, that our Complaints are too ſtrong and bitter. The means we take to reduce People that offend us, ſets their Reconciliation at an impracticable diſtance. An obliging Procedure, genteel and tender Reprehenſions, have a much better effect to ſmooth and ſoften the moſt ſavage Diſpoſition. Le-

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nity and Moderation are the apteſt Remedies we can apply to bring back fantaſtical and unreaſonable People to their Duty. In the mean time, this is a Method very ſeldom taken; it being a vulgar Notion, that Reputation is concern'd to give ſuch Thunder-Claps as may call up every Body's attention.

I know not whether it may be reckon'd a Paradox, *That greater ſtrength of Mind is requiſite to bear good Fortune than bad.* Vulgar Souls bend under the weight of their Proſperity; their Joy burſts out of them whether they will or no, and we read their moſt ſecret Thoughts in the Lines of a ſatisfied Countenance. They can't help diſcovering their Pride that flows from Wealth, and their Contempt for thoſe that want it.

Men of greateſt Depth and Wiſdom have no infallible Security againſt making falſe Steps: But when this Misfortune happens, you are not obſtinately to maintain an abſurd Choice by a miſtaken Bravery, or the aſperity of Reſentments that plunge you into freſh Precipices. Try to recover from your Error; there being commonly more Merit in a dextrous diſengaging from a Labyrinth, than in the firſt avoidance of

the Fault. We pity a Man, whom the wretchedneſs of his Affairs, or unhappy Circumſtances have diſconcerted, but we don't pity thoſe that by an unſeaſonable Obſtinacy give the finiſhing ſtroak to their own Ruin, when they might eaſily reſtore their Matters, by following another Conduct.

Temper is never more neceſſary in Converſation, than when it turns upon Rallery. 'Tis very had to govern one's ſelf in a run of Mirth and Humour, which has the Applauſe of all the Company. Converſation is indeed more lively and agreeable for it; but it ſeldom happens that thoſe that rally, and the rallied Perſons depart good Friends. Delicate People ſometimes feel themſelves more wounded and offended at a Jeſt than an Affair of conſequence, becauſe every Body dreads *Ridicule*, and hates to ſee others merry at their coſt.

Whence is it we have not the ſame Indulgence for others, that we expect from them? Such is the Injuſtice of Men, that they require Perfection in every Body elſe, whilſt the World has a thouſand juſt Indictments againſt them themſelves. *Lucretia* is every where complaining of *Iſmene*'s contradicting Humour: She ſays, ſhe's a froward Creature,

ture, and that you know not where to have, nor how to live with her; yet the World has not a more unconverſable, whimſical, finical Piece than *Lucretia* herſelf is. 'Tis common enough for thoſe who have palpable Enormities, which every Body ſuffers by, to tax others with Peccadillo's, which they heighten into Prodigies.

It ſeems to be the Law of Repriſals, that we obſerve no Meaſures with thoſe that inſult us with harſh and offenſive Language; and 'tis an eſtabliſh'd cuſtom to anſwer People in the ſame ſtrain; but yet it muſt be own'd, that this is the very Peſt of Converſation, and that whoever has ſufficient command of himſelf not to be paſſionate on theſe Conjunctures, and to reſtrain a cutting Expreſſion ready to eſcape him, is much to be commended, for ſparing, out of pure generoſity, People undeſerving ſuch nice regards.

What ſignifies it to vent one's ſelf in Clamour and Paſſion againſt thoſe that drop you after a long acquaintance, whilſt you have given no occaſion for ſuch ill Treatment? Theſe Hurricanes and Tranſports are very uſeleſs, and never reduce them to their Duty. The beſt Expedient we can uſe with ſuch as deſert us, is to give them liberty

liberty to do it: If this be an affliction to us, we ſhould not let them have the pleaſure of perceiving it.

When a Man has done us an ill Office, or treated us ill in Diſcourſe, which our imprudent Friends relate to us, the firſt thing that occurs is a deſire of revenge, and of ſeeking all occaſions to give proofs of our Reſentment. We rail at him in all Companies, and would have every Body engage in our Quarrel, and approve our Procedure: This is the common practice of Mankind. But it would be much more generous to ſuperſede theſe ſort of Affairs, and only, by ſome gentle Reproofs, to ſhew we are not Inſenſible, or ſo ſtupidly Indolent as to be touch'd with nothing. If we took this Method, inſtead of that of Calumnies and Invectives, we ſhould find the Secret of giving them all the blame, and preſerving our own Repoſe and Reputation. Why will you commit the ſame Fault, and furniſh the Aggreſſor with as juſt Materials of Complaint?

Temper and Moderation are at all times neceſſary, becauſe we every where meet with humourſom and untractable People, that afford a noble Subject for our Patience. A Man happens to be tied to an ill-humour'd Wife,

Wife, who is always quarrelling and ſcolding: His clowniſh and brutiſh Servants don't ſerve him to his mind: His falſe Friends betray or abandon him when he has moſt occaſion for their Aſſiſtance: His Enemies, bent on his Ruin, create him unlucky Troubles. What Reſolution ſhould he take under theſe Confuſions? Muſt he be always bidding Battel to thoſe that play him theſe ill Turns, to force them to be reaſonable in ſpight of their Natures? This would be a very vain and fruitleſs Undertaking. The ſureſt and ſhorteſt way, were to arm one's ſelf with *Philoſophy*, and retire within the Fort of Moderation.

We find a ſort of Men very much of the Nature of wild Beaſts; always ready to tear you in pieces and devour you. They place to the account of Benefactions, the Miſchiefs they don't do you. Expect no good Offices from them, nor hope, by the recital of your Misfortunes, to move and ſoften them to Compaſſion. Think it rather a Mercy if they don't puſh you off the brink of the Precipice to finiſh your Deſtruction. By the Malice of their Natures, they are always in a diſpoſition to do all the Miſchief they are capable of, and they feel an ill-natur'd Joy, whenever they can exaſperate and plague you.

you. Ought ſuch Men to have come into the World? Or ought not the Laws of well-regulated Governments to baniſh them humane Converſation?

There's in Man ſuch a fund of Gall and Malignity, as makes him behold with Envy the Talents and fine Qualities of others. He can't reſolve to commend them when they are mention'd, his whole natural Biaſs leaning to Slander and Diſparagement. People love mutually to criticize one another: The Soldier talks freely of his Captain; the Captain cenſures the Field-Officer, who likewiſe thinks he can lecture his General: The General throws upon the Court the miſmanagement of the Campaign. Let every one take care to diſcharge his own Duty without enquiring into others Obligations, depending on them for the ſucceſs of the Enterprize, or charging the blame on them when it proves abortive.

Sordid and grovling Souls, reduce every thing to their own Intereſts. There's no treating on the ſquare with this ſort of People; they'll one way or other hook you in to their Advantage. The other day I heard *Nonanville* venting Maxims ſavouring of the Climate he was born in. He openly declar'd he always kept his Eyes fix'd on that part

part by which a Man might be beneficial to him in ſomething; that he employ'd him according to his Talent, and deſerted him whenever he had ſpung'd all the Services out of him he could. Avoid theſe Earth-born Creatures, that cultivate you like their Cattle, only for the uſe they make of you.

We have all naturally a great inclination to Injuſtice, and give but too much ſcope to that Inclination; which, perhaps, is one of the things that poiſons moſt the pleaſure of Society and civil Life. This is the origin of all thoſe Complaints ſo often heard, ſometimes juſt and ſometimes otherwiſe, by reaſon of a Man's extream tenderneſs for his own Intereſts, and Indolence for thoſe of others. 'Tis certain every one thinks only on himſelf, and counts for nothing whatever reſpects his Neighbour. Mean time, if we would be happy ourſelves, we ſhould contribute all we can to the Happineſs of others; for otherwiſe we ſhould daily be encountred with oppoſition, whereas if we acted in ſuch ſort, that other Men might be jointly happy with us, they would not obſtruct our Deſigns, becauſe they would find their own Account in them; and thus our Lives would be leſs perverted

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in their courſe, and flow more uniformly and with greater tranquillity.

If you can't diveſt yourſelf of your bad Qualities, endeavour, at leaſt, to ſhrowd them from publick notice. Why will you have others ſuffer the *Chagrin* of your ill-humour, and that impertinent Authority you aſſume of cenſuring all Mankind? Do you think to recommend the niceneſs of your Taſt by your Squeamiſhneſs and Difficulty? Or do you propoſe to paſs your Dictates for Deciſions, which are the products of your Caprice and Extravagance?

Violence and Paſſion are not capable of doing Buſineſs; that requires a Man ſhould be Maſter of Himſelf, and Poſſeſſor of his Reaſon, ſo far as wiſely to conſult the Meaſures conducing to the End propos'd. 'Tis for want of Precaution the beſt Affairs miſcarry, which would have had a better iſſue, if they had been better manag'd; ſo that we are not always to exclaim againſt the Injuſtice of Men, when our Enterprizes fail of the deſir'd Succeſs; but muſt ſometimes charge it to our own Imprudence. In this caſe, we have the advantage of an After-game: We muſt correct ourſelves by the experience of the Faults we have fallen into, and make uſe, for the future, of the falſe Steps we

we have made in times paſt. 'Tis a general and moſt approv'd Maxim, *That Patience ripens the moſt difficult Deſigns, and renders the execution of them eaſy*, whereas Precipitation ſpoils the beſt concerted Enterprizes.

If Diſcretion does not moderate our indiſcreet Zeal, we ſhall do more Injury to our Friends than Service by it. Whatever well-meaning a Man may have, his Imprudence commonly does more harm, than his Warmth does good. If Reaſon don't govern the Motions of the Heart, we ſhall ſoon ruin the beſt Affairs by over-acting them.

If your Zeal to retrieve your miſtaken Friends be not diſcreet and moderate, they'll think you troubleſom; your eternal Documents, make the ſight of you formidable, and put them under perpetual Conſtraint. You can't ſay any thing before *Lycas*, but you provoke his Spleen and ill Humour. The moſt indifferent Actions, and harmleſs Pleaſures, are to him unpardonable Crimes. He makes Giants and Monſters of Windmills and Chimera's, on purpoſe to fight, and have occaſion for quarrelling: And when once the ſtum of his Blood ferments, he makes long Declamations, with equal earneſtneſs and Fire, as if the ruin of the three

three Kingdoms were at ſtake, purely for a Fancy which he tricks up into a Reality, to have the greater pretence for his Out-cries. What is moſt perplexing with People of this Character, is, that if you ſeem to hear and approve their Remonſtrances, they tutour you like aſſiduous Pedants always at your Elbow. If you are negligent and unattentive to their Advice, they rage and fly out into irreconcilable Enmity.

If People were as diligent to prevent the Judgments of the Publick, before the embarking in an Affair, as they are to pacify it after they are abſurdly engag'd, they would ſave this inſignificant Trouble. Apologies are of no uſe, when the Conduct gives the lye to the Diſcourſe. What gets a Woman, when her Intrigues are known, by all the Reaſons ſhe urges to prove the uprightneſs of her Intentions? The Judge that ſuffers himſelf to be corrupted by Cabal, and Solicitation, can't prevent the diſrepute of Diſhoneſty, by all his *Sophiſtry* to evade it. But when a Man has done his Duty, he ought not to be diſturb'd at the Voice of the Publick, which is not always on Vertue's ſide. He that can ſo moderate himſelf as not to be gall'd with Diſcourſe to his diſadvantage, has found out the Art of living

living at Reſt, and avoiding unhappy Conteſts. The Slights we expreſs for diſobliging Diſcourſe, extracts part of its Sting and Venom, and cools the envious Perſon's Paſſion for Obloquy and Slander. When *Favorita* firſt entred upon the World, her perſonal Merit, Beauty and Charms alarm'd the whole Sex, who all took the Field with Leagues offenſive and defenſive, to ruin ſo formidable a Rival; and they made horrible Ravage on her Reputation. But by good Fortune *Favorita* had Temper and Moderation equal to her Beauty, ſhe ſeem'd not to hear all was ſaid againſt her; her Politeneſs, ſweet Diſpoſition and Inſinuations, calm'd the moſt Outrageous, who were all aſham'd of their ill Doings, and afterwards earneſtly courted the Friendſhip of a Perſon ſo good humour'd, who return'd the envy of ill Offices with Careſſes.

When we don't think ourſelves oblig'd to ſpeak advantageouſly of ſome People, whoſe Proceedings we don't like, we ought at leaſt to have ſo much Temper, as to ſpare them, and not divulge their Faults and Infirmities, to turn them into Ridicule, or do them Prejudice. Since we ourſelves are ſo tender, and expect to be cultivated, let us have the ſame equity for others. A

diſobliging Word often cauſes more cutting Reflexions, than ill Offices done with leſs deſpight.

'Tis a hard matter topreſerve People any long time, and to take ſuch juſt Meaſures, as to be able always to reckon upon their Friendſhip. The leaſt Indifference, expreſs'd without deſign, makes them forget all the Services we have done them. An innocent Rallery, about Trifles and indifferent Things, provokes them; and they conſider it as a ſenſible Injury, tho' you meant not to offend them. Unable to forgive, they ſeek all poſſible Occaſions to give you Teſtimonies of their Reſentment, and thwart you in your moſt neceſſary Affairs.

We ſhould be cautious how we abuſe the Kindneſs of our Friends. 'Tis their Duty to be ſolicitous for our Intereſts, and maintain them warmly; to do us Service when we have need of their Aſſiſtance, not to make an ill uſe of our confiding in them, and to be tenacious of our Secrets: But when they have done all they are capable of, we ought to demand no more. Moſt Men are ſo unreaſonable, that all they do for others ſeems to be of great conſequence; but they are ſo little affected with the good offices

offices of their Friends, as to reckon them ſtill in their Debt, when they have ſacrific'd all to ſerve them.

Moſt Men think they ought to be rough and ſevere, to be reſpected; whereas this Harſhneſs and Moroſeneſs diſobliges every Body. Clemency and Goodneſs advance their Affairs more than inflexible Rigour, becauſe People ill treated do every thing as it were in ſpight. *Hortenſius* would think himſelf degraded from his Authority, if he gave the leaſt obliging Word to his Expectants and Dependants: His ſevere Air makes him conſider'd and ſhun'd as a Pedant; and People tremble when they have any thing to treat with him about, or intereſt to ſollicit. Is it ſo hard a thing to put on a ſmiling Look, and to expreſs a little Complaiſance to thoſe that accoſt us, who are already under pain enough to be oblig'd to ask it of us?

Men in eminent Poſts, the Principals in Corporations, and chief Miniſters in the State, ſhould civily treat the Perſons that apply to them. They are oblig'd to refuſe a great many, but yet ought to ſend them away ſatisfied; at leaſt, with Words and Looks to ſoften their denials, when they can't ſatisfy them by effects.

'Tis certain, with the generality of the World, Intereſt carries it above Glory. They ſtickle for great Employs rather to get Wealth than Fame. But 'tis a ſhameful Traffick to proſtitute a glorious Poſt, to the Sordidneſs of amaſſing Riches, and which a Man ought to be content with, for the Honour that's annex'd to it.

Conſidering the Make and Complexion of Mankind, there's no reckoning upon their Generoſity. Self-love and Intereſt have ſo warp'd their Sentiments, they draw all the Lines of Profit to their own Center. They have ſtill ſome regard to themſelves in the good Offices they do you, and would have leſs Conſideration for you, but for the hopes of reciprocal Services. In the mean time, it muſt be reckon'd a baſeneſs to cultivate our Friends only for their Uſefulneſs, to give them up to their ill Fortune, and to break all Commerce with them, when the diſorder of their Affairs, incapacitates them for future uſe to us.

True Friends and diſintereſs'd Friendſhips, are things no longer to be met with. The Friendſhip that's practis'd now adays, is only a diſguiſe for Self-love, which unmasks on Occaſions; where our Intereſts, and thoſe of our ſuppos'd Friends, come into

to competition. What is very odd and unaccountable, is, that the Happineſs of our Friends, is ſometimes our Mortification; proportionably to their Advancement, or acceſſion of Happineſs, they decline in our Affections. We ſee them with uneaſineſs and a ſort of afflicting Conſtraint: Our Confidences abate, and we can't pardon Fortune the Favours ſhe ſhews the Perſons we love. It would be leſs afflicting and invidious if her Bounty had flow'd on Perſons unknown or Indifferent to us. What Giddineſs and Prepoſterouſneſs is this!

Envy and ſordid Jealouſies put us upon ſtrange Extravagances in civil Life. We are enrag'd at the Succeſs and Elevation of ſome People we ſee ſailing with a full gale and Torrent of Favour. We forgive them neither their Endowments of Nature nor Fortune. We give our Malice a ſwing, and recur to a thouſand Artifices, to ruin a troubleſom Merit that eclipſes our own, and is beheld with diſquiet and jealouſy. We ſhould, at leaſt, be ſo much Maſters of our Selves and Indignation, as to diſguiſe theſe ſordid Sentiments, ſo unbecoming a Man of Honour. Shall you have more Merit, think you, when you have lower'd that of your fancied Rival's? Yet this is

the Politicks of moſt People, of all Ranks and Conditions whatſoever. Old Men enviouſly behold the growing Fortune of the Young: A Proficient in Science, or in War, is almoſt in deſpair, to ſee another diſtinguiſh'd by an extraordinary Merit. Young People of the ſame Pretenſions can't bear one another, and hardly abſtain from open Rupture. Women are impatient of Rivals upon the Chapter of their Beauty, and fly to all kinds of Stratagems to decry their Competitors. *Angelica* is to be excepted from this common Rule. Tho' ſhe be perfectly Handſom, and it be ſo rare a thing for a handſom Woman to commend another for her Beauty, ſhe talks of it with pleaſure. She is the firſt that obſerves their Graces, and impoſes Silence on Detractors. In my mind, theſe obliging ways do her as much Honour, as her fine Qualities and perſonal Merit.

Decorum does not always permit us to do for ourſelves what we are allow'd to do for others: We praiſe them without reſerve; and 'tis even a piece of Merit ſo to do: We beg and ſolicit, and make bold advances: We are importunate, and all this is decently perform'd, for the Affairs and Intereſts of our Friends; but we ſhould with an

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ill grace do as much for our own. Here a little more wariness and circumspection is becoming. A great *Disinterestedness* adds much to a Man's Character; perhaps because 'tis so rare a Vertue and out of date.

We are not always qualified, by the situation of our Affairs, to do People essential Services: But when we do them, let it be in pure generosity, and without views of Interest. However, it depends upon us to deport our selves genteelly, with respect and complaisance to them. This polite Treatment has commonly the same effect as our good Offices, and engages People to serve us with as much Zeal, as if we had been their Benefactors. What would it cost us to be courteous, when our Circumstances don't permit us to interest them by dependance.

Persons naturally generous and *disinterested*, expect no returns for their good Offices: They don't put their Benefits to use; nor feed their Friendship with the Diet of Hope and Interest, the pure pleasure of Friendship being all they seek in the commerce of their Friends: A Vertue rarely to be found, and which strongly bespeaks its own Antiquity.

'Tis a littleneſs of Soul that's very common, to love to receive; and it requires a great Mind and very noble Sentiments to give, without ſome ſecret ſelf-conſideration; but he that is befriended by a good Office, ſhould have an eternal Acknowledgment proportion'd to the quality of the Benefit.

In the Age we live, there's hardly any Honeſty tenable againſt Gold; the Temptation is extreamly taking, and the ſevereſt Women are ſometimes caught by this Allurement; nay even Men of ſtancheſt Probity are not always impregnable, eſpecially when born Indigent, or feeling the Preſſures of domeſtick Want; but yet a Man of Honour ſhould never ſwerve from his Duty to accommodate his Affairs. The ſafeſt way in ſuch a Conjuncture, is to diſtruſt one's ſelf; if we once begin to capitulate, we are gone. When a Man is once arriv'd to the contempt of Money and Riches, he has no farther obſtacle in his way to an exalted Vertue. This Spirit of *Diſintereſtedneſs*, is an infallible ſign of a Soul well made, and rais'd above the Vulgar. But where is this Phœnix to be found?

A covetous and ſelf-intereſted Woman is obnoxious to all the falſe Steps which thoſe

thoſe that knew her Weakneſs and Diſpoſition, can wiſh. Here lies the origin of theſe ridiculous Engagements obſervable in ſome Women. They prefer, without more ado, their Rich and pecuniary Lovers, tho' never ſo great Fools, to Men of Merit, uncapable of ſupplying their vain Extravagances.

If we have a generous and *diſintereſted* Heart, our Friends will grow the dearer to us when they fall into any Misfortune; then is the time to re-animate our Affection, our Zeal and good Offices, and ſhew that 'tis their Perſons and not their Fortunes that engage us. Unleſs we be barbarous, we can't mean evil to People perſecuted by their Misfortunes; nor cheriſh our hatred againſt a miſerable Enemy. 'Tis great Cruelty to be bent upon tormenting a Man groaning under the Weight of his ill Fortune; and yet, unleſs we watch ourſelves, that's exactly the ſeaſon we chooſe to create him Diſturbances, and take advantage of the bad Circumſtances he is under.

Intereſt and Pleaſure are as the two Springs of humane Life: None but ſome privileg'd Souls are determin'd by the motions of Glory. Thoſe that are ſway'd by the love of Intereſt, give way to baſe and ſcandalous Actions: Women that are generally

rally more tender or weak, are miſled by Pleaſure. This is the Reaſon we find ſo many too little concern'd for their Fame: Pleaſure carries it above the Precautions they ſhould take to preſerve their Reputations.

Of Complaiſance.

WHEN a Man is arriv'd at *Complaiſance*, 'tis no long Journey to *Politeneſs*: But *Complaiſance* ſhould be well manag'd and underſtood, neither exceſſive nor ſneaking, but proportion'd to the Quality, Merit, and Character of Perſons with a juſt diſtinction. It ought not to degenerate into ſordid Flattery, nor have any thing inſipid or beſpeaking a ſervile and intereſted Soul in it.

We may ſay in general, that *Complaiſance* is the Soul of civil Society; 'tis that which gives the Charms and Maintains the Pleaſure of Converſation. 'Tis that which accuſtoms us to all ſorts of Humours, and makes us neither troubleſom, nor exceptious; nor does it make us querulous for want

want of reſpect paid to our Dignity or Merit; nor litigious for every Trifle. If our Neighbours Conduct gives us offence in any thing, this teaches us to chooſe a proper time dexterouſly to inſinuate what Injury he does himſelf, and to advertiſe him of the Scandal the World takes at it; and all this in a manner that's free from Severity and Pride, that we may not exaſperate him by diſcouraging Advice. *Complaiſance* is a gentle and eaſy Vertue, it makes us content with every Body; or if not, ſo artfully to conceal our Reſentments, that no Body may perceive our ill Humour, or ſuffer by it. A *complaiſant* Man hardly ever complains he has been fail'd on important Occaſions, or not ſo zealouſly ſerv'd as he ought to be: On the contrary, he eaſily perſuades himſelf he has been oblig'd beyond all Obligation; and heightens the Idea of the good Offices he has receiv'd, to heighten his Acknowledgments. He tries to find Reaſons to palliate the Faults committed to his prejudice; and when theſe fail, he endeavours to excuſe People upon their Well-meanings. Had Men but a mutual *Complaiſance*, their Converſation would be much more agreeable, their Lives would paſs with greater eaſe and tranquillity, they

they would have no occaſion for thoſe furious Conteſts or Explications, which always leave ſome aſperity behind, and make them uncapable of ſeeing one another with the ſame pleaſure and freedom.

There's a ſort of Charm in *Complaiſance* which there's no reſiſting. Our Affections eaſily ſtream towards the gentle and good humour'd, that enter into our Sentiments, applaud all we ſay, and are not diſheartned with our Caprices and ill Humours. However, theſe good-natur'd Folks are to be advis'd, that an extravagant *Complaiſance* breeds wearineſs and contempt. 'Tis rather Flattery and Folly, than *Complaiſance*, not to dare to contradict People ſtupidly venting their Extravagances, and making themſelves ridiculous by the Fooleries that eſcape them. *Complaiſance* has its Boundaries as well as other Vertues; and 'tis turning Fool to approve Impertinences, and extol the Follies of a Man we are making court to. A Perſon well known in the World by his Poſt and Quality, turns all his Diſcourſe into Panegyrick. He commends the Elbow-Chair, and the Hand-Skreen you give him; he admires the ſituation of the Chamber, praiſes the inlaid Floor, the Bed, the Alcove, the Cieling; he

he dwells upon the Riches and Magnificence of the Owner, his Equipage and Expences; nay 'tis much if he does not make the Panegyrick extend even to the Horſes: I heard him once commend the good Grace of a one-ey'd crooked Child. He has the ſame Indulgence for the productions of Wit; every thing charms and tranſports him; the jingle of a trivial Epigram, is, with him, preferable to all the fine Sentences in *Juvenal*. He counterfeits Rapture to pleaſe the Author, who takes all his hyperbolical Praiſes for current Coin; but by Misfortune he beſtows it as liberally on a Coxcomb, as a Man of Honour. This is not the *Complaiſance* becoming Men of Worth.

Nothing renders a Man more agreeable, nor makes him more earneſtly courted, than a ſmooth *Complaiſance*, diſpens'd with a neceſſary Deportment; that is, having nothing of Affectation in its manner, or ſavouring of the rankneſs of Flattery. When People have occaſion for our Aſſiſtance, we ſhould expreſs our readineſs to ſerve them; but we ſhould not have the ſame *Complaiſance*, when they require unreaſonable Services, contrary to the rules of Honour, Conſcience and Honeſty.

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As there are Vices or Imperfections which ſeem to have no foundation in our Natures, but are the pure effects of a contracted Habit reſulting from an irregular Underſtanding; ſo there are ſome Vertues that don't always depend on Conſtitution, but are acquir'd by means of Art, and the uſage of the World. *Complaiſance* is one of theſe; it being certain that Education contributes much to it; and that the Commerce of polite Perſons we deſire to pleaſe, files off a certain Roughneſs that is born with us, and grows up with us, by the converſe only of clowniſh People, whom we take no pains to pleaſe, nor care to cultivate.

A Man naturally *Complaiſant*, has a great Dexterity to inſinuate himſelf into the Tempers of Men, which is commonly the beſt means of obtaining what we deſire; for they love to oblige thoſe good-humour'd People that ſtudy their Taſt and condeſcend to pleaſe them. But I don't approve of the *Complaiſance* of thoſe grov'ling Souls, that expoſe themſelves to every thing for mercenary Views, and would ſacrifice their Repoſe and Reputation to conform to the Caprices of ſuch as can make their Fortune.

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He that has a great fund of natural *Complaiſance*, unleſs he be wary and attentive to himſelf degenerates to a flat and inſipid Converſe, except he ſupplies the defect by a great deal of Wit; becauſe by approving every thing that's ſaid, and being ever of the Opinion of the Speaker, Converſation can't be long kept up with him, and the Diſcourſe continually drops for want of Matter. 'Tis not properly failing in *Complaiſance*, or infringing the Rules of *Politeneſs*, to contradict another, and be of an oppoſite Opinion, when 'tis only to quicken the Diſcourſe, to give him occaſion to ſpeak in defence of his Aſſertion, provided on both ſides juſt meaſures be obſerv'd, and they are not carried away with the heat of the Diſpute, which often makes Men forget the reciprocal *Complaiſance* is neceſſary in Converſation. As Diſputes are not to riſe to this exceſs, ſo neither ought we to approve things that merit no approbation. This extravagant Indulgence and Facility, offends Perſons of good Senſe, and is reaſonably ſuſpected by them: They miſtruſt theſe ſo *complaiſant* Gentlemen, that are driving on their own Deſigns, by a ſervile Courtſhip of thoſe they have occaſion for, and a wonderful Addreſs to extol the moſt trivial things

things they do, as if they were extraordinary and ſurprizing. If you have any Sentiments of Honour, forbear to purchaſe the Services or Favour of Men, by ſuch ſordid *Complaiſances*, as are only befitting Wretches; and who are commonly but ill paid for them, for generally we deſpiſe thoſe too humble Fawners, as knowing to what degree they ought to carry the Reſpect is due to us; and having greater regard for ſuch as refuſe to flatter us in ſo glavering a manner. Women are ſtill more ſuſceptible of theſe Sentiments than Men; they treat with an inſupportable Haughtineſs their cringing humble Slaves; and pay more regard to ſuch as have a more manly Courage, and will not adore their Caprices and Chimera's.

It would be Cowardice rather than *Complaiſance*, to reſolve to ſuffer all the Affronts that People have a mind to put upon us. The World is full of whimſical People, whoſe mean Birth or Education renders them Inſolent and Haughty, eſpecially if they have made any Fortune; a ſort of Animals that have no regard to Merit, or Quality, that does not glitter with the Luſtre of Riches. 'Tis proper to humble the Strain, of this ſort of People, when they forget themſelves, to take

take down their Inſolence, and make them ſhrink and retire into their primitive Nothing.

'Tis a noble Preſent Nature makes us, when ſhe brings us good-humour'd, genteel, and *complaiſant* into the World; for 'tis very rare to ſee People get rid of their Vices of Conſtitution. There are ſuch as are naturally untoward, that have a fund of ill-humour, capable of ſowring all the Joys of Life; that are ſo whimſical and moroſe you know not how to approach them, nor by what handle to lay hold of them to bring them to Reaſon. If you have any thing to contend with them, you muſt make all the Conceſſions they deſire; for they'll make no abatements; and when you have ſacrific'd all to pleaſe them, they ſtill complain they are ill treated. Could theſe People underſtand how hateful they are, perhaps they would attempt ſomething of Humanity, and not ſet up, as they do, for Petty-Tyrants formidable to all that have to do with them.

If People, that have no *Complaiſance* for any Body, knew what a Diſeaſe their ill-humour was to all the World, or at leaſt had the Diſcretion to ſtay at home, and not mingle in Companies that mean nothing but

Diverſion, we ſhould not ſuffer by their *Miſanthropy* as we do, but abandon them to their peeviſh Spleen: But they ſeem to envy others Joy, cenſuring and controling them for what they do, and reproaching them for the moſt innocent Pleaſures; whilſt every one goes on in his own way, and all they get by their Animadverſions, is to be ſhun'd as the Bane and Peſt of civil Society; for nothing ſo much poiſons Life, as theſe troubleſom, uncomplaiſant and untractable Creatures, who defend, with an inflexible Stiffneſs, all the Propoſitions they advance, and never quit their hold on any conſideration whatſoever. 'Tis a wretched Torment to be oblig'd to endure the fooliſh Viſits of People of this Complexion. Thoſe that ſet up for Civility and *Complaiſance*, have frequent Indignities to undergo, becauſe others abuſe their Eaſineſs and Condeſcenſion: But they ſhould exactly know how far *Complaiſance* is to be carried with People of a certain Character, with whom an implicit Submiſſion would degenerate into Blockiſhneſs and Stupidity.' Tis good to know the Genius of People we have to deal with, in order to make them ſenſible it is out of pure Generoſity and *Complaiſance* we abate of our Rights, and grant them all they

can

can wiſh, to the end they may bear the blame of the refuſal.

Men of Letters are ſeldom guilty of an exceſs of *Complaiſance*; on the contrary, they'd have all the World ſtoop to their Opinions, and do homage to their Learning. What an obſtinate Battel have we ſeen of late, fought by theſe literate Gentlemen, about the Preference of the Ancients and the Moderns; and a perſonal Quarrel made of an imaginary Diſpute? A Man is allow'd to propoſe his Opinion, and confirm it with the ſtrongeſt Arguments he can; but he ought not to take it ill that others are of another Mind, nor give abuſive Language to bring them over to his Sentiments.

It requires the conjunction almoſt of all Vertues, to be *Polite* and *Complaiſant*. A Man muſt be Maſter of Himſelf and his Words, his Geſtures and Paſſions, that nothing offenſive may eſcape him, to give others juſt occaſion to complain of his Proceedings. *Complaiſance* comprizes in it I know not how much Good-nature, Humanity and Obligingneſs: Its principal deſign, is to conform to all ſorts of Tempers at any rate: Is it any wonder then, ſo few are to be found that are truly *Complaiſant*?

The great Secret of happy living with all the World, is to take Men as we find them; we muſt bear ſomething of the Freaks and Follies of thoſe we expect great things from. Don't ruin, by want of *Complaiſance*, or a miſ-tim'd ill-humour, any good deſigns to oblige you. Cheriſh, by your Inſinuations, all good Diſpoſitions towards you, and eſpecially, let not ſuch People ſee the diſguſt which the roughneſs and capriciouſneſs of their Behaviour gives you. How many have ſeen their Fortune ruin'd by a miſtaken Loftineſs and an unſeaſonable Pride? They had but a Moment longer to ſuffer, and they had not the Patience to wait. Men are to be ſatisfied with good Looks, and why will we not then content them at ſo cheap a rate? An obliging Word, pertinently utter'd, a gracious Smile, a little deference for their Sentiments, ſome advances made at their requeſt, to pleaſe them, make them entirely yours; whereas a little Coldneſs, a frozen Countenance, ſome diſobliging Expreſſions, looſe them beyond recovery; and 'tis much if you find no ill Offices from their Reſentment. In our Applications to *Martelia*, we never fail to find her always diſpos'd to do us Service. Nothing diſcourages her; neither the nature of the Buſineſs

Buſineſs you propoſe, nor the difficulty of the Things you deſire, provided they are within her Capacity. She does not give you time to finiſh your Compliment; ſhe gueſſes and prevents you; and one ſees in her eaſy Look, the Pleaſure ſhe feels in obliging thoſe that have occaſion for her. She never lets her Expectants languiſh thro' troubleſom delays, which make the Benefit dear bought. The Head-Ach, Intereſt of her Health, Confuſion of her Affairs, and a thouſand other frivolous Excuſes, an unobliging Woman would uſe, to exempt her from doing the Favour ask'd of her. Theſe are Artifices *Martella* is ignorant of. She is not ſatisfied with herſelf, but when he has carried her Zeal even beyond your Wiſhes; and when ſhe has ſucceeded, ſhe thinks herſelf overpaid for her pains, by the pleaſure ſhe takes in that ſhe has given you.

Many are miſtaken in their Notions of *Complaiſance*, knowing neither its Character, Degree, nor Extent: They confound a fulſom Fawning, which degenerates into Inſipidneſs, with a regular *Complaiſance* that never applauds Fooleries. 'Tis not *Politeneſs* or *Complaiſance* to ſay ſoft things to every Body, and laviſh our Praiſes upon People without choice, judgment, or diſcretion.

When their Actions rather deſerve Reprimand than Applauſes, 'tis making one's ſelf contemptible to commend them. Theſe ill-plac'd Encomiums do neither Honour to the Giver nor Receiver; and yet this practice has infected the Court as well as Country. A Man is continually expos'd to the Perſecution of thoſe inſipid Flatterers, who waſt their Panegyricks upon all Comers, and make rational People ſick. Wo to the Man that has any Merit, or has publiſh'd any Book, when he falls into the Hands of theſe everlaſting *Praiſers*: They give him no quarter, but ſtifle him with the Fumes of their falſe Incenſe.

Others we find innocent of this extravagant *Complaiſance*, yet guilty of the oppoſite Extream; carrying it fair with no Body, and negligent to conceal their Diſreſpect; untouch'd with every thing but their own Performances: All beſides appears flat and undeſerving their Applauſes, of which they are wonderfully tenacious. The firſt thing they open their Lips for, is to tell you what you read to them is naught, without giving themſelves leiſure to hear or underſtand it.

'Tis not to be hop'd, to meet with none but agreeable and converſable People in Society;

ciety ; but we ought to excuſe their Weakneſſes and impertinent Diſcourſe. We muſt expect many tireſom Viſits, when we ſet up for Viſiting-days. Amongſt ſome reaſonable People, abundance of Impertinents will ſlip in, that will make Solitude to be regretted ; but the worſt is, theſe Perſons won't believe themſelves ſo troubleſom, nor entertain the leaſt ſuſpicion that their Company is tireſom. Thoſe that have the moſt Merit, and Accompliſhments to acquit themſelves well in Converſation, will ſometimes grow inſupportable, becauſe they will always ſhine. We feel a ſecret Indignation in ſeeing People excel and eclipſe us ; ſo that 'tis not enough to have fine Qualities, unleſs we have the Art to manage them, and ſute our ſelves to the Tempers, Characters and Abilities of the People we converſe with. 'Tis a ſort of Tyranny to keep every Body in ſuſpence by long Narratives, and ſuffer no Body to ſpeak but our ſelves. Great Talkers only ſurprize the Vulgar, and the Ignorant are admir'd by none but Fools. Their Noiſe and Frothineſs impoſes on no ſenſible Perſon : If the Sots, that diſtinguiſh not falſe Merit from true, are dazled by them, 'tis only becauſe they are Sots, and 'tis no wonder that ſuch ſhould be deceiv'd.

I could wiſh all Perſons of Merit were of *Elvira*'s Character and Humour : No Body ſpeaks leſs in Converſation, when ſhe is not preſs'd to it ; no Body ſpeaks juſter or more charmingly, when the Diſcourſe is directed to her. She affects not to be myſterious or ſhy, giving her Opinion on all ſorts of Queſtions propos'd, be they never ſo frivolous ; but ſhe expreſſes no eagerneſs to diſplay her Knowledge when the Diſcourſe turns on ſublimer Subjects. She has a wonderful Faculty to level herſelf with the People ſhe converſes with, and to bring down her Wit, tho' ſo noble and exalted, to an equal ſize with that of others, who always depart ſatisfied from her Company, becauſe they are pleas'd with themſelves, and ſhe has given them opportunities to unfold and diſplay their little Talents.

If a Woman, now antiquated, and no longer attractive by her Charms, was not ſo outrageous againſt thoſe that take her place ; if ſhe had a little more Indulgence for the Infirmities of her Sex, and did not expreſs ſuch a bitter Zeal when others give themſelves ſome Liberties, we ſhould forget, perhaps, the Diſorders of her Youth, and be oblig'd to her for her Demureneſs. But her Spleen is only owing to the loſs of

her

her Beauty: She is vex'd to the Heart to find herſelf ſo deſperately forlorn and deſerted, whilſt the young ſhine and are ador'd, and do preciſely the ſame things ſhe did when young, yet which now ſhe cenſures ſo ſeverely.

'Tis commonly ſeen, that thoſe who have the leaſt *Complaiſance* for others, have yet a great deal for themſelves: But the way to lead a quiet and pleaſant Life, is mutually to pardon each other. Such as cavil againſt every thing, neither give themſelves nor others Quiet.

The Spirit of Contradiction is, perhaps, one of the things that moſt incommodes Converſation. We find People of Character to take an ill-natur'd Satisfaction in approving nothing; all things are diſguſtful and inſipid to them. You no ſooner open your Advice, but they exclaim againſt it, purely to be of a contrary Opinion, without examining whether it be reaſonable, or not. 'Tis not for Information, that they alledge a multitude of Arguments true or falſe; but they would have their Advice taken, be it never ſo extravagant.

When a thing is generally lik'd, 'tis a ſhrewd ſign that 'tis good; and it would be ſtrange Preſumption to go to oppoſe the Torrent,

Torrent, and prefer one's particular Judgment to the univerſal Suffrage. Nevertheleſs, we find but too many People of ſo capricious a Taſt, as to endeavour to diſparage what all the World commends. Whether this contradictory Spirit proceeds from a large fund of Ill-nature, a ſordid Jealouſy, or the Glory ſuppos'd to redound from the impugning another's Opinion, 'tis certain, generally ſpeaking, theſe Singularities beſpeak an indifferent Genius, that tries to raiſe its own Merit, by the depreſſion of another Man's; or elſe the want of *Complaiſance*, which makes it delicious to confront the univerſal Opinion. Perſons of this Temper pretend to an exquiſite Niceneſs in departing out of the common Road; but 'tis, however, a ſymptom of their bad Judgment. If you would have *Marillus* give you clearly and un-ambiguouſly his Opinion of the caſe you propoſe, let him know ſuch and ſuch have given theirs thus and thus; for that would be the ready way to put him on the reverſe of that Advice. He knows the Perſons you ſpeak of, are Men of great Underſtanding and Experience; but that's ſtill a Reaſon to determine him to oppoſe their Opinions, to give himſelf an Air of Superiority. Make him diſtinctly underſtand

ſtand he is the firſt you conſulted, and that you'll ſtand to his Deciſions, and you'll be ſure to charm him by this Deference. He will impart his Counſel with great Solidity, and give you a thouſand Overtures and Expedients, to bring your Buſineſs to a happy concluſion.

Moſt Men have ſo good an Opinion of themſelves, as to think they are capable of directing their own Conduct without any others Aſſiſtance or Advice; but the Misfortune is, when they have made any falſe Steps, they have all the difficulty in the World to retrieve themſelves, becauſe they would never own their Blunders. The Counſel intelligent People give them for their redreſs, inſtead of ſetting them right, makes them but more obſtinate in the wrong. They fancy they ſhould in ſome ſort degrade themſelves, if they did honeſtly acknowledge their Miſtakes, or own they were capable of ſaying or doing any thing amiſs.

'Tis great advantage to have an exquiſite and refin'd Taſt; but whoever pretends to ſet up for judging, ſhould purge himſelf of a conceited Delicacy, which makes every thing diſlik'd: Neither would he diſcover his Sentiments to Perſons concern'd, when they

they are not advantageous, however ſolicitous they may appear to know his Thoughts of them. You often looſe their Friendſhip, by your *Complaiſance* in talking with them too ſincerely and freely.

We ought not to carry a clowdy melancholy Face into Companies we are oblig'd to go into, nor an Humour incompatible with others Deſires and Pleaſures. In civil Society, Gravity and Gaiety ſhould be combin'd, becauſe we ſeek Company to refreſh and unbend our Minds, when fatigu'd with Cares and Buſineſs. 'Tis a miſerable Puniſhment to fall into the Hands of ſome ſorts of People, of a peculiar Make, whoſe diſmal and auſtere Humour poiſons the Pleaſure of Society, they having no *Complaiſance* for any Body, nor any regard to any thing but themſelves: A People that live only for their own ſatisfaction, loving no Body, nor belov'd by none. Expect not any the leaſt *Complaiſance* from ſuch Perſons, eſpecially where their Intereſt is concern'd. They value not being deſpis'd, or diſgrac'd, provided they may but find their Account in it.

It ſignifies little to have Merit without the Art of Pleaſing; at leaſt, Merit without that will not have its entire effect. Thouſands

Thouſands of People, even with admirable Qualities, have become tireſom and impertinent, and their Company has prov'd ungrateful to all Mankind. 'Tis much the ſame as with thoſe Faces whoſe Features are good, but not taking, yet we know not the Reaſon why. Their conjunction, ſome way or other, ruins the proportion that muſt neceſſarily go towards the forming a regular Beauty.

Moſt People enviouſly behold the Merit and good Fortune of their Neighbours; as therefore we muſt expect ill Treatment, diſobliging Diſcourſe, and all manner of bad Offices from them, we ought ſo to precaution ourſelves againſt it, as to let nothing eſcape us unbecoming the Character of an honeſt Man. 'Tis not difficult to be *Polite* and *Complaiſant*, when all the World applauds, flatters and careſſes you; the difficulty lies in being ſo when you are diſoblig'd, affronted and ill-ſerv'd. If you are impertinently blam'd, a modeſt Juſtification will become you, without expreſſing any Diſturbance, Indignation, or Paſſion: But if Juſtice be not done you when your Reaſons are heard, make not ſuch a noiſe of it, as ſhall throw you off your Character. Wait patiently for People to be undeceiv'd, and think not by

by a high Hand, to bring the World to Reaſon, and over to your Side. This Maxim, I confeſs, is difficult to practice; but the Moderation a Man ſhows in ſuch nice Conjunctures, will give a great Luſtre to his Merit.

The little *Complaiſance* Men have for one another, proceeds from the want of a due Eſteem. A Man forces *Complaiſance* for thoſe he deſires to pleaſe; but he cares not for pleaſing a Perſon he diſreſpects, and treats at Arm's length, and in defiance.

Take heed of ill treating a Man that has had any ill Succeſs, or miſcarried in an important Affair. Say nothing harſh to him in thoſe dolorous Moments: The leaſt diſobliging Word would open all his Wounds afreſh. A Man grows more ſenſible and tender, in proportion to his growing Miſerable. When all things ſmile upon us, and we have no cauſe of Diſcontent, we are leſs vulnerable by Affronts and diſreſpectful Behaviour; the Joy of our good Fortune agreeably taking up our Thoughts, and preventing the ill effect. But when we are unfortunate, and have our Minds full of the Idea of ſome freſh Diſaſter, Reproaches are intolerably grating; they fire our Blood, and whet our Indignation againſt thoſe that obſerve

obſerve no Meaſures, at a time we have occaſion to be ſoftly handled.

Before you vex your ſelf, *Noeſius*, at a ſuppos'd Affront, examine well the Diſpoſition of the Perſon you complain of. A random Word, let fly without aim or deſign, puts you in a Fury, and you conſider not whether it proceeded from *prepenſe Malice* and cool Blood. The Man you flame ſo violently againſt, had no intention to diſturb you, and yet you are become his implacable Enemy. You ſeek all means to ruin him; you bring all the World upon his back; Stratagems, Slanders, Calumnies, all Engines are play'd in the reeking of your Revenge. His Submiſſion, Proteſtations, all he can offer can't pacify your Rage; and one would think, from your Cruelty and Inhumanity, you had always liv'd among *Salvages*, and had nothing of a Man in you but the Form. You have no regard to the Remonſtrances or Character of thoſe that would reconcile you. You think, perhaps, this Outrage is a ſign of your Conſtancy and Courage; but let me tell you, it makes the World conſider you as a Churl.

Is it to give themſelves Airs of diſtinction, that ſome People make it their buſineſs to find

find fault with every thing? There's no Beauty ſo perfect, nor Work ſo compleat, as to eſcape Criticks. They fancy, perhaps, by this rigorous Cenſure, to paſs for Perſons of an exquiſite Taſt and profound Penetration; whilſt this Squeamiſhneſs makes them deſpicable to worthy Men, who look upon them as Invidious, Dainty, or prepoſſeſs'd with their own Merit. We queſtion not, *Meridor*, but you have a great deal of Wit; but if you would ſometimes have the *Complaiſance* to approve what deſerves your approbation, you would be more eſteem'd, and not expoſe yourſelf, as you do ſo often, to ſevere Curſes and invectives. *Meliſſa* thought herſelf an accompliſh'd Beauty, yet you give out every where ſhe has too large a Noſe, and one Eye not ſo big as the other. Theſe little Irregularities were paſs'd over; but you talk of them as a conſiderable Deformity, for which ſhe'll never forgive you.

You have, by your critical Niceties, diſpoſſeſs'd *Morin* of his uſurp'd Reputation of a Wit: You have never the *Complaiſance* to give him the leaſt Reſpect for all the Poetry he ſo emphatically recites to you; but on the contrary, hear his Verſes with ſuch a chilneſs and indifference, as denotes your diſregard

diſregard for them. Do you think an enrag'd Poet, in ſo nice a matter, will handle you reſpectfully in return; and do you fancy you can ſhelter yourſelf from his ſatyrical Epigrams?

'Tis an over acted Delicacy to expreſs *Complaiſance*, to a ſort of booriſh and clowniſh People, who are too dull to be touch'd with any thing, and not to be mov'd either by Careſſes or Affronts. 'Tis not on the ſcore of Vertue, that they are ſo Stoical and Inſenſible; but rather from a ſtupid Indolence, that makes both Civilities and Injuries thrown away upon them.

That rigid Sincerity which gives no quarter, is ſufficiently baniſh'd Converſation: We tranſgreſs thro' an exceſs of *Complaiſance*, chooſing rather to contradict our Knowledge, than ſpeak ingenuous Truth. The cuſtom of Flattery ſeems a Trade; or to ſay better, a Tribute we give, to be repaid in the ſame Coin. 'Tis difficult to diſtinguiſh when Commendation is ſincere, and when *Ironical*. Our prejudice for our perſonal Merit, makes us think the Praiſes beſtow'd in pure *Complaiſance*, to be due to us. To be undeceiv'd, let us fancy ourſelves the Comedy that is acted. As we make ſport with others, on whom we laviſh our Incenſe in

pure Flattery and againſt our Conſcience, we ſneer aſide the Perſon we loudly extol and commend with an *Emphaſis*. By theſe counterband Praiſes, we mean to excite the Compliments made to us in pure Favour, and without Deſert. Is not this a pleaſant ſort of Game? Why are we ſo greedy after thoſe inſipid Flatteries, that only wheedle and decoy us? Think never the better of yourſelf for the Praiſes *Melito* beſtows on you: He does not believe a Word he ſays; all his little Politicks terminating in this view, to make himſelf commended in his turn; and he is totally daſh'd and diſappointed when you refuſe him the Incenſe he ſo meanly delights in. If you'd ſtop his Mouth, and avoid the Perſecution of his Compliments, you have no more to do, but to lay an *Embargo* on your Commendations.

Kindneſſes and Praiſes proceed almoſt upon the ſame Foot. Such as have the *Complaiſance* to grant our Requeſts, do it commonly with deſigns that have no other aim than their own Intereſt: They would, at leaſt, have every Body know it, and are only Beneficent out of Vanity. They have no ſincere deſire to do us good, to relieve a Friend in Neceſſity, or help him out of the

the Briars. They conſider another's Miſfortune as an opportunity of ſignalizing themſelves, and eſtabliſhing their Reputation: But he that is thus, as it were, ſacrifi'd to their Vanity, is but ſlightly affected with the good Offices are done him, and hardly thinks himſelf oblig'd to make Acknowledgments.

Generally ſpeaking, *Complaiſance* ſutes with all ſorts of People, in all Conditions and Circumſtances whatever. Mean time, there are ſome Subjects, where Severity ſhould take place of *Complaiſance.* A Woman, when attack'd and tempted to be ſeduc'd, ought to let go all points of Civility and Behaviour: *Complaiſance* on that occaſion would be ill-tim'd. If ſhe uſes Put-offs and Subterfuges, if ſhe gives way to the Propoſals made her, if ſhe parley's and capitulates, ſhe is loſt: At this juncture, Diſdain, Sharpneſs, and an affrontive Pride would be very becoming. Thoſe that pretend to expreſs Reſentment, but do it in a languiſhing and affected way, and with a fictitious Air, and a ſtudied Tone, embolden the Hopes and heighten the Preſumption of their Aggreſſors.

Of Genteel and Generous Behaviour.

THE moſt certain and infallible way to win the Eſteem and Affection of Men, is to delight in doing them good, and to obviate their Neceſſities, provided it be done with a good Grace, and in an engaging and generous manner. 'Tis not ſufficient to oblige People, but it muſt be done properly both in Time and Place. There's an Art in ſeaſoning Benefits, but the greateſt difficulty is to give; and as Intereſt is the great Spring that moves Mankind, the uſual way is, to keep them in ſuſpence, with hopes. That which is moſt to be fear'd, is the forgetting our Dignity, and deſcending to mean and unworthy Actions thro' certain views of Intereſt. That which now a-days goes for Greatneſs and Generoſity of Soul, is nothing but a Traffick of pure Intereſt: You'll find no Body care for, or reſpect you any farther than you are ſerviceable to them, or they have occaſion for your aſſiſtance. If you expect People ſhould ſerve you aſſiduouſly, you muſt convince

convince them you, on your part, are good for ſomething; and if you hope to receive good Offices at their Hands, you muſt give them to underſtand they run no riſque by obliging you.

When you have done for People all that Honour, Duty and Decency require, you muſt expect to be frequently repaid with Ingratitude. This is the Plan you are to propoſe. Thoſe very Men that flatter and careſs you while they have occaſion for you, will be weary of you when they have obtain'd their Ends: They never look you in the Face but with reluctance; and they fancy they read in your Countenance the Reproaches their Ingratitudes deſerves.

'Tis a thread-bare Cuſtom to load People with barren Compliments, or offers of Service, and pretend a Zeal and Earneſtneſs when there's no occaſion for their aſſiſtance, and the buſineſs is at an end. You affect Ignorance of the Matter, when the Danger is eminent and preſſing; and you ſay nothing, nor make any advance, for fear you ſhould be taken at your Word: But when you are certain of the Succeſs, and run no hazard, you ſhew a wonderful officiouſneſs, which you have little thanks for.

'Tis impoſſible to be always able to do effectual Services to our Friends, tho' we are never ſo much inclin'd; becauſe we are not always in Circumſtances to aſſiſt them with real Courteſies; but there's no obſtacle againſt teſtifying our Friendſhip, compaſſionating their Misfortunes, and making them ſenſible of our concern for them. If you can't draw them out of the Mire, help them, at leaſt, with your Advice, and let the Heart ſupply what's remaining to do them good. Try to lenify the anguiſh of their Misfortunes, by the ſmootheſt touches of an obliging Hand: 'Tis an addition to their Miſeries, to ſignify any indifference for them.

If you'll do nothing for a Man you're much oblig'd to, you ought, however, not to declare againſt him when he's no longer your Friend: Tho' the Correſpondence be broken, you ſhould always have reſpect for the Friendſhip, which difference of Time and Circumſtance has extinguiſh'd. This is a *Maxim* tranſgreſs'd by many, who fall foul on their Friends upon a Rupture, and ſeem willing to juſtify their diſguſt or change by their ill Treatment, and thoſe everlaſting Complaints they make of the bad Offices they have done them. 'Tis, farther, a great

Baſeneſs

Baſeneſs to abuſe their Confidence, and publiſh their Secrets of Importance, to give them uneaſineſs and mortification.

Where are thoſe People to be found that oblige you out of pure Generoſity, and have only your Intereſt in view, without imputing to themſelves the Services they do you? 'Tis not ſufficient for their Vanity to enjoy the Pleaſure of a good Action, and to have extricated their Friend from his Confuſion; they are not ſatisfied, unleſs all the World be privy to it. They make Proclamation of it in all Places, in Houſes, in Churches, in the *Ruelles* and publick Places.

Yes, *Gerontes*, I know very well you oblig'd me highly; but 'tis not enough that I am affected with it, and have all the Gratitude you can deſire. Why muſt you every where divulge the Kindneſſes you've done me? Your Vanity makes known the ill poſture and diſorder of my Affairs; and you do me, by your Indiſcretion, a greater Injury than all your good Offices can make amends for.

Moſt of thoſe that pretend to Liberality and Magnificence, have at bottom a ſecret and delicate Intereſt; tho' they would fain be thought Generous, and in every thing

give Marks of a diſintereſted Soul. Don't be deceiv'd with this Appearance; their Preſents are a kind of Bait to hook in thoſe that are more conſiderable. They think they have hereby a right to importune you every moment, and to demand Eſſential things for Trifles. They have always their views in giving, and never open their hand, but where they expect to have it fill'd. People of this Character, whatever Face they ſet upon it, and however generous they ſeem, are covetous and ſelf-intereſted at the bottom.

You are not to expect from the generality of Men an unblemiſh'd Vertue, and pure and diſintereſted Services: Nor is it more to be hop'd to keep up with them a long Acquaintance, without having frequent Cauſes of Complaint, and juſt Accuſations againſt them: Their particular Actions ſometimes contradict the general Principles they act by. This Inequality is the reſult of an Infirmity in the Heart of Man, and a vicious *Appendix* of Humanity; but provided Vertue is the prevailing Principle, we ought not to deſpiſe the Man for forgetting himſelf on ſome Occaſions, and conſequently 'tis a piece of great Injuſtice to ceaſe to eſteem him, becauſe he relaxes never ſo

littl e

little in his Kindneſs for us, or fails in a trifle.

We ſometimes offend People, by doing them great Services, becauſe we do them with an ill Grace, and a ſtern and imperious Air, which makes them too ſenſible of their Neceſſity and Dependance. It looks as if we took Pleaſure and Delight, in brow-beating ſuch as expect aſſiſtance from us. What Trouble would it be to us to let them ſee, in a ſmooth and obliging Countenance, that 'tis a ſatisfaction to us to grant what they deſire? Why ſhould we loſe the merit of a good Action, by a haughty and diſcouraging manner of doing it? *Gerion* hardly ever refuſes the good Offices are ask'd of him; nay ſerves People with zeal and warmth enough; yet in reality he ſells at a dear rate the Services he does. He humbles them with terrible Rebuffs, and ſuch haughty Inſults, as are very ungrateful to thoſe that want his Intereſt. He makes them bite long upon the Bridle, before he ſtoops to their Intrigues. But at length, after all theſe Formalities, if you are not diſcountenanc'd by his Whims, he embarks might and main in your Intereſt, and ſpares neithe Pains nor Charge, to expedite the Buſineſs you have recommended to him.

'Tis

'Tis a common Complaint, that we are not ſerv'd with ſufficient Alacrity and Vigour; ſelf-love magnifies the *Idea* of our Neceſſities, and leſſens that of the Aſſiſtance which is given us; whereas we ought to be thankful for Services done us, without complaining of thoſe that are not done: And we are by no means to perſuade ourſelves that People are oblig'd to have more ardour than they expreſs for our Intereſts.

Is it to be thought a Man of Buſineſs and Importance, that *Gerion* tells you he is ſo overwhelm'd with Affairs, that he has not time to live and breath? He actually believes what he tells you; and yet he ſpends all his Days in ranking and poſturing his Books which he never reads, and cleanſing the Duſt from his Furniture: Propoſe a Pleaſure-match, and he looks on you with a deriding Smile, expreſſing great pity for thoſe that waſt their time on Trifles. *Gerion* is exactly the Original of the Picture the Poet gives us,

Tho' without Buſineſs, yet in full Employ.

The Unfortunate are not to look for Generoſity from their Friends. Ill Fortune is a ſort

ſort of Contagion that keeps all at a diſtance. 'Tis in vain to preſs them, and make advances to draw them into your Intereſts; they have fix'd their Reſolutions, and all your Submiſſions will not prevail with them to break them. Inſtead of re-kindling their Zeal, you redouble their Animoſities by your eagerneſs, which they conſider as a troubleſom Importunity. No Body in *London* had more Friends than *Sylverius*. They thought it an honour to be of his Acquaintance; they viſited him aſſiduouſly, and with pleaſure. 'Tis true, he has a great deal of Wit, and all the Charms can be deſir'd in a worthy Man; yet upon a kind of Diſgrace that has happen'd to him, all theſe officious Friends of his have ſcandalouſly abandon'd him, and hardly ſeem to know either his Perſon or Name: 'Tis much if they reſtrain themſelves from ill Offices and abuſive Treatment. In all this Crowd of diſguis'd Friendſhip, one only ſtuck by him, who is, however, equal to all the reſt, for the Zeal he expreſſes, and ſubſtantial Services he does, with a Conſtancy hardly to be parallel'd in ſo politick and corrupt an Age as this is.

What a noble and elevated Soul muſt a Man have, not to deſert his Friends when Fortune

Fortune has forſaken them? The Friendſhip and Averſion of moſt Men, is meaſur'd by no other Rule than that of Intereſt. This is the firſt Spring that puts all their Wheels in motion, and attracts their goodliking or contempt. If they find you capable of ſerving them, they'll carry their Complaiſance and Reſpect even to adulation; but if they conſider you as an unuſeful Perſon, you muſt think it well if you come off with rudeneſs, and without ill turns.

'Tis difficult to avoid Envy in competition for the ſame Employs. Men naturally love themſelves better than their Neighbours; therefore they feel a ſecret Indignation, if they ſee an Office or an Eſtate fall into another's Hands, which they would gladly have themſelves. This is a natural Notion; but to envy others Preferments, not within our Sphere, is ſuch an odd buſineſs, as one would think there was no Example of. To do this, is as ridiculous as it was in that Colonel, who envy'd one of his Friends the great Biſhoprick the King had given him; or in that Abbot, who fell into the Spleen, becauſe a Perſon of his Acquaintance, was made Lieutenant-General in the Army.

We

We judge of others Merit, rather by their Affections than Underſtanding, having different Notions of it, upon doing us a Diſcourteſy, from what we had upon their doing us a Kindneſs: In the mean time, this Circumſtance does not alter their perſonal Qualities. We diſcover Senſe and Judgment in them, when they are ſtudious to obſerve our Excellencies, and obliging to excuſe our Imperfections, and ſet them in ſuch a light as removes them out of ſight.

We ſeldom do Juſtice to our ſelves, and rarely to other Men. The extream fondneſs we have for our own Perſons, makes us impute all things to ourſelves. If the Queſtion be about a Reconciliation, our ſelf eſteem magnifies the Injury, and leſſens the Deſert of the Satisfactions that are offer'd. We are even vex'd to find the Excuſes good, and taſt a ſecret Pleaſure in hearing the Perſons we don't love, abus'd: Their Elevation gives us painful Reflexions, when we ſee them rais'd above us by their perſonal Merit, or Fortune.

'Tis a high flight of Generoſity, in a Man, to venture to commend the extraordinary Talents of another, when he believes himſelf to excel in them. 'Tis rare to hear a *Poet* praiſe fine Verſes he was not the Author

thor of. A handſom Woman mentions another's Beauty either with Reſerve or Envy, never ſetting it off with due Expreſſions, to heighten the Idea of it. Soldiers commonly have more Juſtice for each other; for they will take delight in recounting one another's noble Actions whereof they were only Spectators.

A Man of any admirable Accompliſhment, or excelling Quality, ought not to expreſs a greedineſs of Applauſe, nor a contempt for the Fools that don't do him Juſtice. 'Tis a wretched Puniſhment to ſhew one's Abilities before ſenſeleſs ſtupid People, that judge prepoſterouſly, that perceive not the Beauty of a Piece, nor diſtinguiſh the flat and indifferent Part from the excellent and ſublime. But 'tis not, however, the Author's buſineſs, to expoſe the ill Judgments they make on his Performance.

If a Man could prevail ſo far with himſelf, as not to ridicule People for their ill Succeſſes, it would be a very eſtimable Vertue; but this is rarely to be met with, the World is ſo very cenſorious and ill-natur'd. I could heartily wiſh People had a little more of the Reſerve of that brave Man, who upon reading an obſcure Book, not without

without its Beauties, ſaid, *What he underſtood in it, he thought admirably fine, and doubted not but what he did not underſtand, was of the like goodneſs.* How amiable and generous was ſuch a Carriage, and how ſweet would the Commerce of humane Life be, if all Men form'd their Conduct upon this Model!

A Man may conquer his Animoſity that is founded on a real Cauſe: He may forgive thro' Generoſity and Greatneſs of Soul. if he poſitively knows upon what his Complaints are grounded: But when the Quarrel has no foundation, 'tis more durable, becauſe Reaſon knows not how to correct what it can't comprehend. Perhaps 'tis on this ſcore we find it harder to appeaſe the Squabbles of Women, whoſe Quarrels have commonly the moſt trivial and chimerical Occaſions: Their Pride or Conceitedneſs will not ſuffer them to own they are in fault; ſo they perſiſt obſtinately in their Notions, which makes their Hatred ſo laſting; and if their flattering or intereſted Friends perſuade them never ſo little that their Reſentments are juſt, 'tis odds but they are never cur'd of them.

'Tis not always the beſt Method to wed People to our Intereſt, by loading them with

with Benefits. They are aſſiduous and zealous ſo long as they are in hopes, but ſo ſoon as ever they have obtain'd their deſires, their ardour cools. Promiſes put the Wheels in motion, but Preſents are a clog to them; whereas the courſe ſhould be juſt contrary; Gratitude ſhould redouble our Fervour, and give an Additional Zeal to our Benefactors, who were ſo generous and obliging, as to declare for us in ſuch Inſtances as wanted their Aſſiſtance.

Great Benefactions are ſometimes inſtrumental to Ingratitude, and diſengage the Client from his Patron, inſtead of retaining him in his Intereſt. Theſe ſort of People are only ungrateful, becauſe they have been overmuch oblig'd, and they are willing, at any rate, to caſt off ſo troubleſom a Burden. *Bonnefoy* ingenuouſly confeſſes, the ſight of *Martel* makes him tremble; and yet it was he that put him into a conſiderable Poſt, in which he has got a great Eſtate, and maintain'd him againſt the Faction of Court-Favourites, who deſign'd to diſgrace and reduce him to his primitive Condition.

A Man takes great delight in obliging Perſons of Honour and Gratitude; but it requires a vaſtly great and generous Soul, to

to do good to People of known Ingratitude, andwhich one already has had the proof of. Acknowledgement is a kind of Tribute due to the good Offices we receive, provided they come not from an Enemy: For ſuch Favours, inſtead of affecting us, ought ever to be ſuſpected.

Ill-natur'd People are never won by Benefits; reſembling certain wild Beaſts, which we endeavour to tame by careſſing them; whoſe Paws are nevertheleſs always to be dreaded, and who ſometimes tear thoſe that feed them. Whatever a generous and zealous Friend was capable of undertaking for a Perſon dear to him, *Lyſander* has done for *Maricour*. He lent him great Sums of Money, to reſcue him from the Tyranny of his Creditors. He gave him the opportunity of ſhewing himſelf, and purchaſing a fine Poſt, of conſiderable Income, which furniſhes him with Eaſe and Plenty. *Maricour* notwithſtanding has betray'd this Benefactor of his, by baſely cheating him of the Money he borrow'd, and unjuſtly accuſing him of an Affair that has irreparably wounded his Reputation.

Good Fortune is the frequent occaſion of Ingratitude. A Man pretends not to know People that have ſeen him in unhappy Cir-

cumſtances, or help'd him out of them. He even ſometimes hates the very Perſons that have done him important Services, keeping them at a diſtance, to be rid of the obligation of an Acknowledgment. An infallible Argument of *Olympia*'s wondrous Merit, is, that in her great Exaltation, ſhe protects thoſe that viſited her in a leſs happy State, and ſhew'd their Friendſhip at a time, when her Riches were unequal to her admirable Qualities.

We eaſily forget paſt Services, and ſeldom conſtrain ourſelves to make our court to thoſe that are no longer capable of doing us any. 'Tis Hope alone that keeps us in Heart, and devotes us to thoſe, whoſe Credit or Fortune may be of any uſe to us.

Ingratitude is ſo baſe and ſcandalous a Vice, that to puniſh it, we need only abandon the Ungrateful to their own Malignity, without troubling ourſelves about any other Revenge. With whatever Colours we palliate Ingratitude, whatever Daubings we uſe to blot out ſo infamous a Stain, 'tis impoſſible to juſtify it to rational People. *We have been oblig'd, and we ought to be grateful*, is a Rule without exception.

The

The Reaſon of the World's abounding with Ingratitude, is the Giving with an ill Grace. Nothing captivates the Heart ſo much, as a Preſent obligingly made; and on the contrary, nothing is ſo diſguſtful, as a Favour granted in a ſnarling way. No wonder then, we ſometimes diſoblige People by gratifying their Deſires.

'Tis ridiculous to inſult a Man with a Benefit, or mention it too often; and 'tis a wretched Perſecution to be told continually of the Services we have done us. Theſe Repetitions turn one's Stomach, and provoke our Averſion to the Authors of ſuch Diſcourſes, which are look'd upon as Abuſes and Reproaches.

Every Body is full of Complaints againſt the ungrateful, and Ingratitude; but few apply themſelves to the cure of ſo odious a Vice. 'Tis eaſy to forget the obligation of a Benefit; the hopes of receiving new Favours, diſpoſes to Ingratitude, when thoſe Hopes are fruſtrated. We have the fineſt Thoughts imaginable on the receit of a Bounty; but at laſt our natural Biaſs prevails, and we feel a ſtrange fund of Indifference for our Benefactors, nay, are ungrateful in our Returns for important Services. The leaſt Fault they are guilty of, in rela-

tion to us, turns the Scale, and bears it down to Ingratitude.

One of the moſt common as well as moſt fatal Effects of Ingratitude, is the exciting the Hatred and Indignation of our Patrons; their miſtaken Choice diſturbs and enrages them; and they omit nothing to revenge themſelves on the Perſons that have abus'd their Kindneſſes.

Men who are naturally ſelf-intereſted, proportion their Gratitude to the Services they expect; but there's no greater demonſtration of what little ſtreſs there is to be laid on their Affection, than the Indifference they expreſs for thoſe they formerly ador'd, when they ceaſe to be Uſeful, and Fortune, good or bad, has chang'd the Situation of the Affairs.

We ought not to carry our Reflexions home to ourſelves, in the things our Friends deſire of us. We ſhould endeavour to pleaſe and ſerve them to their minds, without even thinking of their Acknowledgments: A rational Soul is well-enough paid, by the Pleaſure it receives in obliging a belov'd Perſon, who is well deſerving of our Zeal.

Our Flatteries or Contempt never keep a mean, with reſpect to Men in Place. Whilſt

Whilſt they are upheld by Fortune, we proſtitute our Praiſes, and carry our Devotions even to Adoration; but no ſooner do they begin to decline and become verging towards Diſgrace, but all the World abandons them, rends their Reputation without mercy, and fails not to impute the cauſe of their Miſery to their ill Conduct.

Frequent Inſtances hereof are to be met with in the Courts of Princes. 'Tis certain this is a ſort of inchanted Ground, where a Man is not ſecure of maintaining his Poſt, with never ſo great Talents, vaſt Merit, or eſſential Services. The Luſtre of great Vertues dazles the jealous Eyes of ambitious People, who can't bear being Out-ſhin'd, nor pardon an importunate Deſert. This puts them upon playing all ſorts of Engines, and recurring to the moſt ſordid and infamous Means, to worm them out of their Places, that they themſelves may skrew into them.

'Tis a rare thing to ſee People ſo diſintereſted, as not to warp with the bent of their Inclination, when occaſion ſhall offer. Their Vertue is not ſo perfect as to be proof againſt the temptation of Gain, tho' not to be come at, but by ſuſpected Means, and Ways indirect. If, in play, they can uſe

Legerdemain, they neglect not the advantage. In dealings we may have with them, they commonly uſe Artifice and Tricking to ſecure their own Stakes, without troubling themſelves how others ſhall get off.

Have no Converſation with People delighting in Satyr and Raillery: Neither expect any Kindneſſes from them after many Years Friendſhip, whatever occaſions you may have for their Aſſiſtance. If you make any falſe Steps, they'll be ſure to laugh at you the firſt, and turn you into Ridicule. Theſe People reſemble ſome ſorts of wild Beaſts, whom there's no poſſibility of taming; but they'll ſtill return to their ſalvage Natures, and claw their Keepers.

People often think they act upon generous and diſintereſted Motives; whilſt the ferment of ſome Paſſion intermingles, and deſtroys the Merit of a ſeeming vertuous Action. 'Tis not always from a true Zeal we exclaim againſt the Conduct of Perſons that furniſh us an handle for Reproach. 'Tis Envy that opens our Mouths againſt the Luxury of State-Miniſters; their lofty Houſes, rich Furniture, gilt Coaches, and magnificent Entertainments, or againſt the Credit and Power of Favourites. A Woman that cenſures another whoſe Conduct is attack'd,

tack'd, is ſeldom concern'd for her Reformation, but out of a more tickliſh Intereſt, or a ſecret jealouſy of her Beauty, endeavours to ruin her, as ſhe thinks, dangerous Rival.

Men alter their Politicks according to the different turn Peoples Affairs take to whom they are devoted. Generally ſpeaking, we may venture to ſay, that grateful People are Perſons of true Senſe, and worthy of the Favours they receive. It commonly happens, that Men leaſt deſerving Benefits, are the moſt Ungrateful, and think themſelves never ſufficiently requited. Becauſe *Frontin* has done *Lyſion* ſome Service, who has nevertheleſs got him a Place of a Thouſand Pounds a Year by his Intereſt, he complains he is hardly us'd, and really thinks his Pains but ill-recompens'd. 'Tis likely he would ſtill complain, if *Lyſion* ſhould quit his own Eſtate and Preferment to him.

Gratitude ſhould have ſomething free in it, and nothing forc'd or conſtrain'd. When a Man is only thankful out of a kind of Duty, and repays good Offices purely becauſe he has receiv'd them, he always diſcharges them with an aukward Grace. It requires a great ſtock of Generoſity and Honour to

be glad to ſee People we are extreamly oblig'd to. The Ungrateful are always under conſtraint in the Company of thoſe that have loaded them with Benefits.

People that have vaſt Notions of their own Merit, are commonly ungrateful, becauſe they think every thing their due, that they are above taking notice of any Body, and that the leaſt advances, on their part, are a competent diſcharge for the greateſt Services People have done them. They compare themſelves with the Perſons they are oblig'd to, and finding ſo great a diſproportion, they are not in the leaſt affected with the moſt eſſential Kindneſſes. *Lucilia* pretends, becauſe ſhe is handſom, that ſhe merits the nobleſt Sacrifices, and that the bare Pleaſure of ſeeing her, is ſufficient recompence for all that's done for her: This is her peculiar Frenzy. She ſcarce vouchſafes to thank thoſe Friends that have mov'd every Stone to ſerve her; and when ſhe does it, 'tis with ſo unconcern'd a Look and languiſhing a Tone, as makes it manifeſt ſhe has little or no Acknowledgment in her.

There's very little difference betwixt the Morals of Women of this Age, and thoſe of honeſt Heathens. They acknowledge no other Laws than thoſe of their Pleaſures,

and

and refer all things to this point. Being entirely taken up with the thoughts of pleaſing, they have no other care than to make their Days roul on pleaſantly, whilſt eſſential Duties make but a weak impreſſion on them. We ſometimes hear Women of this Character declare, they have no mind to be canoniz'd; and that when they are upon the Declenſion, they'll think of growing grave, like others, who politickly make that choice, when they have ſpent all their beſt Years in Mirth, Jollity and Pleaſure.

Conceited and preſumptive People are naturally Exceptious; there muſt be no omiſſion in the *Devoirs* that are paid them; the leaſt Irregularity offends them, and expunges the remembrance of all paſt Benefits. When you have done all that is poſſible to ſatisfy them, if you fail in the leaſt circumſtance, they reckon all the reſt as nothing, and think this little Negligence acquits them from all manner of Obligations.

Don't hope to have always Juſtice done you, but content yourſelf with the Glory and Reputation that are due to your good Actions. Don't be diſcourag'd, nor give way to your Indignation, tho' Men make but ill returns to your Obligations. Our

Duty

Duty is always to be done, without depending on the Acknowledgements of the World. What Glory has not *Paulinus* acquir'd by his heroical Proceedings on the behalf of *Francion*? He diſengag'd him from an unhappy Affair, by his Intereſt and his Money. The Wretch, inſtead of being touch'd with it, declar'd himſelf againſt *Paulinus*, and did all he could to provoke him. His Magottry or Deſtiny pluing'd him into freſh Confuſions, and he found himſelf neceſſitated to make new Applications to his abus'd Friend. But *Paulinus* forgetting his Ingratitude and ill Turns, attempted againſt him, ſerv'd him with the ſame Zeal and Vigour, as if he had been the gratefulleſt Perſon alive. How glorious was this Conduct! how ſublime this Vertue! but of how rare, and almoſt inimitable a Practice!

'Tis commonly a miſtaken piece of State, to refuſe the Preſents of our Friends: 'Tis ſometimes likewiſe the apprehenſion of being oblig'd to Acknowledgments and reciprocal Returns; or elſe the diſeſteem of the things they offer: In all caſes 'tis a bad acknowledgment of their kind Intentions. Theſe diſdainful and diſobliging Ways, juſtly exaſperate them, and infallibly cool the fervour of their Friendſhip.

Moſt

Moſt Men have a wondrous faculty at Inſinuation to gain their point; they load you with Civilities and Proteſtations of eternal Services; but when they have no farther hopes, they inſtantly forget both the Benefit and the Benefactor: Nay 'tis much if they forbear to do ill Offices to their Patrons, or at leaſt to complain of them.

'Tis an ill-contriv'd Generoſity to plunge one's ſelf into Debt, to appear Magnificent. All Exceſs is vicious and blameable, and we can't forbear cenſuring their Conduct, who impertinently ſquander away their Money, and labour to make a Figure at their Creditors Expence: But yet their ridiculous Dotage is more to be condemn'd, who abounding in Wealth, deny themſelves the Satisfaction of enjoying it, as if they were Farmers to their own Heirs. Avarice is the moſt miſerable of Paſſions, and we can have no other notion of the Covetous, than of People under a divine Malediction: They refuſe themſelves Neceſſaries, to leave others wherewithal to live in Splendor. One would think they conſider'd their Eſtates as if they did not belong to them, ſo fearful are they of uſing them. They daily make new Acquiſitions, and multiply their Bags of Gold and Silver, which to them are

but

but as a heap of Flints or Hob-nails, ſince they make no uſe of them. They ſuffer all the Inconveniences of Poverty, to have the whimſical Satisfaction of poſſeſſing immenſe Riches. What a Madneſs is this! Every Body knows that *Harpagon*, by marrying, had Two Thouſand Pounds a Year. He choſe a Wife out of the Lees of the People, whoſe Father had made his Fortune. 'Tis twenty Years ſince he marry'd, and has ſav'd almoſt all his Revenue ever ſince. Scarce has he Valets to ſerve him. He liv'd in a very convenient Houſe, which he has now ſold, to take another of leſs Rent, more ſtrait and incommodious. He loves the Country, where he had a pretty Eſtate, in a very pleaſant and healthy Situation. He has parted with it for ready Money, which he rouls in. *Harpagon* lives like another *Timon*, or filthy Cynick in his Tub, to have his Coffers ſtuffed with *Crown pieces* when he dies. Here's a fine Expedient!

If thoſe who can't prevail with themſelves to be genteel and generous, could at leaſt abſtain from ſcoundrel and ſordid Ways, and from living in Greaſe and Naſtineſs, we ſhould have ſome Indulgence for them, and pity them for the malignity of their Stars and Conſtitution.

'Tis

'Tis a Cuſtom much in Practice, to ridicule a Man that commits a Fault, and to augment his Confuſion by Reproaches: The moſt moderate affect malicious Smiles, that are as provoking, as keen Reflexions. All this proceeds from a ſecret Pride, becauſe we are glad to ſee others guilty of ſuch things as place them beneath us, and deſtroy their Reputation with the World.

Of Sincerity.

THE Knowledge of the Heart of Man is not attainable but by long Experience and much Reflexion. Men are ſo ingenious at diſguiſing themſelves, and ſo induſtrious at concealing their Thoughts, that it's impoſſible to penetrate into their true Intentions. They moſt commonly act by freak and caprice; what pleaſes them to Day, diſguſts them to Morrow; and a Man had need be very politick to find out what they like, and very pliant to comply with them. Moſt Men are unintelligible; they talk and act directly contrary to their meaning. You muſt always interpret their

Diſcourſe

Diſcourſe by the Rule of Contraries, ſince their Hearts and Mouths keep no intelligence betwixt them. They have neither good Faith nor Sincerity, are always mask'd, and have nothing natural. Such People are the bane of civil Society, againſt whom you muſt always be on your guard, if you would not be deceiv'd.

Looks and Grimaces contribute nothing towards ſolid Vertue. 'Tis not ſufficient to appear an honeſt Man, unleſs you effectually are ſo. But the way is to put on the Outſide and Livery of Vertue, without being concern'd for the Subſtance and Reality: Nay, what is very ſtrange, People commonly take more Pains to diſguiſe themſelves, and deceive the World, than it would coſt them to acquire thoſe fine Qualities that produce a ſubſtantial Merit.

'Tis a very common cuſtom to flatter the Perſons we reſpect, and applaud all they ſay and do; but *Sincerity* ſuffers by ſuch Practices, and is not conſiſtent with an endleſs Fawning and Adulation. We ſhould neither indulge our ſelves in cenſuring with too much freedom and preſumption; for if nothing be more pernicious than a rank or envenom'd Flattery, nothing is more peſtering and troubleſom than a blunt

Sincerity,

Sincerity, that ſays every thing without caution or regard.

According to the preſent ſtate and ſituation of our Morals, there is but ſmall hopes of reviving the *Sincerity* ſo cheriſh'd by our Anceſtors, which was, as it were, the very Soul of their Converſations. All now conſiſts in vain Compliments, Artifice and Tricking; to diſcover the real Sentiments of Men, you muſt give their Words the exact contrary Meaning. So perfect is their knack and cuſtom of Diſſembling, that they uſe diſguiſe even in the leaſt Trifles. Such *Maxims* are very repugnant to the Character of an honeſt Man.

'Tis great Folly, as well as Cowardice, to ſpeak againſt one's Conſcience to pleaſe thoſe People we mean to cultivate and draw into our Intereſts. A Man of Honour, ought never to counterfeit, deceive, or lye; neither ſhould he diveſt himſelf of his own Sentiments to put on borrow'd Notions, when they are unreaſonable. He ſhould not be obſtinately Stiff and Affrontive in indifferent things, where a little more Complaiſance would unite People to his Intereſts. How often have Men miſcarried in their Affairs by a miſ-tim'd *Sincerity*, which only ſerves to ſour and exaſperate Peoples Minds againſt

againſt them? The Politicians, who have no *ſummum Bonum* but their Intereſts, and prefer the *Utile* before the *Honeſtum*, ſay, there's no Security in the World without Hypocriſy, and that a Man muſt certainly be ruin'd that can't diſſemble. They are but ill Managers, ſay they, that ſtand upon a rigorous and inflexible *Sincerity*. We ought to careſs the People we hate and deſign to deſtroy; and expreſs Eſteem and Reſpect, where we have nothing but Contempt. If theſe Subterfuges and Diſguiſes are abſolutely neceſſary to make one's Fortune, the honeſt Man muſt bid farewel to it: And in this I can't but infinitely admire *Alcidor*'s Character. He's plac'd in a nice Poſt, where he has a thouſand People to cultivate, whom he depends upon; People crabbed and difficult, and, by the ſituation of their Fortunes, grown peeviſh and unpracticable. Mean time, he has not the Daſtardy ſervilely to flatter them, nor to applaud their frequent Injuſtices and Extortions. He tells them plainly what he thinks, and propoſes his Advice with ſo much Art, Inſinuation and Integrity, that they bear with him, and are forc'd to ſubmit in ſpight of the contrary *Maxims* ſuggeſted by their Profeſſion.

A Man

A Man of Honour ſhould make it a Law to himſelf, never to ſpeak what he does not think, and to avoid whatever is falſe and too concerted. If you would not deceive any body, why all theſe Subterfuges? Act and Speak naturally, and rack not your Brain to puzzel yourſelf as you do. Artifices, Diſguiſe and naughty Politicks, get you but little Credit, and are the ſigns of an ill Temper. If we baniſh *Sincerity*, we muſt renounce the World; for without it, civil Society is a kind of Kid-napping; we try all practices to abuſe, gull and ſurprize the People we converſe with. A Man flatters and careſſes you to your Face, whilſt his Thoughts are quite contrary to his Words. He tells you, in your Misfortunes, that he is concern'd for your Miſery, and that your Merit deſerv'd a better Deſtiny; but as ſoon as your back is turn'd, the ſame Perſon rails againſt you, and inſults you, ſaying, Fortune has done juſtice to your want of Merit, and that your irregular Conduct is the cauſe of all your bad Succeſſes. There's I know not what Cowardice and Baſeneſs in this Treatment; and a Man that has any notions of Honour, can't be guilty of this fraudulent dealing. What do you mean, *Moricet*, by your barren Embraces! You

load *Lyſidor* with Careſſes and Praiſes, and cry him up to the Stars, nay put him in paralel with the ſublimeſt Genius's: Yet as ſoon as you leave him, you tell me he is a Simpleton and an Enthuſiaſt, that fancies himſelf a Wit, but has not common Senſe. If you have not the power to undeceive him and open his Eyes, at leaſt don't feed his Folly, by applauding his Extravagances. You tell him, with an Air of Zeal, you are one of his Friends, and he believes you. You praiſe the publick Action he has done, and dull him aſleep by your praiſes, as by the Song of the *Syrens*. Your Flatteries poſſeſs him with a new degree of Preſumption, and give an additional Luſtre to his *Ridicule*, which he'll never be cur'd of.

A Man of Integrity with excellent Senſe, is commonly made the property of a crafty Knave of but indifferent Underſtanding; yet who has the Art to diſguiſe himſelf, and boggles at no Baſeneſs to come at his Ends. *Alcippus* is univerſally known to have a fine and nice Wit, with an exact Judgment; and has been truſted with Buſineſs of great importance, which he has manag'd with admirable Skill. In the mean time he has been trick'd by *Onufer*, who is but a Fool; yet has his Eye intent upon his Intereſt,

Intereſt, without any regard to the rules of Honour or Juſtice.

Wheedling and decoying are ſtains to civil Society, and the ſigns of a weak Soul. How wretched are you to careſs People you hate, and wiſh them a thouſand Miles off you. It would be leſs diſhonourable to let them underſtand your true Sentiments; for hereby they would know what to truſt to, and might precaution themſelves againſt your ill Deſigns. There's no Prudence can be proof againſt the Impoſtures of a Man that tells you, with a fallacious Air, you may depend upon him; that he will always be ready to ſacrifice himſelf for you; that his Fortune, Friends and Intereſt are all at your Service, if under this fine ſhew there lurks a ſerpentine and double Mind, and out of ſome ſecret Reſentment he is reſolv'd to ruin You. How is it poſſible to miſtruſt ſuch treacherous pretences? How is it poſſible to avoide the Snares of one, that employs the very Characters of Friendſhip to deceive you? That makes pretended Confidences to ſteal your Secret from you, and promiſes you all kinds of Aſſiſtance at the time he is ſeeking the means of your Deſtruction?

In our Promiſes to our Friends, we ought not to uſe Subterfuges, Equivocation, or mental Reſervation; for by failing in *Sincerity* and our Words, we looſe our Reputation. People generally promiſe haſtily whatever is deſir'd of them, without being ſure they have either power or inclination to perform it. This Levity expoſes them to the Contempt of thoſe they thus abuſe. When a Promiſe is made, it ought to be diſcharg'd as ſoon as may be, without making the Expectants languiſh. It's giving doubly, to give with a good grace. It looks as if we repented of our Obligation, when we are backward to accompliſh it. If you deſire *Polyglot* to aſſiſt you in a Matter of conſequence, he promiſes you without any heſitation; he likewiſe promiſes *Nicaiſe* and *Denys* in the ſame manner. You return to his Lodgings to enquire what advances he has made in your Buſineſs; he has not ſo much as thought of you; he'll amuſe you a long while; he'll regale you with Kiſſes and Embraces; but that's all the recompence you muſt have for the Journeys you make and the Attendance you pay to him. Why ſhould you, *Polyglot*, amuſe People with barren Complements, when you have neither the Deſire nor Capacity to do them real Services? There's

There's a vaſt difference between *Sincerity* and an itching deſire of Talking, that makes us open ourſelves to all ſorts of People in indiſcreet Confidences. *Sincerity* ſhould have nothing raſh or fooliſh in it: It does not oblige you to tell ſillily all you know, or to expoſe your inſide to inquiſitive Perſons, that endeavour to ſift you, and ſteal your Secrets. Maintain a reſolute Reſerve before People of this Character, who often abuſe the Secret you impart to them. Eſpecially take great care to avoid the Snares laid for you by certain Women that have Merit, and uſe a thouſand Artifices to make you diſcover: The Natural Weakneſs we are under with reſpect to that Sex, the ambition to pleaſe a Woman we love, or to obtain what we deſire, are all apt to expoſe us to the commiſſion of great Faults, and long repentances. The confiding in a Woman he lov'd, has coſt *Clarimon* his Liberty and Fortune; the deceitful Gipſy betray'd him, and divulg'd his Secrets that were injurious to Perſons of high Birth, who omitted nothing to be reveng'd on *Clarimon*'s ſatyrical Strokes and affrontive Deſcriptions. A Man muſt be under great Solicitude, that has intruſted Women with a very important Secret; as being neither

Miſtreſſes of their Hearts nor Tongues. To day they are your Friends, to morrow they'll rail bitterly at you; but yet, for all that, you can't withhold your Secrets from them; a Fault not incident to, nor pardonable in, a wiſe Man.

Sincerity is, perhaps, one of the ſhorteſt Cuts to arrive at the Eſteem of Men. 'Tis better honeſtly to confeſs one's Infirmities, than to uſe ſo many Subterfuges in concealing them from the publick, that knows well enough what it ought to believe. What advantage to the Women, pretendedly Vertuous, is that Artifice they employ to deceive the World? They have but little Thanks for all their Politicks. In publick they ſeem to be allarm'd and take fire at a Word ever ſo little free, but in private they are more familiar and tame, and aſſume great Liberties. *Norine* has long acted the Farce ſo artfully, as to paſs for a modeſt Woman, tho' ſhe was a Wanton in her Soul. By misfortune ſhe fell into the hands of a hare-brain'd Spark, who has betray'd her, and ſhewn her Letters to all that had the curioſity to read them. Never was ſeen ſo much *Coquettry*, and ſo corrupt a Heart, under ſo compos'd a Countenance. What is not a Woman capable of under the influence of a violent Paſſion?

I can't

I can't conceive the reaſon why Men ſhould love ſo much to diſguiſe themſelves: They ſeem ſtill to be upon the Stage; their Geſtures, Words, and Motions of their Eyes and Gate, are all conceited. Do they think to pleaſe, by departing thus from Nature? A Man naturally melancholy and heavy, would act the agreeable and merry Part, but that Mirth and Diverſion, which is the reſult of ſo much Labour, is very flat and inſipid. Another on the contrary, naturally volatile and mercurial, affects a ſtudied Gravity, that throws him off his Temper. They reaſon prepoſterouſly; they put on theſe borrow'd Airs to pleaſe, whereas they directly ſtifle all they may have pleaſing in them, which can have no effect any farther than it follows Nature, which muſt never be forc'd. All that is extravagant is diſguſtful to People of good Taſt.

Sincerity ſometimes paſſes for Ruſticity and Rudeneſs. We ſee People of a fine and delicate Judgment, and a juſt Penetration, who notwithſtanding all their Knowledge are the Cullies of Fools who have no *Sincerity*, and who apply all the little Wit they have to deceive thoſe they converſe with, who yet have no ſuſpicion of their Shams.

We find People of a particular Country, that have all the difficulty in the world to ſpeak their Thoughts; they have ſtill ſome ambiguity and reſerve in their Diſcourſe, and give you the moſt frivolous Trifles under the ſeal of Secrecy. There are a thouſand things we ought to truſt to the Diſcretion of the People we converſe with, and ought not to be made Myſteries; and it would be ridiculous to be ſhy of them to our Friends. From this Rule muſt be excepted the Secrets that may be prejudicial to a third Perſon, for thoſe are not to be mention'd to our Friends, and they can't take it ill, if they come to underſtand they have not been truſted with them.

Whatever Merit a Man has, or Aſcendent he ſuppoſes himſelf to have over others, he ought to ſubmit to Reaſon, hearken to Perſons of good Senſe, to profit by their Advice, and recover from his Errors. He ought likewiſe to have the Uprightneſs and *Sincerity* to lay open the ſtate of his Affairs without diſguiſe and ſubterfuge. How can you expect they ſhould ſpeak juſtly to an Affair, when you hide from them the main End and deciſive Point? The Advices they give you can only beat the Buſh, and never tend to the Head of the Buſineſs you conſult about.

There

There are People that place all their *Politeneſs* in paying Civilities to all-Comers, without diſtinction of Quality or Merit. They lure them on with frivolous Compliments and indefinite offers of Service, and for ſome time impoſe on them by theſe Appearances. They are applied to as long as there is any hopes of Service; but they are deſpis'd at laſt, when the vanity of their Promiſes appears by their frequent Diſappointments. Is it not better ingenuouſly to confeſs to our Solicitors, that what they deſire is beyond our power, and that we are ſorry we are incapable of granting their Requeſts? This plain-dealing is a mortification to vain People, who are affraid of degrading themſelves from the great Opinion the World has of their Intereſt; but it's much worſe when 'tis found, by Experience, how ſhort and limited is the Tedder.

We are under no Obligation to love all ſorts of People; that being a matter which requires both Choice and Judgment. But it's a baſe way of dealing, to load People we don't love, with barren Caraſſes, and to amuſe them with demonſtrations of a falſe and deluſory Friendſhip. They depend upon your Word, they rely on the Aſſiſtance you

you have promis'd; but you'll fail them in their Neceſſity, and they, at laſt, diſcover the impoſture of your Pretenſions.

The reaſon why there are ſo few ſincere People in the World is, that all Men love to be flatter'd; and Complaiſance is a certain means to gain their Friendſhip. 'Tis almoſt an infallible way to win them, to ſeem to applaud them, approve their Methods and Management, and to praiſe them pertinently and in ſeaſon. The moſt ſevere are touch'd with a well-manag'd Commendation; and they receive pure Flattery as a lawful Tribute, becauſe they don't know themſelves, but are miſguided by the prejudices of an imaginary Merit.

Perſons of great Worth, are often expos'd to the Slanders and Abuſes of thoſe that envy them, who calumniate them, as much as poſſible, to ruin them. The indifferent Auditors approve by their Looks and Geſture the diſhonourable things they ſay; which is a cowardly and miſ-plac'd Complaiſance. A Man ſhould have ſo much *Sincerity* and Generoſity, as to declare on the ſide of an honeſt Man, wrongfully attack'd, and deſerted by every body; and 'tis a ſhameful piece of Cowardice to decry People out of Complaiſance, and only make court

court to Fools in place, who declare againſt them.

There's nothing more dangerous in the Commerce of the World, than a Friend who talks *unſincerely*. We naturally miſtruſt an Enemy, and guard ourſelves againſt his Stratagems and ill Deſigns. But we don't ſuſpect one we fancy in our Intereſts; we govern ourſelves by his Advice, and conſequently are expos'd to falſe Meaſures in our Conduct, if he be ſo treacherous as to betray us.

'Tis a rare thing to have People correct their Faults: The Reaſon, if I miſtake not, is, they don't conſider them as ſuch, and ſo are leſs affected with them, therefore are not at the Pains of ſeeking Remedies. But it's much worſe when they applaud and boaſt of certain things they ought to bluſh for. A Man practis'd in fraudulent Devices, and aiming to accompliſh his Deſigns by ambiguous Means, does not think himſelf a Knave; but conceives his Cunning to be a lawful Induſtry. A gallanting Woman flatters herſelf 'tis allowable to make uſe of her Advantages, and diſplay her Charms for Conqueſts, either to make her Fortune, or ſucceed in her intriguing Projects. People under this Diſpoſition, are far from correcting their

their Faults in which they take a ſort of Pleaſure and Delight.

Women upon the declenſion, endeavour by all kinds of Arts to repair and make up the decays of Age, nay fancy the Grimaces of a ſcrupulous Modeſty will make amends for the loſs of Merit and Beauty. Others, who will not yet quit the poſt of Handſomneſs, entrench themſelves within Dreſs, Finery, and the Luſtre of their falſe Complexion, which they ſtill buy of the honeſt Maker, to replaſter, as well as may be, the Cracks and Flaws in their Beauty. The Men are not extreamly oblig'd to them for all theſe pains they take for them. For what can be more diſguſtful and loathſom, than an old Woman daub'd and plaſter'd, and who has fill'd up the Wrinkles of her Forehead with *Pomatum* and *Ceruſe*? Who could forbear laughing to ſee old *Emilia*'s glaring Cheeks? Her Face reſembles a Death's-head, painted white and red; and yet ſhe thinks of pleaſing, and will ſtill ſee the World, on which ſhe doats now more than ever. How much to be pitied is this Dotage in an Age ſo decrepit as *Emilia*'s?

I think a Woman much to be pitied, who has not the power to become ſtaid and regular, after ſhe has play'd a younger Part; when

when the Fire of her Eyes no longer ſparkles, when her Charms are worn out, in fine, when ſhe is forſaken of the World, ſhe ought to quit it out of Policy. 'Tis a ſhame for her, and a Triumph to the young, to expoſe in all Companies the ruins of a ſhatter'd Beauty. Let it be Choice or Neceſſity, it becomes a Woman to put on Sobriety when ſhe's no longer Palatable. 'Tis a wretched Character that of an antiquated *Coquet*, whoſe Paſſions are ſtill as ſprightly and vigorous as ever, tho' in a worn and decrepit Body.

Impoſtures are uſually as fatal to Cheats, as to thoſe that are cheated by them. All the Gain that commonly reſults from a piece of Knavery, is the ſhame and guilt of having acted a Part wholly unworthy the Character of an honeſt Man.

Of all Deceivers, there are none we can leſs ward againſt, than Impoſtors and Cheats in matters of Religion; becauſe the Mind being prejudic'd, conſults not Reaſon, nor even gives itſelf time to practice any. People ſhut their Eyes ſo, as not to perceive their manifeſt Diſorders, and excuſe their Violences and moſt unreſaonable Extravagances. 'Tis a religious and good Man, ſay they, that will be far from doing any thing

thing againſt his Conſcience. They dive not to the bottom of this Myſtery of Iniquity, and ſo the Man is abſolutely juſtified. If he happens to be engag'd in any troubleſom Affair, then the whole Faction flies to his Reſcue: 'Tis an Affair (ſay they without more ado) that God is concern'd in. 'Tis doing him Service to engage in it, and all good People are oblig'd to take his part; and what is ſtrange, Perſons of this Character won't ſtick to decry all their Opponents with envenom'd Calumny and Slander.

A Man that puts on the Vizor of Religion, takes all Meaſures to perſuade the World of his Devotion, affecting all the diſtinguiſhing Characters, the Ways, the Language, and Miens of Reformation; tho' at the bottom he wants the Eſſentials, and has his Paſſions as reſtleſs and violent as any others can have. He has no other aim in his pretended fondneſs for Vertue, than to eſtabliſh his Reputation, and obtain his Ends. He would find no reliſh in practiſing good Works, if he had not the Art to make the moſt of them. In a corner of a *Popiſh* Houſe you find an *Oratory*, with a Magazine of Reliques: But in the reſt of the Appartments you meet with all the marks

marks of Heathen Vanity, ſumptuous Furniture, and Pictures, not very apt to inſpire Devotion. The Conduct of theſe People is one perpetual Forgery, and there's no *Sincerity* in their Profeſſion. But this Trade is very unprofitable; in vain they diſguiſe themſelves; they let ſlip now and then ſome Marks to know them by; a piece of Knavery nicely palliated, but diſcover'd in the end; an Affair they have ſhuffled in, or an eſſential Injury done their Neighbour; all this opens a Proſpect to the bottom of their Hearts, and manifeſts their Unſincerity. 'Tis much the ſame as with Miſers, who would ſometimes counterfeit the magnificent Perſon, to waſh off the Stains of their Avarice. In the things they do for their Juſtification, they always leave ſome Strokes of their Character, which undeceive us. The religious Hypocrites always flatter themſelves, that they act their Parts ſo well, and ſo impoſe on the World, that no body can perceive their Sleight of Hand. And as they have the Art of ſtreightning or looſning the Ties of Conſcience, they form to themſelves Principles ſutable to their Paſſions, and want no pretences to excuſe the groſſeſt and blackeſt Crimes. All the Scandal they raiſe to ruin thoſe they don't love, is

Charity,

Charity, they ſay, in diſcrediting Vice and perſecuting vicious People. If any one that is not their Friend, or in their Faction, has any eminent Quality that gives them umbrage, immediately their pretended Zeal for the Glory of God ſuggeſts to them the breaking his Meaſures, and oppoſing him in all he ſays or does; for they have no inclination that any good ſhould be done unleſs they or their Friends have all the Glory of it. Hence proceed thoſe devout Factions, and offenſive and defenſive Leagues to raiſe or ſink the Reputation of whom they pleaſe, whilſt no Body dares complain of them; ſince all thoſe fine Politicks and Subterfuges they uſe to diſguiſe bad Intentions, skreen them from all Cenſure.

Without *Sincerity*, we find no Pleaſure or Security in Converſation. We ought not to uſe double-dealings with our Friends, if we would long preſerve them. Confidence is the Cement and Charm of Friendſhip; and we have no reſerve for a Friend we believe to have *Sincerity* and Diſcretion. We diſcover to him without ſcruple, our Deſigns and Infirmities, and hide nothing from his privacy, becauſe we depend on his Prudence and Fidelity: But we ought to be more retentive with indifferent Perſons; for

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'tis acting againſt good Senſe and our own Intereſts, to go and give a Hiſtory of all our Affairs to People we hardly know, and who are aſtoniſh'd at our Familiarity grown up in a Moment. 'Tis the weak ſide of vain People who are wonderful fond of publiſhing and producing themſelves; but they are very tireſom and fatiguing in imparting their myſterious Trifles.

Men at preſent, make no pretenſions to *Sincerity*, nor trouble their heads about the want of it; and indeed are too careleſs in that particular: Inſtead of Honeſty and *Sincerity*, we find nothing but Artifice, Diſguiſes, and oftentimes Treachery in the Commerce of the World. We are amaz'd to find ourſelves betray'd by People we entirely truſted, who declare againſt us on all occaſions wherein we have moſt need of their aſſiſtance. Theſe are Blows we never recover, for they leave mortal Wounds in our Souls. We ſeldom pardon this want of Fidelity, whatever pretenſions we may make. The Heart always retains a ſecret Bitterneſs; and if we ever make a falſe Step of this nature, we muſt no longer reckon on the Benevolence of our Friends.

Thoſe who ſeem ſo much afflicted with the loſs of their Relations, have commonly

inward Sentiments very oppoſite to their outward Appearances. A good Wit among the Antients has very well deſcrib'd people of this Character. *He* (ſays that Perſon) *who was reſolv'd to expire upon the Tomb of his Wife, appears in a Banquetting-Hall: He plucks off his Hair, and crowns himſelf with Flowers: He makes a ſhew of abhorring Life; and now he is ſeen to comb and adorn himſelf, nay ſmile upon all the World with the ſame Eyes that appear'd before drown'd in Tears.* 'Tis certain we often ſee grand *Comedians* in this particular. The Joy of the Inheritance extinguiſhes the Grief that was due to the deceas'd.

I have a lamentable opinion of thoſe Machinal ſort of People that always ſpeak by weight and meaſure, and uſe a thouſand Diſguiſes to conceal their Sentiments. Moſt of the Matters that enter into the Commerce of Life, don't deſerve ſo great Precautions, and ſuch myſterious Actings. We have a much better opinion of thoſe who would not ſeem more Politick than the People they have to deal with. When you ask *Barrus* how he does, or what a clock 'tis, he ſeeks Expreſſions to give you a preciſe anſwer; ſo fearful he is any Word ſhould eſcape him from which you might draw

draw Conſequences to his prejudice. In the Narrative he gives you of the moſt frivolous Matters, he is under ſo great a torture and conſtraint, as puts his hearers in equal pain, who would be glad to be deliver'd from his impertinent Secrets.

Few People apply themſelves to get rid of their Faults, and plant real Vertues in the room of them. Contented with Appearances, they would have the honour and reputation of Vertue, without the trouble and merit of it; and are more careful to diſguiſe their Vices and ill Qualities, than to cure them. Artifice, Diſguiſe and ſeeming Vertues ſerve inſtead of real ones, and the moſt dextrous Impoſtors paſs for the moſt meritorious Men, tho', at the bottom, they want the common Principles of Honeſty. theſe people bear a great reſemblance to Commedians, who act ſeveral Characters in Masks, and change their Habits according to the different Parts they play. Theſe are the Politicks of Knaves, whoſe whole care and contrivance is to diſguiſe themſelves, ſo as to dazle weak People that believe them honeſt Men, tho' their Honeſty be nothing but Grimace. How many People has *Darimon* ſeduc'd by deluſive Appearance! The World would ſtill

queſtion his being a Rogue, had he not made a Break that almoſt intereſted all *England* in it. People were ſo fully perſuaded of his Honeſty and *Sincerity*, and the good condition of his Affairs, that they depoſited great Sums in his Hands on his bare Word, but they quickly chang'd their Opinions upon the noiſe of his going off with their Money.

Women are more Ingenious than Men at diſguiſing their Sentiments and Inclinations. Many of them paſs for Modeſt, becauſe they have the Art to put on an affected Gravity to conceal their little Correſpondences. The moſt Politick amongſt them often paſs for Innocents; they ſeem to bluſh in publick for the freedom of a Word; but in private they are not ſo ſcrupulous; they haughtily reprehend the moſt inconſiderable *Peccadillo's* in others, whilſt their own Conſciences give them ſmart Reproofs. They enjoy this falſe Reputation till ſome glaring Adventure breaks forth and betrays the Myſteries they have conceal'd with ſo much Artifice. Then the Publick, being diſabus'd, opens its Eyes upon their Conduct, and obſerves a thouſand things that were forgiven them upon their preſum'd Modeſty and Regularity.

'Tis

'Tis too extravagant a Satyr to ſay of Women, that their Souls are no leſs painted than their Faces; that they have Artifice in all their Words, and moſt of their Actions, but eſpecially in their Tears, which flow as often as they have occaſion for them. 'Tis certain, generally ſpeaking, Women are more Artificial and Politick than Men; and have more addreſs to diſguiſe their real Sentiments: This is the reaſon that Men are ſo often their Cullies, and take the demonſtrations of a counterfeit Paſſion for real Kindneſs and Affection.

A Man muſt be *Sincere* beyond the Standard of our preſent Manners, to talk ingenuouſly to People who ask Advice upon certain Matters to court our Flattery; for 'tis eaſy to obſerve acroſs all their Grimace, that it is rather Praiſes than Counſel they conſult us for. A Man comes to ſhew you his Book, which he thinks a Maſter-piece. He proteſts, at firſt, he'll ſtand to your Deciſions, as to ſo many Oracles: But he takes fire at the firſt Word you criticiſe, and leaves you in diſcontent to ſeek ſomebody elſe more Eaſy and more Fooliſh, to applaud him thro' Stupidity and Complaiſance. 'Tis not with a deſire of Reformation that certain People ask your Counſel about their

Conduct; their reſolution is taken before you are conſulted: But their deſign is to have your approbation, and engage you in their Intereſts; for if you are *Sincere*, and tell them what diſadvantageous Rumours are ſpread concerning them, the alteration of their diſconcerted Looks betrays them, and diſcovers their true Sentiments, with the vexation your *Sincerity* gives them: And you come off very well if they don't recompence your charitable Advice with ſome blunt Remonſtrances or keen Reproach.

How many Faults would be avoided in Converſation with the World, if we lov'd rather to be advis'd than flatter'd? But a tender Delicacy for ourſelves renders the Name of Cenſor odious; whereas they that flatter us, and ſeem to approve our Sentiments, are thought much more agreeable People. Thus you ſee the reaſon of our growing Grey, with all thoſe Imperfections that poiſon our Merit; whether we don't perceive them, or that the Complaiſances of our fawning Friends make them appear inconſiderable, and prevent our neceſſary cautions for the cure. Theſe illegitimate Praiſes, abſurdly beſtow'd, have another ill effect, which is, that when our ſincere Friends endeavour by good Advice to bring

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us to Conſideration, we look upon them as ſevere and importunate Criticks, that exaggerate Matters, and take a malicious pleaſure in unmercifully cenſuring what deſerves no Cenſure. 'Tis a miſtaken Delicacy to refuſe the Advice of all but Perſons of great Merit; for what matters it from whence it comes, provided it be uſeful? A Fool is not a Fool in every thing, and he may ſometimes rectify People wiſer than himſelf. The clear-ſighted don't always ſee what the leſs illuminated perceive, becauſe ſelf-love miſleads us, and makes us take falſe meaſures.

'Tis an ill Method of making Friends to ſet up for a publick Cenſor; it makes a Man regarded as a *Miſanthrope*. How comes it then, that we find ſo many Perſons always ready to give Advice; ſqueamiſh, uneaſy People, diſſatisfied with and diſſatisfying every Body? If you'd live at Peace with all Mankind, concern yourſelf with no Body but yourſelf and your own Affairs. Leave others at liberty to live after their own faſhion, provided you have not undertaken for their Conduct, nor are anſwerable for it to the Publick.

We often draw upon us very ungrateful *Repartees* by being too *Sincere*; but neither

ought we to have the cowardly Complaiſance of ſome People, who praiſe in publick what they blame in private; who betray their own Sentiments, and have not the courage to ſpeak what they think, for fear of angring the People they would pleaſe. Would it not be better to give them ſome little diſturbance, by *ſincere* Advice, than abandon them to their ill Fate? It becomes a faithful and diſintereſted Friend, to ſet his Friend right, who has not always Light enough to guide him. 'Tis a nice matter, I confeſs, and demands great Precautions; becauſe we meet with few but are diſguſted with our Counſels, and expreſs a coldneſs for thoſe that meddle with their Affairs, unleſs they eſpouſe their Sentiments. This ought not to diſcourage us from giving them our Advice when they want it; and they always want it when they are in danger of committing any conſiderable Fault. If they expreſs any Indignation when we take upon us to redreſs them, we muſt endeavour to inſinuate into their Humours by gentle and engaging ways; it being not always the Counſel that diſturbs, but the manner of giving it. The way is artfully to inſinuate that the Publick is offended at their Conduct; that their Intentions are, perhaps,

perhaps, the beſt in the World; but they have not ſufficient care to ſave Appearances which are the ground of judging. When we uſe all theſe Precautions, and make Men ſenſible our diſcourſe is founded on pure Friendſhip, unleſs they be whimſical to the higheſt degree, or ridiculouſly nice, 'tis impoſſible they ſhould take the Advice amiſs. But tho' they ſhould expreſs any Reſentment, a *ſincere* Friend can never reſolve to be unjuſtly ſilent upon the Faults of his Friends, when they may render them ridiculous, or be very prejudicial to their Character. We are always the laſt to perceive our own Failings. The ſame Perſons that give others very ſalutary Counſels, are blind to what reſpects themſelves, and fancy they have nothing to be blam'd in them. They don't diſcover the Precipice till they are fallen into it, and there's no recovery.

The cuſtomary fault of People pretending to Complaiſance, is to want *Sincerity*; they chuſe rather to applaud Impertinences than ſpeak their genuine Thoughts. This rampant Complaiſance grows inſipid, and does little Honour to the Author, who would inſinuate into another's Mind by it. 'Tis not Reaſon they conſult in their Diſcourſes; they give in their *Yes* and *No* according to the Caprice

Caprice of the Speaker, and have not the aſſurance to oppoſe the moſt irrational fooliſh thing. The Spirit of Contradiction is alſo very diſagreeable in Converſation, and no Body cares to have to do with People that make a perſonal Quarrel about every thing they ſay. The grand Rule to pleaſe, is to accommodate yourſelf to the Genius of People, to ſtudy their Inclinations, and faſhion your own accordingly; to commend them when they do any thing commendable. But *Sincerity* ought not to ſuffer by it; nor ſhould you intoxicate them with Flattery, when they do things meriting Reproof.

MAXIMS

MAXIMS

FOR

Civil Society.

WE can't be too curious in the choice of Company we keep; whereas the generality of Men embark in Acquaintance without reflexion or diſtinction, giving themſelves up to the firſt they meet, without examining whether he be fit for them or not. He that would reap any Benefit from *Civil Society*, and taſt the Pleaſures of Converſation, ought only to converſe with rational Perſons. Such as theſe contribute mightily to the forming a Gentleman, who inſenſibly imbibes, from this Converſation, a certain tincture of *Politeneſs*, which gives an infinite Luſtre to his Merit. We are naturally inclin'd to imitate the Behaviour of Perſons we converſe with, which makes it of great importance to ſtrike up an Acquaintance with Men of Worth,

Worth, whom we may take for our Models. 'Tis true, we are often deceiv'd in this particular. How many Blockheads paſs for fine Gentlemen, becauſe we are not at the Pains to ſift them to the bottom? But provided we converſe with them, 'tis impoſſible to be miſtaken. It is not to be hop'd to find People fraught with all Perfections, without any mixture of Vice and Folly; if there be any pretending to this Delicacy, they ought to reſolve upon an early Renunciation of the Commerce of the World, becauſe in reality there is no Man ſo perfect, but has his weak Sides and Inequalities. Thoſe that have the leaſt ſhare of them, or ſo politickly conceal them, that no Body perceives or ſuffers by them, ought to be conſider'd as the moſt accompliſh'd Perſons.

I very much approve the Method of that Gentleman, who ſpeaking of himſelf, ſaid, "I confeſs I was formerly more difficult "than at preſent in point of Converſation, "and I think I have loſt leſs on the part "of Delicacy, than I have gain'd on the "ſide of Reaſon. I formerly ſought for "Perſons that could pleaſe me in every "thing; I now ſeek for ſomething in all "Perſons that may be capable of pleaſing "me.

me. The Converſation of a Man of univerſal Merit, is too great a rarity to meet with, and good Senſe will not allow the curious ſearch of a thing ſo difficult to be found. For one delicious Pleaſure always imagin'd, and hardly ever enjoy'd, the Mind ſick with Delicacy, grows out of conceit with thoſe it might poſſeſs every Day. Not, indeed, that it is impoſſible to find ſome Maſter-pieces ſo abſolutely finiſh'd; but it is next to a Miracle for Nature to form them, or for Fortune to favour us with them. In the Plan you form to yourſelf for *Civil Society*, lay it down for a Maxim, That good things are to be inſeparably met with, and propoſe to yourſelf the diſtinguiſhing the ſolid from the frothy, the agreeable from the diſagreeable, and the knowing from the ridiculous. You'll find theſe Qualities combin'd not only in Perſons you are at liberty to chooſe or avoid, but in thoſe with whom you will have ties of Intereſts, or other as neceſſary Relations. When you are fully acquainted with the World, you'll ſee abundance of People recommendable for their Accompliſhments, and moſt deſpiſable for their *Foibles*. Don't expect that they will always make a good uſe of their Merit, and have the Diſcretion

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to conceal their Faults. You'll often find them out of conceit with their good Qualities, and have a natural Complaiſance for their bad ones. 'Tis the part of your Diſcretion, to make the Choice which they do not; and you'll have more exerciſe for your Addreſs, to extract the Metal from the Droſs, which it's ſo difficult for them to do.

'Tis a harder thing, by far, than is imagin'd, to find out that juſt Temperature and *Medium*, wherein conſiſts the Agreeableneſs of Humour. A too ſtern Severity is terrible; a too effeminate and ſneaking Complaiſance, offenſive: A Man ſhould be neither too Indulgent nor too Auſtere: To be over-officious is diſpleaſing, and to be continually diſdainful, is provoking. That genteel Poiſe and Mediocrity that has nothing too ſharp, yet degenerates not into inſipid, is hard to be hit upon.

The Poinancy of fine Rallery, is the delicious Seaſoning of Society; but then you ought not to miſtake your Men. Fools and Ruſticks, the Conceited of their Merit, the Haughty and Proud, who would always be reſpected, underſtand not Rallery, but expect to be treated with leſs freedom and more reſpect; and to ſay truth, it is better

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to cruſh a Jeſt betwixt one's Teeth, than to let it eſcape to the affronting of any one whatſoever. I don't examine whether the ground of their offence be imaginary, or juſt; don't involve your ſelf in Trouble, in pure Frolick for a witty Saying, which often leaves mortal Wounds behind, and makes you regarded as a dangerous Man, that gives no quarter.

'Tis a rare thing to find People of agreeable Converſation; when Men of Wit, and Knowledge of the World, nay even of *Politeneſs*, are ſometimes found to be as tireſom as the reſt. But this proceeds from their contempt for, or diſlike to thoſe they talk with. They vouchſafe not to open and diſplay their Charms, but when in Company of thoſe they love, or deſire to pleaſe. We have known People looſe in a moment, all the eſteem we had for them, by their negligence to bear a part in the Converſation.

The People that ſhine moſt, are not always moſt courted for *Civil Society*: As they are moſt taking, we dread their Wit, and fear to be eclips'd. But we are infinitely tir'd with thoſe indolent Creatures, that contribute nothing towards Converſation, that are not ſenſible of Wit or Rallery, and

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can anſwer nothing but *aye* or *no*. On the other hand, great Talkers are the Tyrants of Society, and the Babble of ſome People is an inſupportable plague to Men of Senſe. You muſt reſolve to keep perpetual Silence if you have the Misfortune to light into Company with *Roſeline*. She is no ſooner ſeated, but ſhe frames her Mouth to begin the Diſcourſe: She runs herſelf out of breath in telling you all ſhe has read and all ſhe has ſeen; ſhe gives you the Pictures of all the People ſhe's acquainted with, and draws them in horrid Colours. She gives you an exact Account of all her Expences in her Houſe-keeping; ſhe tells you what her Commodes and Manteau's coſt her, the Name of her Manteau-Woman, the Street ſhe lives in, and adviſes you to make uſe of her as a good Workwoman. She does not mind whether ſhe be heard or conſider'd as an Impertinent; ſhe reſolves to talk, and talk ſhe will everlaſtingly, unleſs ſome unforeſeen Accident happens to lay an Embargo on her Tongue, for the eaſe and benefit of the Company.

In order to pleaſe always in Converſation, the grand Rule is, not to depart from your Character, and to obſerve all the *Decorums* ſutable to your Condition. We paſs over a thouſand

thouſand things in a young Woman full of Charms and Agreements, which we would not pardon in a more advanc'd Age. Thoſe that have paſs'd the prime of their Days, ſhould have ſomewhat more Gravity and Auſterity, nay abate ſomewhat of the Frolickſomneſs and Gaiety of their Tempers. They ought to grow politickly grave, when they ceaſe to be young and handſom, and the Seaſon of pleaſing is over. This is a ſorrowful Situation, and renews the doleful remembrance of ſome Women, whoſe Beauty has long been celebrated; but for their Comforts let them reflect, that Wit can compenſate for the loſs of Beauty, and that they may ſtill retain the Crowd as much about them, by their fine Carriage, Complaiſance, and Well-bred Diſcourſe, as they did formerly by their Charms. A Woman of Wit will be always courted, and every Body prides himſelf in viſiting her, and being of her Acquaintance. Beauty decays, and our Eyes are weary of conſtantly beholding fine Colours; but we are never tir'd with hearing fine things ſet off with all the Agreements which witty People are able to give to all they ſay. *Arthenice* in a toothleſs Age, ſees herſelf daily ſurrounded with all the genteeleſt People in *London:*

Scarce has ſhe Breath and Strength left to anſwer all the Queſtions are ask'd of her; but yet her Diſcourſe has irreſiſtible Charms for People of fine Breeding. Her Memory furniſhes her on the ſpot with whatever ſhe has ſeen in the courſe of a long Life; and the Accounts ſhe gives of it, inſtructs us in a thouſand curious Circumſtances. Her Wit has preſerv'd all its Sprightlineſs, in ſpight of the Decrepitneſs of her Body, worn out with Age; ſo that it may be ſaid of this Lady, that ſhe is ſtill young in the better part of her, tho' ſhe be as old and crazy as a *Sybil.*

Civility makes us glad to do every Body Juſtice; 'tis treſpaſſing againſt this Vertue, to give cold Commendations to things deſerving a warm Applauſe: But neither ſhould we overſtrain our Praiſes upon things of indifferent Deſert. This extravagant Praiſe often happens to be Reproach, which does more Injury than Honour to the Giver.

'Tis a great Advantage to have Inſight and Penetration enough to diſtinguiſh well the Character and Intentions of People we are oblig'd to live with. But when we diſcover their Faults, we ſhould have the Diſcretion not to ſpeak of them, nor even to ſeem

ſeem to perceive them, in order to ſave the owners's Bluſhes. It would abate their Confidence in us, and make them more ſhy of approaching us, if they certainly knew we had advantageous Opinions of their Perſons.

Peoples fondneſs for their own Opinions, makes them act and ſpeak many fooliſh things in the Commerce of the World. They have no Complaiſance for any Body of different Notions, and they obſtinately diſpute and maintain the Negative to what others advance, fancying to make their Wit ſhine and ſparkle by that claſhing of Sentiments. But if they be too forcibly reſiſted, and can't immediately find Arguments in their defence, the next recourſe is to Invectives, and they inſolently throw their Adverſaries Ignorance in their Teeth.

Before we vex and diſturb our ſelves, when we think we have juſt Occaſion, let us examine the Character of the Perſon, to diſcover the motives of his acting. It was not with deſign to affront you, *Oneſimus* ſpoke thoſe diſobliging Words; but he has a fund of Magottry, which makes him inſupportable even to himſelf: Every thing diſguſts him, and he is not Maſter of his Spleen: The offenſive Language he utters,

eſcapes him without thinking of it. All things muſt be tolerated in People of this Complexion, without minding the rude things they ſay.

Thoſe haughty and ſufficient People who have ſo high an Idea of their Merit, and ſo much contempt and pity for the reſt of Mankind, reaſon ill if they think to procure the Eſteem of the World, by the perpetual Applauſes they give themſelves, and the unmerciful Satyrs they beſtow on every Body elſe. Men refuſe their Suffrage when you would force it from them. The way you muſt take, if you would have the eſteem of all, is gently to inſinuate into their Minds, and prepare them by a modeſt and genteel Behaviour.

'Tis a ſign of but indifferent Senſe to be obſtinate in Opinion, as if a Man were Infallible, and to be impatient of Cenſure. A Man of a weak Intellect, thinks nothing eſcapes his Comprehenſion, and deſpiſes the Advice of all others. Is it any wonder that all the advances he makes are ſo many falſe Steps? He is never undeceiv'd till after the ruin of his Affairs: Thrice happy he, if ill Succeſſes make him wiſer for the future.

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The ſtiffneſs wherewith every one defends his Opinion, inſtead of a complaiſant ſubmiſſion to another's Judgment, even when we are in the wrong, is one of the moſt poiſonous Weeds that Infects the Pleaſure of *Society*. We are not always in the humour to ſuffer ſuch Conſtraint, eſpecially when we have to do with fantaſtick Creatures, who *nonplus* our Complaiſance, as acting only by their Caprice, and paying no Body Reſpect.

We find in all ſorts of Companies ſome one or other who will be aſpiring, and engroſſing the Converſation. This commonly proves the greateſt Fool in the whole Circle, as taking upon him to divert the reſt, and ſupply Wit for the Company. If any one offers to begin a Diſcourſe, or relate a Story, he immediately interrupts him, and deſcribes all the Circumſtances of the Matter. He ſufficiently manifeſts, by his Countenance, his Noiſe, his Laughter, and by the Applauſes he gives himſelf, how well ſatisfied he is with his own Perſon, and all he ſays. He does not conſider that every Body ſhrugs up their Shoulders at him, and looks upon him as a Fool.

It can't be denied, but the *Engliſh* have a great deal of Wit, a taking Carriage, and a

vaſt fund of *Politeneſs* ; and yet moſt Converſations here are tireſom and diſtaſtful. The Subjects pitched upon are commonly too trivial, inconſiderable, and unproportion'd to the Characters of the Hearers. To droll before a Man o'erwhelm'd with Troubles ; to ſtun People with long Narratives, not at leiſure to hearken to them ; to talk of Buſineſs and Law-ſuits to young Folks, that deſire nothing but Merriment and Laughter, is the certain way to tire them. I heard lately *Doritius* give a large Deſcription of a famous Siege to a young Bride, and a great Company of Ladies that came to Compliment her on her Marriage : He nam'd all the Regiments that mounted the Trenches, and all the Soldiers that were wounded ; nay, would needs inform them how many Men were loſt in the Attack of each Baſtion and Half Moon, and in all the Sallies were made. This Diſcourſe was as it were adapted to tire the Company, which would have taken more pleaſure in examining the Ladies *Toilet*, than in hearing a Diſcourſe of ſpringing of Mines, and the loſſes of Legs and Arms.

'Tis an Incivility not uncommon in Converſations, to addreſs the Diſcourſe always to the ſame Perſon, to be extreamly officious

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to one, but to expreſs a coldneſs for the reſt, even to contempt. Scarce will ſuch Creatures give themſelves the trouble to anſwer us when we ſpeak to them; whereas to the other Perſon they will be infinitely Obliging and Complaiſant. 'Tis alſo a ridiculous Cuſtom, to ſhew Mirth and Gaiety even to Fits of Cackling and Laughter, and immediately to ſink into a ſullen Silence, ſo as not to be able to open one's Mouth, or be mov'd with all the Wit and Pleaſantry imaginable for a good while. 'Tis no leſs blameable to be civil and diſreſpectful to the ſame Perſons; to load them with Careſſes, and a quarter of an Hour after to make as if you did not know them.

We muſt not hope to recommend ourſelves to the reliſh and approbation of all the World, tho' we ſhould do nothing but what deſerv'd it. Men are too envious to pardon a Merit that debaſes them; but when they make abſurd Complaints of our Conduct, we ought to ſupport ourſelves upon our good Intentions, and proceed in our own road. Provided a Man's Conſcience has nothing to reproach him with, he ought not to be diverted from his Method by ill-grounded Complaints, nor abate or repent of his Vertue for the fooliſh Clamours of the World.

'Tis a whimſical thing to love Perſons of no Merit, in whom ſenſible and judicious People can ſee nothing amiable; but 'tis yet more extravagant to ceaſe to love ſuch as are extreamly good, becauſe they have an importunate Merit that eclipſes us. 'Tis true, Friendſhip requires ſome Equality; but this is no reaſon for our Indifference to thoſe whoſe excellent Qualities raiſe them above us. Our acquaintance with them is an honour to us, and inſtead of repining at their Excellences, we ought to ſhare in them, and congratulate our ſelves upon the wiſe choice we have made: But there is a ſort of Malignity in the Heart of Man, which cannot bear the extraordinary Merit of o-thers. We ſometimes receive a ſecret Mor-tification upon the Proſperity of our Friends, and reproach Fortune with the Favours ſhe has done them. We ſhould more eaſily pardon her, if ſhe favour'd ſuch as were indifferent, or meer Strangers to us. *Nerine* has broken with *Urania*, ſince the latter's Marriage has rais'd her to the Quality of a Dutcheſs. They ſpent their youthful Days together, in their Father's Shops, who having got Money by their Trades, ſet up for Bankers, where they have differently ma-nag'd their Affairs. *Urania*'s Father, either more

more Cunning or more Fortunate, got Wealth enough to marry his Daughter to a Duke; whilſt *Nerine*'s being ſtill confin'd to a moderate Fortune, and which did not lift him far above his former State, could not raiſe his Daughter when he match'd her, much above the Counter. Now when ſhe accidentally ſees the triumphal Chariot *Urania*'s drawn in, that train of Slaves that hang about it, the Ducal Coronet on all ſides, together with the ſplendid Furniture of her Equipage, her Heart ſinks within her, and her Weakneſs proceeds even to Convulſions.

I have no good Opinion of thoſe that neglect their Reputation, as being contented with the Suffrage of their Conſcience. This Maxim is not ſound. Regardleſs of the Rumours that are ſpread to their diſcredit, we muſt, ſay they, give the World leave to talk, and go on in our own way. This is ill Reaſoning. Reputation is the worthieſt recompence of Vertue; and tho' we ſhould not theatrically diſplay our good Actions, yet the Eſteem that accrues from them, is a kind of Tribute not to be neglected. Thoſe that poſitively affirm they trouble not their heads about the Reports the Publick ſcatters to their prejudice, are not

not always the moſt vertuous People. There are Times wherein they do themſelves juſtice, and their Conſcience ſtill urges them with keener Reproaches. When we have not ſufficient Empire over ourſelves to cure our Infirmities, we ought, at leaſt, to have the Diſcretion to conceal them as much as poſſible, and not make a *Parade* of theſe ſort of matters. Why ſhould a Man wantonly decry himſelf? And what would it coſt him to ſave Appearances, and hinder the Clamours of the Publick?

The Vertues ought to be proportion'd to the Character of the Perſon: Every body is oblig'd to be vertuous, but not in the ſame degree, nor after the ſame manner. There's an Art in ſeaſoning Vertues, and obſerving the neceſſary meaſures. A young Girl need not be as ſerious, reſerv'd and grave as her Grandmother; it does not become a Woman turn'd of Fifty, to ſet up for Gaiety, nor to patch and deck herſelf in flaming Ribbons. A Man of the World is not oblig'd to the Vertues of an Hermit. A Lady, whoſe Quality obliges her to ſee the World, need not be retir'd as a Nun. But it often happens that People miſtake in the practice of Vertues. A married Woman will preſcribe herſelf all the little Superſtitions of Nuns,

Nuns, and Nuns would have all the Liberties of Women of Pleaſure; nay, it's rare for any Woman to take up with the temper and character of her Condition.

We ſhould not have ſo many Diſorders in the World if a good Bent was at firſt given to Youth, and their Minds were provided with Maxims of Duty. Fathers and Mothers, that fancy they can reduce their Children to Vertue after all the Liberties they have taken, are out in their Accounts, and are commonly the firſt that ſuffer by this miſplac'd Indulgence, which always has bad effects. 'Tis impoſſible to ſtreighten a Tree that has been warp'd for many Years, but there's no difficulty in rectifying a young tender Plant, which eaſily admits the ply you pleaſe to give it.

'Tis an unaccountable thing to ſee ſo few Marriages well ſorted, and People of ſo many admirable Qualities, that afford Delight and Charms for all Companies, met together only to make one another mad. Their ſmall Complaiſance for each other, is one of the firſt Sources of their Diſcontents and mutual Diſdain. Marriage is a Society, and not a Tyranny. A contemptuous Carriage, an imperious and ſurly Conduct quite turns a Woman's Heart, who is enrag'd

rag'd to find her Marriage, which promis'd her more Liberty, engage her but in a ſeverer bondage. To be deliver'd from this Tyranny, and reveng'd of the ill Uſage of a jealous and troubleſom Husband, they have often recourſe to very fatal and diſhonourable Expedients. Now a little reciprocal Complaiſance would ſtop the current of all theſe Diſorders.

'Tis a very ſcandalous practice that of ſeeking all occaſions to do ill offices to thoſe that have given us any diſturbance. 'Tis a Baſeneſs not to be tolerated but in Women, who have little and vindictive Souls. They direfully declaim againſt thoſe they think they have reaſon to complain of; they endeavour to raiſe all the *Poſſe* of the World againſt them. In vain you exclaim againſt this cuſtom, and ſhew the ridiculous Folly and Viciouſneſs of it; you gain nothing by your Remonſtrances; all Companies ring with Calumny and Reproaches, which muſt needs be admirable Muſick.

Attention to our Words and Actions gives us a Spirit of Regularity, and prevents our making any eſcapes againſt the Rules of *Decorum*. A regular Perſon always ſpeaks with reſerve and circumſpection; and he acts ſo too. He underſtands what is due to

to every one's reſpective Rank and Character, and never diſpenſes with that Juſtice. If any thing be deſir'd of him in his power to grant, and he engages in it, you may depend on his Word, and entirely acquieſce in his Promiſes. Being more attentive to others Intereſts than his own, he never ſwerves from the Rules of Integrity and Equity, whatever the diſcharge of his Duty coſts him.

Civility demands we ſhould be attentive to what is ſaid to us, and that we be not dreaming of others things when People do us the honour to talk to us. We muſt not only ſay nothing to People to diſpleaſe them, but alſo give them to underſtand we are affected and pleas'd with what they ſay, that we enter into their Sentiments, and think them highly reaſonable.

'Tis Incivility or want of Diſcretion to divulge what is imparted to us, without knowing whether thoſe who depoſit their Secrets with us would take it well. We ought even ſometimes to make Secrets of things confided to us, tho' they were not recommended by that character. Diſcretion is as it were the Soul of *Politeneſs*; it puts a check on the raſhneſs of our Tongues, and covers us from vexatious Accuſations.

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'Tis likewiſe an Incivility to lend an attentive Ear to others private Diſcourſes, which they would debar us the knowledge of. We have naturally a Curioſity to divine what others ſay, and feel a ſecret Indignation to be ſhut out of the Intelligence.

Some remains of Modeſty forbid us to receive ſedately the Praiſes that are given us to our Faces, and we reject them, as if we thought ourſelves unworthy; yet this is nothing but Affectation, to engage our Encomiaſts to continue a Diſcourſe that tickles our ſelf-love. Now to what purpoſe are theſe Politicks? Unleſs we are viſibly ridicul'd, we ought not to make ſuch a ſtir about being prais'd for things that are truly laudable. Our Reputation does not depend on the Caprices of Men, and the Commendations they beſtow on us, but upon our own perſonal Merit and our reputable Actions.

'Tis not always convenient to know what People ſay of us: When we are the Topick of Diſcourſe, it is not always in our praiſe. Commonly ſuch Diſcourſes, were we privy to them, would but trouble our Repoſe, and give us ſtrange Uneaſineſſes: But yet a good uſe may be made of the diſreputable things reported of us. Every body knows

Cornelius's

Cornelius's Adventure. He ſlipt ſecretly into a Cloſet to hear what three or four Women of his acquaintance ſaid of him; but he was ſoundly puniſh'd for his Curioſity; for there he was inform'd of all the particulars of his Wife's Amours and Intrigues, whom before he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of. As they were his Lady's Friends and Confidents, they were acquainted with the leaſt circumſtances of her Affairs, and not dreaming they were over-heard, they talk'd of them very freely. What a Scene was here for a Man, who had always been exceeding eaſy upon this ſubject, and thought his Wife a Pattern for vertuous Women? How many Husbands might this Example be of uſe to, to diſſuade them from a Curioſity that muſt needs be fatal to their Repoſe?

'Tis not the time to act the *Bravado*, and pretend to a lofty Carriage, when you are attack'd on every ſide, and an enrag'd World breaks looſe upon you. Then is the ſeaſon to be more ſupple than ever, and to cultivate the Perſons you have occaſion for, who may eſpouſe your Intereſts, ſince they are won by a little Complaiſançe; but you exaſperate them, and loſe them irrecoverably

bly by your Indifference, and a miſ-tim'd and miſtaken Pride.

Silence is an excellent remedy againſt Detraction. Complaints, Reproaches and *Eclairciſſements*, are rather corroſives than a cure for it. We let a Man alone, when we ſee he's not to be mov'd by the diſobliging things we ſay of him. 'Tis a Vertue of great value, tho' it coſt but little, to return Candour and Civilities for Impertinences. As 'tis frequently our hard fortune to live with fantaſtical, troubleſome and paſſionate People, we muſt compaſſionate their Extravagances and Weakneſſes if we would live at peace. That undiſturb'd Temper we manifeſt when we are affronted, is more provoking than a ſmart reply.

If jealous and invidious People knew but how deſpicable they render themſelves by all the care they take to humble others Merit, they would be at yet greater pains to get rid of ſo wretched a Paſſion, or at leaſt to conceal it. In what confuſion does a Woman dreaming of her Beauty find herſelf, when another Woman's Beauty is prais'd before her? What Artifices does ſhe fly to to deſtroy her Rival? 'Tis good Comedy for the indifferent Standers-by, who can't forbear

forbear laughing, to ſee what Allarms and Agonies her Jealouſy occaſions her.

If Women did but employ themſelves a little more, they would not have ſo lively Paſſions: But ſo it is, if they are of any eminent Quality, they ſpend all their Lives in doing juſt nothing; or elſe their buſineſs is ſtill ſomething even below Idleneſs itſelf. This Lazineſs opens a wide Gate to infinite Diſorders. A Mind unbuſied, admits multitudes of *Chimera's*, and ſeeks Conſolations to fill up the *Vacuum* of a lazy tireſom Life; but commonly the Remedy is worſe than the Diſeaſe; for if I miſtake not, 'tis this has corrupted the Morals of the Ladies, and introduc'd thoſe Liberties they have of late indulg'd.

The Women complain of the Mens Injuſtice, who have excluded them from grand Employments and Buſineſs: And, indeed, they have reaſon to complain, ſince they are as well qualified for every thing, as the moſt underſtanding Men. It muſt, however, be acknowledg'd, that their Biaſs naturally diſpoſes them to Trifling: They employ their Heads about Toys and Impertinences; amuſe themſelves with Dreſſing, Finery and Intrigues, and exhauſt all the Activity of their Souls on ſuch frivolous

Objects. The Care of their Beauty carries it above the moſt important and neceſſary Concerns, unleſs the Situation of their Affairs awakens them from this Lethargy and Supineneſs. We daily ſee Widows, who thought of nothing but their Diverſions ſo long as their Husbands excus'd them from Domeſtick Cares, but who being depriv'd of this Aſſiſtance, ſeriouſly apply themſelves to ſolid Buſineſs, diſentangle the moſt incumbred Affairs, bear the fatigue of numerous Law-ſuits, and reſtore their ruin'd Eſtates and Families, ready to ſink under the perſecution of their Creditors.

Moſt Maſters complain of being ill ſerv'd by their Domeſticks, becauſe, generally ſpeaking, they have neither Zeal, Affection, nor Fidelity. Theſe Complaints are ſometimes juſtly grounded: But are not the Maſters likewiſe oftentimes in fault, and can they excuſe themſelves for the harſh Treatment of theſe poor Wretches? They make them but too ſenſible of their Yoke, by thoſe marks of Contempt, and injurious Language they give them, as alſo by their ſharp and never-ceaſing Reprimands, in conjunction with ill Uſage. This Oppoſition and Tyranny begets a mutinous Spirit in their Servants, who commonly revenge

venge themſelves on their Maſters by *Calumny* and *Idleneſs*.

Every Body has ſufficient Juſtice done them by the Publick: Thoſe that complain of it, have not always Reaſon for their Complaints. If you deſire a good Reputation, be actually the Man you are willing to be thought. Men in Place find it difficult to conceal themſelves, and their Actions are but more expos'd to cenſure; therefore the vaſter Scope their Fortune has, the ſtricter Bounds ſhould they preſcribe to their Paſſions.

We judge of Men only by the ſurface and exteriour, which is the reaſon that a Raſcal is ſo often confounded with an honeſt Man. We ſee very abominable Knaves, that make the beſt appearances in the World; others, with very good Inclinations, obſerve not Meaſures, and are *Felo's de ſe* in point of Reputation. Thoſe that are beſt acquainted with *Clerione*, univerſally agree, ſhe has Modeſty and Vertue; but yet ſhe has diſparag'd herſelf by the ill Company ſhe keeps. We find none but Women of a bad Character about her; ſhe admits them to her Table, ſhe coaches them to *Hide-Park*, to the Opera's and Comedies, nay to the Places where ſhe plays: She peremptorily

declares that Women of Gravity tire her; and thus ſhe has loſt her Reputation.

The Singularities obſervable in ſome People, who affect to diſtinguiſh themſelves all manner of ways, proceed generally from an aukward Wit, which puts the change upon them. They fancy they diſparage themſelves if they approve what every Body likes, and would be very ſorry to give in their ſuffrage to a Piece that's generally applauded: But this particular taſt makes them but look'd on as Fops, or wretched Judges.

When you ſee the Impertinences of others, think but with yourſelf, that if you are guilty of the ſame Faults, you'll likewiſe paſs for the ſame Coxcomb. The haſty ſallies and tranſports of Paſſion which ſometimes eſcape your Friends before you, ſhould be a Lecture to teach you Temper. You find yourſelf ſtun'd with that impetuous flow of ſuperfluous Words they utter, without giving any Man whatever time to put in a Word. Rage ſo ſtrangely tranſports them, as to diſfigure and confound the Features of their Faces, and to diſtort their Mouths by dint of bauling. But 'tis ſtill worſe, when being conſcious of their Folly, inſtead of recollecting themſelves, their ſecret

cret Indignation caſts them into freſh Extravagances. What is wonderful, is, that all this Thunder and Lightning proceeds moſt uſually from nothing, or from ſuch inconſiderable Subjects, as a Man is aſham'd to acknowledge to himſelf. A Maſter that has no Government, flies upon his Servants with the ſame fury for a broken Glaſs, as if they had ſet his Houſe on fire.

Perſons rais'd to a vaſt Superiority above others, by their Qualities and Employs, ſhould be very reſerv'd in point of Rallery; becauſe what they ſay wounds to the quick. The reſpect their Rank inſpires, and the deference is paid to them, prevents our anſwering them in the ſame ſtrain; which is a painful conſtraint, beſides that their crowd of Sycophants and Flatterers about them fail not to heighten theſe Ralleries, and to mingle with them the Poiſon of their own Reflexions, which ſtill renders them more bitter and intolerable.

'Tis dangerous making a bravado-Sally, when we have neither Strength nor Courage to ſupport it. How many People are diſgrac'd by thoſe ſpecious Retreats which they, nevertheleſs, pride themſelves in? They only pretend to quit the World, in order to be introduc'd again with greater Pomp and

Glory; they ſpread Reports of their intended refuſal of certain Poſts; but 'tis to fix them more ſecurely by this hypocritical Moderation. On the firſt glimpſe of Fortune, they leap from their Retirement, and, more devoted to the World than ever, betray their ridiculous Hypocriſy. *Thraſilus* was unable to bear but a few Months the Melancholy of his Retreat, which he made ſo much noiſe about. A procedure of this kind ought not to be made with ſo much ſtir and oſtentation. When God alone is all we are concern'd for, we are not ſolicitous about Humane approbation, nor deſirous to draw the Eyes of the World upon us, when in earneſt we are retir'd out of it.

Viſits, purely Ceremonial, have been baniſh'd Society; and there was great Reaſon ſo to do, as being only Offices of conſtraint, which 'tis neceſſary to diſpenſe with both in ourſelves and others. We ſtill meet with certain formalizing Folks, who have retain'd a ſmattering of Eaſtern-Times, and love to conſtrain both themſelves and others. Are we to call Life, our Time ſpent in this Reſtraint, the being ſtill upon the Stage, as if we were Comedians?

Are bombaſt and far-fetch'd Expreſſions neceſſary to expreſs the moſt trivial things?

And

And yet there are People to be met with of ſuch a Character, as to aſſume a myſterious manner to vent the meaneſt Trifles. 'Tis ridiculous to be loud and clamorous, when there are few in Company, the tone of the Voice being to be proportion'd to the Ears of our Auditors, and to the Subject we treat of. What occaſion for a declamatory Strain, to ſay 'tis exceſſive hot, 'tis wretchedly cold, or that the Streets are very dirty?

A Man may venture upon Drollery and Banter with People of Senſe and Breeding, who underſtand Rallery, and enter into the Intention of the Speaker. But we ought never to hazard Jeſts, tho' the moſt allowable and good-natur'd, with Country-Folks and Fools, who take every thing litterally, and think they are always laugh'd at. Caution alſo is to be had with lofty Perſons, who think we can't have too much reſpect for their Rank, perſonal Merit, and admirable Qualities. Treat theſe kind of People with a great deal of Circumſpection; their Dotage conſiſts in fondneſs of Applauſes and Reſpects; and if you mean to pleaſe them, you can't be too nice in your Regards.

I can't imagine what People can mean, to obtrude their Advices where they are not ask'd. The leaſt Fault a Man commits, allarms, and gives them great diſturbance. They make a terrible ſputter upon it, and vehemently reproach the Author. But this is not the Method we ſhould uſe, if we mean to cure People of their Errors. If you would have your Counſel and Reproofs uſeful and effectual, chuſe well your opportunity, and wrap up your medicinal Remonſtrances in the luſcious Vehicle of friendly and careſſing Words, which uſually diſguſt thoſe they are apply'd to, unleſs you make it manifeſt by the demonſtrations of a ſincere good-will, it is purely their Intereſt you are concern'd for.

One of the moſt incomprehenſible things I can think of is, the licence People take to cenſure in others the very ſame Faults they are guilty of themſelves. Is it that they are not ſenſible of their own Infirmities, or do they think they are privileg'd Perſons? Every Body is acquainted with *Nerine*'s Life and Intrigues, even to the very Names of her Gallants. In the Park, the Mall and Play-Houſe ſhe is pointed at; and yet ſhe everlaſtingly declaims againſt the Coquetting Ladies, deſcribes them in horrible

rible Portraits, and unmercifully beſpatters them with Invectives. What means ſhe by theſe Satyrs? Would ſhe authorize her own Diſorders, by Examples and Numbers? Or would ſhe not rather hereby ſtifle reproaches of her Conſcience?

Politeneſs does not always allow reprehending thoſe that commit Miſtakes: But there are certain Conjunctures wherein Honour, Duty and Friendſhip abſolutely require it. 'Tis a very hard Part to act, and demands a great deal of niceneſs to deal with our Friends who have done amiſs; but it would be a kind of Cruelty to abandon them to their ill Conduct. We ought to let them ſee the Condition they are in, without creating them too much Confuſion or Vexation. Few are capable of an Employ that requires ſo much Precaution: Mean time every Body pretends to it. There's nothing in the World coſts leſs than Counſel, and the Givers of it are every where found cheap enough.

A Man engag'd in the Commerce of the World, ought to accommodate his Vertue to his Condition; and not ſet up for ſuch a rigid courſe, as to grow Fantaſtical and Impertinent. What is ſutable to a Monk or an *Anchoret*, would no ways comport with a Trea-

a Treaſurer or Lord-Mayor, who can't always be on his Knees. But it happens I know not how, that every Body diſliking his own Condition, miſtakes his cue, and practices Vertues incompatible with his Character. Thus in Popery, a married Woman laden with Children, abandons the Cares of her Family to retire into a Cloiſter; and a Nun mingles intrigues, and ſpends the wholeDay in frivolous Diſcourſe, out of the diſguſt ſhe has to her Retirement.

There's no need of a great ſtock of *Politeneſs* to live amicably with good humour'd People, who are always of our Opinion, and ſtudy to pleaſe, flatter and careſs us continually. We have naturally an inclination for Perſons of this Character; we diſcover Wit and Merit in them, becauſe they have the Art to ſet off ours, to excuſe our Faults, or to ſet them in ſuch Lights, as to make them unperceiveable. But it requires a very tame and tractable Temper to live with thoſe odd-humour'd Creatures, who are always taking pet at every Trifle, and demanding Explications; nay a Man had need have Addreſs to divert the Storm, and Patience to bear the Brunt of their diſobliging Sayings. If Women who have troubleſom and

and crabbed Husbands, would but practice this Doctrine, we ſhould not ſo often ſee thoſe Diſturbances in their Oeconomicks, as baniſh all Joy and Pleaſure from their Houſes. But the way is, if one harſh Word be ſaid to them, to return four for it, and to ſtrike up in ſuch ſhrill and eager Strains, as to deafen the Neighbourhood with the Diſcord.

To me no Character ſeems more formidable than that of the Makers of inſignificant Viſits: Lazy loitering Drones, who not knowing how to ſpend their time, run about to waſt that of other People, who could put it to a much better uſe. Is it not egregious Folly to gad abroad fatiguing People with impertinent Viſits, when you have nothing good to ſay to them, nor any thing to talk of but rainy or fair Weather, the good Dancers in the Opera, or good Actors in the Play-houſe? Would it not be better, think you, to ſtay at home, and weary yourſelf with your ungrateful Company, than teaze and tire your Neighbours after this rate? There are People of ſuch cloudy and heavy Tempers, that a Man knows not what Topicks to put them upon to make them Talk: They will enter upon nothing the moſt curious and diverting Subjects can't

can't awaken their ſtupid Indolence: The Converſation falls into a kind of Lethargy, and one knows not what to go upon, after we have run over their Coach and Horſes, their High-heads, the price of their Silks, and ask'd the Name of their Taylor.

Every Body has a right to give his Opinion of things ſubmitted to the Publick; to talk of a Preacher, who ventures to embark in ſo difficult a Profeſſion, to judge of a piece of Proſe or Verſe, which the Impreſſion has deliver'd into every one's Hands. But I think we ought to be indulgent both to the Preacher and Author; and I have no extraordinary Opinion of thoſe People's Wit, who always ſeek out the weak Places of a Sermon or Book, to expoſe them. I can't approve *Zelide*'s extravagant Nicety, who ſeverely criticiſes every Scene and Verſe: She cenſures the Deſign, the Epiſodes, the Plot: Her Criticks laſt longer than the Play, but don't give the ſame delight. If ſhe modeſtly gave her opinion of it, and allow'd others opportunity to throw in their Obſervations, ſhe would be excuſable: But you would think ſhe was haranguing at the Bar, and that her Honour was concern'd to have all the Verdicts on her ſide.

According

According to the way of the World, Men ſeem to make it their Study, and employ all their Wit to deceive one another. 'Tis come to that pitch of refinement, and a Man is ſo often taken for a Cully, when he deals ſincerely, that he is ſometimes oblig'd, in ſpight of his Inclination, to diſguiſe himſelf, and uſe Artifice to avoid the Snares that are laid for him. Mean time, Cunning ought to be baniſh'd the Society of honeſt Men: 'Tis an amphibious Quality, floating betwixt Vice and Vertue; but generally warping the Sentiments and corrupting Probity, eſpecially where a Man is engag'd with leſs conſcientious Perſons than himſelf, that recur to Artifices. He makes Repriſals, and combats them with their own Weapons: But there's little Credit in all this Management.

Fair-dealing is never more neceſſary than at play, eſpecially where 'tis for great Sums. 'Tis a very tickliſh Temptation to be able to win much Money by Dexterity; and Men in other reſpects of the greateſt Integrity and Honeſty, are not always proof againſt this Temptation: But why will they come within its reach? Can any Man of Honour, whoſe Conſcience pricks him for a piece of Rookery, forgive himſelf? Nor does

does any thing demand greater Temper and Diſcretion than High-play, either to prevent the Gameſter's unſeaſonable Paſſion, and hazarding all his Money, or to hinder him from ſuch ridiculous and childiſh Actions as render him contemptible; as clamouring, ſwearing, tearing the Cards in a brutal manner, throwing the Dice into the Fire, rolling his Eyes like a poſſeſs'd Perſon, and playing the Mad-man for Trifles he is aſham'd of when he comes to his Senſes. *Moricette* borrows vaſt Sums to throw away at play. She has a thouſand Arts to induce People to lend her Money; but when ſhe has obtain'd what ſhe deſir'd, and is in no hopes of more, ſhe inveighs bitterly againſt her Creditors, calling them Rogues and Raſcals, as if it were the greateſt Injury in the World, to redemand what they had ſo obligingly lent her.

He that makes an Entertainment, and is charm'd with his ſplendid reception of his Gueſts, ought not to be the firſt in commending the excellence of his Diſhes and fine flavour of his Wine; nor ſhould he, with an affected Modeſty, deſire them to excuſe his pitiful Dinner. This antiquated Compliment is good for nothing but to denote his fooliſh Vanity. An eaſy and natu-

ral

ral Look in a Perſon not impertinently applauding the nobleneſs of the Treat, nor beſpeaking trivial Praiſes by excuſes out of ſeaſon, is the Character of a noble Soul, not concerning itſelf about little things. 'Tis the ſureſt way to pleaſe the Gueſts, to eaſe them of all conſtraint, and leave them that genteel liberty every one ought to have at Table, and which is the moſt delicious Viand there.

People feel a ſecret ſatisfaction in talking of themſelves and their ill Fortune. This regales their ſelf-love, as inſinuating hereby that their Proſperity is inferiour to their Deſert: But generally theſe Relations are painful to their hearers, who are not always diſpos'd to pity them. They ought therefore to indulge their Delicacy, and only mention their Misfortunes to particular Friends, or ſuch as are capable of redreſſing them. Men of ſufficient Zeal to ſerve their Friends in their Exigences, ought to ſhew it, and ſpare them the ſecret pain they always feel in explaining their Wants. True Friends are better known by what they do, than by what they ſay. A thouſand People offer you their Services, when you have no need of their Aſſiſtance, but if any plunge of your Affairs obliges you to apply to them, you'll

you'll find them different Men, and in a different Language.

You call yourſelf the Friend to a Perſon whom you hear abus'd behind his back. You are Witneſs of all the Slander is ſpoke of him: Inſtead of ſilencing his Detractors, you approve, by your mien and geſture, all they ſay. You have not the Courage to defend him whom you overwhelm with Careſſes when you ſee him, and with daily Proteſtations of an inviolable Friendſhip. Now, is this a Part becoming your Character? 'Tis the Duty of an honeſt Man to declare himſelf for his Friends, to run the riſque of their Fortune, and to do all that's poſſible on their behalf, conſiſtent with Honour and Conſcience. Nor is it enough to ſerve our Friends, but it muſt be done zealouſly and genteely. We are then arriv'd at the utmoſt Pinnacle of Friendſhip, when we have the ſame fervour for our Friends deſerted by the World, as when in their moſt flouriſhing Condition. In my mind, 'tis one of the richeſt Pleaſures of Life, to be able to do any conſiderable Service to a Friend, to be capable of lifting him to a better Fortune, and of ſuccouring him in a preſſing Neceſſity.

The

The Reaſon why there are no more true Friends in the World, is, that every one refers every thing to himſelf, and reſpects others no farther than they are uſeful to him. Mean time, Diſintereſtedneſs is, as it were, the Soul of Friendſhip: But where do we find diſintereſted Friends? The Giver ſtill enlarges, and the Receiver leſſens the Benefit, and throws into the Ballance the lighteſt Diſpleaſure, to counterpoiſe the weightieſt Service. 'Tis a ſign of Ingratitude to ſuffer our Friends to ſolicite us for any thing in our Power. Whatever reluctance we may have, we can't decently refuſe them; but without caution this conſtraint cauſes us to ſerve them with an ill Grace. They that don't heartily grant the good Offices deſir'd of them, would, perhaps, do better to refuſe them altogether: The viſible conſtraint in their Faces confounds the Perſons they think they do a Pleaſure to.

Thoſe that talk eternally of what they have done for their Friends, loſe the reward of their Benefits, it being a perfect reſumption to be reproach'd with them, be they never ſo conſiderable. A Man of Honour ought by all means to diveſt himſelf of the childiſh Vanity of recounting his Benefactions;

ons: But is it to be hop'd, that Men of this make can be perſuaded to it?

We are ſometimes oblig'd, for juſt Reaſons, to break off all Commerce with our deareſt Friends; but before it come to that, we are to obſerve all due Meaſures and Precautions, and, at leaſt, take time for a mutual Defence and Explication; a Rupture ſometimes happening, without knowing the Reaſon why. You ſay your Friend has not that freedom and openneſs for you, and that indearing and diverting way he was wont to have. But you don't reflect that he is incumbred with uneaſy and vexatious Buſineſs, which robs him of part of his Liberty, and cauſes that Indifference in his Face you complain of.

Nothing diſturbs a Man of Honour more, than to find that ſome Perſons, to all outward appearances, his Friends, betray him, and underhand confederate with his declar'd Enemies: A Treachery not uncommon; and a Man muſt have a vaſt command of himſelf, not to ſeek Opportunities of Revenge: But, what a glorious Victory would it be, to be able to ſtifle all the Reſentments ariſing in his Breaſt, upon ſo baſe a Treatment? How noble is it to forget an Injury genteely? And how ought we

to

to congratulate Ourſelves, our Temper and Moderation on ſuch ſplenetick Occaſions? But at leaſt, we ought to be far from imitating the Conduct of moſt Men, who fly from one Extream to another; falling foul upon their beſt Friends on the leaſt diſſatisfaction, and doing them all the ill Offices they can.

When you hear any one ill ſpoken of in your Company, which happens but too often, mingle not the poiſon of your malignant Reflexions, nor bid higher than the reſt in the Auction of Slander; but eſpecially take Care not to go and report to the Perſon concern'd, the Abuſes he ſuffer'd. Never be carrier of ill News, which is the daily Cauſe of infinite Vexations. You oblige not thoſe you bring ſuch ſort of Errands to, and you infallibly incenſe the Authors of the Reports. If you would find pleaſure in *Civil Society*, endeavour to keep fair with all People, and never offend any Body in a Frolick. An Enemy of whatever ſize or character, may be able to give you great Diſturbance, which you ſhould be wiſer than to incur for the ſake of a Word's ſpeaking.

If Women of the preſent Age, can't bring themſelves to more Sobriety, and live a

more regular and modeſt Life, they ought, at leaſt, to talk with more reſerve of their Gallantries and Lovers, and not have the Impudence to be ſeen with them in every publick Place. Does it become them, think you, to talk of theſe Affairs with a licence, that makes Men of the leaſt Modeſty bluſh? Ought young Women to enter into Diſcourſe, when it turns upon Points they ſhould be intirely ignorant of? Let them not be aſham'd to appear leſs learned in the Science of Gallantry: Thoſe free Sayings that eſcape them, have always an ill effect, and give ſcurvy Impreſſions of their Conduct. Above all, let them not applaud themſelves, nor burſt out into violent Laughter after uttering theſe Abſurdities. If their Flatterers cry up their good Humour in publick, they make ſtrange Pictures of them in private, where they freely ſpeak their Minds.

We obſerve in the generality of People, a fund of ill nature, which exerts itſelf to the decrying a Man of Honour and Reputation; they can't pardon his Merit, nor bear hearing the obliging things that are every where ſaid to his advantage. What prejudice is it to you, that ſuch a one has a general approbation? Does his Merit dazle your jealous

lous Eyes? Do you fear he'll eclipſe you? What gainer will you be, when you have deſtroy'd his Reputation by your Detraction? Would you raiſe your Fame on the ruins of his? Perſuade yourſelf that all the ill you ſay of him redounds moſt to your own Defamation; it makes you conſider'd as an invidious Perſon, which is ſcarce conſiſtent with the Character of an honeſt Man.

Let it be your deſire to pleaſe People of good Taſt, and get rid of that ridiculous Vanity, and Air of Sufficiency which accompanies all your Words and Actions. You would hereby be thought a Man of exquiſite Niceneſs, but you make yourſelf really ridiculous. Thoſe that ſeem ſo ſatisfied with themſelves, ſo full of their own Merit, are never admir'd by Men of Senſe. He that would have an univerſal approbation, muſt not eaſily fancy himſelf deſerving. If you had a leſs eſteem of your Perſon, you would yet be more eſtimable. Uſe the ſame Maxim for every thing that belongs to you. Don't be too much upon the commendation of your Children, but rather ſuffer their Panegyrick to be made by others: Don't quote them for Patterns of Perfection; but having juſt mention'd

them *en paſſant*, and let them pay their Reſpects to the Company, remand them to their Tutour or their Governeſs.

Whence is it, that Women of the worſt Fame, and whoſe Hiſtories are publick, make it their buſineſs to diſparage the Conduct of all their Sex? They make a terrible Noiſe, raging againſt thoſe whoſe Conduct is attack'd, as if they were oblig'd to anſwer for it. They fancy perhaps, by this Means to divert the Courſe of Obloquy, and ſave themſelves in the Crowd: But they are out in their Accounts, if they think to give themſelves Liberties, with the Hopes of concealing their Intrigues, and impoſing on the Publick. The World is not to be cullied, but ſooner or later unravels their Myſteries. When things go off without Noiſe, they think themſelves happy, but the craſh and conſequences of a Rupture, are Matters of a fatal kind. Reproaches, Outrages, Letters ſacrific'd to Rivals, or publiſh'd, occaſion bitter Remorſe and long Repentance.

Methinks Mothers, for ſome time, have us'd too remiſs a Complaiſance for their young Daughters; and that inſtead of infuſing Principles of Modeſty and Diſcretion into them, they train them up quite another way.

way. Is it any wonder then they ſhould ſo forget themſelves, and that we meet with ſo many Coquets? They are indulg'd with too great a Liberty, and where they have taken their ply, 'tis impoſſible to reſume again your loſt Authority.

To find Satisfaction in *Civil Society*, we ſhould neither conſtrain ourſelves nor others. We muſt not take it ill that others are of different Opinions, much leſs make a perſonal Quarrel of their advancing Propoſitions we diſlike. The way is always to obſerve an equal *medium*; that is, never to conteſt with an importunate Obſtinacy, nor yield with a cowardly Imbecility, when the Aſſertion is repugnant to good Senſe. Don't ſet up for Squeamiſhneſs, nor think it the Touchſtone of an exact Judgment to approve of nothing. Who can forbear Laughing, to ſee the ſupercilious and diſdainful Look of ſome People, when any witty thing is ſaid, which every Body extols? Inſtead of being diverted like the reſt, they diſcover their Indignation, and ſometimes carry their peeviſh Humour to affronting the Laughers and Applauders. What is inconceivable, is to ſee polite People ſometimes fall into theſe Extravagances: A Principle of Vainglory gets the better of all the Principles

of a good Education: Can they be inſenſible of the Ridicule they incur by theſe Abſurdities?

If any one ſays a thing before you childiſh, mean, or beſpeaking a profound Ignorance, don't inſult the Author of the Foolery, rather compaſſionate his Weakneſs and his Ignorance, and ſet him right, by ſparing his confuſion. Be far from laughing at him with the Company; 'tis a kind of Cruelty, by ill-natur'd Jeſts, to make a Man doubly Ridiculous, who already is but too Contemptible for his Folly. Why do People rejoice at others Faults? They ſtudy to diſcover every thing that can give them trouble; and ſome there are ſo rude, as brutally to caſt it in their Teeth.

I think it the beſt way to ſtay at home, and not viſit People when in *Chagrin* and ill Humour. There are gloomy Minutes when every thing diſguſts us, and we are burdenſom to ourſelves. In theſe Seaſons we run the riſque of being diſagreeable to others; and we ought not lightly to expoſe ourſelves to the imputation of troubleſom and impertinent People.

An exceſs of Gaiety and Merriment, is another Fault to be avoided in *Civil Society*. This Maxim ſeems a Paradox, and that Mirth

Mirth and Jollity never ſpoil'd a Feaſt. 'Tis however true, ſober and rational People can't bear that perpetual, empty, ſenſeleſs Mirth, that is always burſting with loud Laughter, without knowing wherefore. 'Tis good always to be Maſter of our Tempers, and tho' we ought not ſtill to interrogate our Reaſon, whether it be proper to laugh when we hear a witty Jeſt, yet we ought not to have our Mouths ready open'd and tun'd for laughing, like ſome that we never ſee in a ſober ſettl'd Humour, but always bubbling up with frothy Joy. Good Humour is the Charm of *Civil Society*, when it keeps within the Limits of *Decorum*.

What I dread moſt in Converſation, are thoſe greedy Cormorants of Praiſe, who try all Shapes and Poſtures to invite your Compliments; and you muſt always have an Incence-Pot in your Hand, if you would be their Friend. If they ask your Opinion of any Piece of their Compoſition, which they read with an *Emphaſis*, you can't find flattering Expreſſions enough to content their Vanity: What a fatigue it is for a Man that has common Senſe, and an exquiſite Reliſh of good things, to be oblig'd, in Complaiſance, to commend Trifles? For you

you muſt either applaud or quarrel. They'll brutiſhly tax your want of Taſt, Delicacy and Judgment. This Maxim is of very large extent, and belongs to all ſorts of Profeſſions. A Woman tolerably handſom, but who thinks herſelf an accompliſh'd Beauty, is out of all patience to hear her Charms but faintly commended. Thoſe that have a good faculty at Dancing, Singing or Muſick, will be applauded; and a Man knows not where to fly from the Perſecution of theſe ſelf-admirers. They that have ſo much Complacency for themſelves, and all that belongs to them, have uſually a wonderful contempt for all the Performances of others: If they dare not ſpeak their Opinions out, yet their Mein, their Eyes, their tone of Voice, a malicious Smile, a myſterious Silence, or equivocal and ill-meaning Expreſſions, betray them, and diſcover their inward Thoughts.

Infinite Numbers of People think it is *Politeneſs* to approve every thing without diſtinction, or giving themſelves time to examine into what is ſaid or done: They make a thouſand Exclamations upon the leaſt Trifle, and are perpetually loading you with Commendations: They have not the Courage to ſpeak to you without Flattery; but theſe

theſe trivial Praiſes leave a flatneſs and inſipidneſs on the Taſt, which is infinitely diſagreeable to judicious Perſons.

When we are ſo unhappy as to be engag'd with odd and whimſical Tempers, the ſhorteſt way to Peace, is to grant them their demands, it being better to make ſome abatements of our Right, than diſpute for ever. 'Tis a great Maſtery artfully to diſſemble our cauſes of Diſcontent. This is the ſureſt Means to preſerve our Repoſe; and if this Rule were but always obſerv'd, we ſhould not ſee ſo many Quarrels every day. Beſides, we ought not to ſeem to hear the ill that People ſay of us. We can't pretend to hinder them from ſpeaking; but it is in our Breaſt not to expreſs Reſentment at what they ſay. 'Tis not always with deſign to injure or affront us that they talk of us in diſobliging Terms; but from a Cuſtom ſo habitual to the World of ſlandering our Neighbours, without which ſupply, Converſation would ſeldom be able to ſupport itſelf. But if they treat us thus, thro' Malice and ill Deſign, inſtead of revenging our ſelves by reciprocal Detraction, ſo cuſtomary with Women and weak People, the way is to expreſs more Civilities than

than ever. This fair and generous Deportment, will impoſe Silence on them, if they have any Principles of Honour.

When you are told of a Man of Merit, that is raiſing a fair Reputation in the World, don't be ſo ill-natur'd as to deny him your approbation: The affectation of a falſe Delicacy, renders a Man odious or ridiculous; and 'tis a mark of a perverſe Temper, and a wretched Malignity, not to be touch'd with true Merit, and not to admire what is really admirable. The civil and obliging things you ſay to People, encourage them to do better. But deal not like thoſe Impoſtors, who commend in appearance, but nevertheleſs uſe ambiguous Terms and double Meanings. Theſe corrupt Praiſes are nothing but ſly Satyr; and ſuch ambidextrous Artifices are no ways comporting with an honeſt Man, who ought never to ſpeak but what he thinks. 'Tis no hard Matter to be deceiv'd in point of Commendation: We are ſo dazled with our own Merit, and think we ſo well deſerve the Praiſe that is given us in pure Compliment, that 'tis difficult to perceive when we are ridicul'd, and when we are ſincerely ſpoken of.

If

If you find you have any good Qualities, don't value yourſelf upon them, nor be the firſt to ſpeak of them; don't appear invidious againſt thoſe that have the ſame Advantages, nor refuſe them the Character they deſerve. Theſe are two eſſential Ingredients in the Compoſition of an ingenious Gentleman, that he ſpeak not of himſelf, whatever his Merit be; that he be of humble and modeſt Sentiments; and in the next place, that he do others Juſtice, without Affectation and Conſtraint.

It often happens, that our Friends have need of our Advice, whether they are engag'd in unhappy Affairs, or have not all the Prudence or Experience neceſſary for their Conduct. In theſe Occaſions, it always becomes us to be ſincere; and 'tis acting againſt all the Principles of Honour, to be unſeaſonably Complaiſant, and to flatter them in their Errors, inſtead of redreſſing them by ſincere Advice. I know that thoſe who admoniſh us of our Faults, or inform us of Stories ſpread to our Diſparagement, commonly vex us, and we ſee them with a ſort of reluctance: But it is not the part of a good Friend, not to venture to ſay a Word to a Perſon that forgets himſelf, and makes not all the neceſſa-

ry

ry Reflexions on his Conduct: His ſore Part ought not to be ſo nicely handled. Men of an implicit deference to all our Opinions, are but little concern'd at our committing Errors; nay, there are ſome ſo wretched, as to give bad Counſel when they know our Inclinations, chuſing rather, in ſome meaſure, to humour our Extravagance by agreeable things, than by the aſſiſtance of good Advice, to help us to maſter our Paſſion.

The Reaſon why the generality of People don't amend their Faults, is their living without Reflexion. They converſe all their lives with polite Perſons, and yet are never the more Polite: Whereas they ought to turn every thing to account, and carefully obſerve the different ways of acting in well-bred Perſons. This Study teaches us the Knowledge of Men, which is what ſeparates Perſons of Merit from the Herd, and diſtinguiſhes a Man of Honour from a Wretch: For that ſtill is one conſiderable Fault, to have the ſame reſpects and complaiſance for a Fool, as for a Man of Senſe.

As much as poſſible, we ought to make a good Choice of Perſons to converſe with. The Commerce of Men of Merit is an excellent School, and their Words and Actions more inſtructive than the beſt of Books.

We

We ought not to content ourſelves with ſeeing them, but endeavour to tranſcribe them. When we are miſtaken in our Choice, which is but too common, we muſt break off, as ſoon as may be, a Converſation that can't but be diſagreeable or pernicious.

The Ladies are ſomewhat too much relax'd from their Severity: They were formerly more ſtately, and knew how to make themſelves more reſpected; and Men durſt not take the leaſt freedom in their Preſence. At preſent they are not ſo ſcrupulous and reſerv'd, but entertain them with Diſcourſes ſomewhat ſavouring of the Licence of the Age. And provided they have a cleanly covering, the coyeſt Dames don't ſeem to take exception. 'Tis true, they ought not to behave themſelves like wild *Indians*, nor fly in People's Eyes upon the leaſt ambiguous Saying. Thoſe that affect ſo much Grimace, are not always the moſt Modeſt: But if they ſuſtain'd their Character a little better, and knew how to employ their Aſcendant over Men, theſe would be more ſubmiſſive and reſpectful, would give them greater eſteem, and be more regular in their obſervance of all the Rules of Civility and *Decorum*.

THE END.

AN

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OF THE

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